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ITALY

BY

Sydney
LADY MORGAN.

"Malheur au bon esprit dont la pensée altière
D'un cœur indépendant s'élance tout entière,
Qui respire un air libre, et jamais n'applaudit
Au despotisme en vogue, à l'erreur en crédit.
* * * * * *
Mais ferme dans ma route, et vrai dans mes discours,
Tel je fus,—tel je suis,—tel je serai toujours."

"We travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic; not allowing either for the difference of ranks (which affords difference of company), or more curiosity, or change of customs that happens every twenty years in every country."—LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ERRATA.

Page.	Line.			
20,	6,	*for* chi non sembrava	*read*	che non sembiava.
22,	18,	*dele* and symmetry.		
ib.	30,	*for* is	*read*	are.
29,	20,	of		to.
30,	21,	was		were.
34,	24,	learning		fearing.
66,	32,	Magdelaines		Magdalens.
84, (*notes*)	8,	*for* some		but.
97,	20,	follies		feelings.
100, (*notes*)	4,	*for* crest		arms.
112,	1,	*for* Della-cruscans		Anti-Della-cruscans.
122,	11,	proportion		perfection.
124,	33,	revenue		expenditure.
125,	21,	has		have.
127, (*notes*)	1,	*for* Notari		Nota.
182, 192,	7, 18,	*for* Thermes	*read*	Thermæ.
208, (*notes*)	11,	*for* capriccia		capriccio.
215, *ult.*		*for* too		two.
253, (*notes*)	18,	*for* Grotto Ferrati		Grotta Ferrata.
267, (*notes*)	18,	*for* Christians		Christianity.
269,	17,	*for* Livrée		Livrea.
283,	3,	the air		felt the air.
297,	28,	has		have.
331,	10,	his		us.
335,	12,	exhausted		worn.
362, (*notes*)	1,	*for* Massaniello		Massanielli.
377, (*notes*)	9,	*for* io debbe		io debba.
		for tu debbe		tu debbi.

In a few instances Italian words written with *ph* should be spelled with an *f*.

ITALY.

PART II.

CHAP. XV.

TUSCANY.

Route from Bologna to Florence.—Pietra-Mala.—Monte di Fo.—The Giogo.—Sunrise in the Apennines.—FLORENCE.—*External Aspect.—Architecture.*—DUOMO.—*Original Portrait of Dante,—of Giotto, &c.—Relics.—Campanile.—Baptistery.—Piazza del Duomo.—Antique Tombs.—The Bigallo.—Piazza di Santa Croce.*—CHURCH *of the* SANTA CROCE.—*Tombs of* LEONARDO BRUNI, ALFIERI, MACHIAVEL, GALILEO, *&c.—Convent of Santa Croce.*—SAN LORENZO.—*Tombs of the Medici.—Michael Angelo's Statues.—Capella de' Depositi.—Convent.*—LAURENTIAN LIBRARY.—*MSS. of the Decameron, and of Benvenuto Cellini's Life.—Galileo's Finger.—Portraits.—Church and Convent of* ST. MARIA NOVELLA.—BOCCACE.—*Early Paintings.—Fonderia of the Dominicans.—Church of* SANTO SPIRITO.—*The* ANNUNCIATA.—*Procession of the Ass.—Tomb of* BENVENUTO CELLINI.—*Tombs of the* PUCCI.—PIAZZA PUBBLICA.—*The Loggia of* ORCAGNA.—*The Judith of* DONATELLO.—*The Perseus of* BENVENUTO.—*The Rape of the Sabines of* JOHN OF BOLOGNA.—PALAZZO VECCHIO.—*The David of* MICHAEL ANGELO, *and Hercules of* BANDINELLI.—*Anecdotes.—The* PALAZZO PITTI.—*Gallery of Pictures.—Library.—Collection of Music.—The Court and Archducal Family.—Casa* MEDICI.—*Library.—Casa* STROZZI.—*Della-Cruscan Academy.*—ORTI RUCELLAI.—*Anecdotes.—Casa* CAPPONI.—*Anecdotes.—Casa* BUONARROTI.—*Casa* MACHIAVELLI.—*Casa* GUICCIARDINI.—*Villa of* BOCCACIO.—*Casa* ALTOVITI.—*Portraits of Illustrious Personages.—Palazzo* CORSINI.—ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI.—*Gallery.—The Work-rooms of Private Artists.*—MORGHEN.—BARTOLINI.—RICCI.

THE Apennines rise, a bold and precipitous barrier, between the plains of Lombardy and the valley of the Arno. These are nature's own boundaries, and to the aborigines of the plain they must have seemed insurmountable.

The enterprise of civilization ever surpasses the force of savage life; and the refined youth of the nineteenth century, "the expectancy and rose of each fair State," daily encounter dangers, and vanquish difficulties, before which the wild son of the forest and of the swamp would have retreated in despair. For timidity is the instinct of ignorance; and it is not till a long experience has taught the mastery of mind over nature, that the confidence is obtained which converts every obstacle into a triumph, and elevates the character at the aspect of opposition.

The ascent among the mountains from Bologna is very fine, full of mental excitement, and bracing alike to the nerves and the intellect. Less elevated and less terrific than the Alps, the chain which divides the Bolognese from Tuscany exhibits a more luxuriant beauty; which strongly contrasts with the occasional sterility of its more lofty abrupt masses, and affords alternate images of savage and of civilized nature, of the most striking opposition and picturesque effect.

In the villages through which we passed in our first day's journey (Pianoro, Lojano, and Filigare) there was an appearance of much squalid poverty, unknown in the plains of Bologna. The beggars, most numerous, were all too well versed in the jargon of their trade; and they shewed that mendicity was with them the habit of their existence. Even the children, whose loveliness often approached the laughing infants of Corregio, had a cant of their own, and were all "*Poveri orfanelli senza padre e senza madre* *."

Those who, in Evelyn's quaint phrase, "travel to count steeples," pass without pausing from Bologna to Florence in twenty-four hours; but as much of the finest scenery is lost by travelling after night-fall, and as the road is not absolutely free from danger, more sober tourists are induced to stop at that single, solitary, and wretched inn, which tops one of the loftiest acclivities—the dreary *Locanda* of *Pietra Mala*. But who that ever wrote a romance, or ever read one—would hesitate to encounter the inconveniences of this mountain hut, while its scenery and groupings alike fix the eye and the imagination? This is the place which *Mr. Fordyce*, in his admirable and much too concise work on Italy, has described, as the scene of a romantic robber story, such as is read with equal pleasure in the nursery and the

* "Poor orphans without father or mother."

study. This too was the site of many feats of arms in more romantic times; and it is still occasionally the haunt of banditti. When our carriage drove up before the rude projecting shed of the inn (where the fowl were nestling which were to be served for our supper), the sun was still above the horizon, but involved in clouds of crimson flame. The imagery of volcanic desolation was scattered on every side; the stony region of *Monte di Fo**, with its pale blue fires flickering over the rugged surface of its sulphureous bed, lay to the left; on the right rose piles of rocks, in architectural forms, to the very summit of the Giogo, (one of the highest points of the Apennines,) probably the wreck of unrecorded earthquakes! The lesser and broken acclivities of *Scaricalassino* spread and mingled with evening vapours into immeasurable distance. The inn is the only visible habitation in this lonely spot, and it is almost as striking within, as the scenery is without. Its dark, dank, stone stairs and passages; its cells to sleep, and common hall to eat in; its rude kitchen, with a little forest blazing and hissing on the vast concave hearth (the last image of comfort seen in an Italian inn after the passage of the Apennines, those of great cities excepted); the gaunt figures, and marked countenances of the attendants—all were *pictures*, and compensated in some degree for the want of more civilized accommodations, which were missing.

The stars were still burning brightly in the clear dark blue heavens, as we ascended the Giogo, on the following morning; but they soon, though gradually,

"*Paled their ineffectual fires.*"

A sort of sapphire light fell like a shower on the eastern summits of the mountains, and ushered in the rising sun, which ascended most gloriously, most awfully, above those mighty elevations, where the sublimest spectacle of nature is most sublime. Many a salient point of bleached rock sparkled with refracted rays, and hung above the rolling vapours of the vallies beneath, like beacon lights on the ocean's verge; and many a changeful meteoric illusion cheated and charmed the eye; until the full burst of day dispelled every atmospheric mist and cloud, and left distinctly traced and

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* At Monte di Fo, an exudation of inflammable gas from the earth occasions the phenomenon from which it takes its name;—an abbreviation of Monte di Foco, the *Mount of Fire*.

brightly gilt, the forests, turrets, and meandering rivers of the vast and various scenery, which beautifies the descent into the Valley of the Arno.

In hours so fresh as these, in scenes so lovely, and in airs so pure, there is a sort of intoxication in existence, which raises the spirit so far above the sad regions of "low-thoughted care," that "the ills which flesh is heir to" are as much forgotten as its crimes. Then nature, tearless and enjoying, conceals her necessitated law of destruction, her inevitable principle of suffering; and all seems good, as in the first morning of creation. But the sun sinks in the heavens, vapours rise from the earth, the spirit sobers, the fancy fades; and nature, drooping and exhausted, predicts the oft-reiterated truth, which dreams alone can dissipate—that man was made to suffer and to die. In the season and the scene which now, however, presented itself, all was renovation: fact and poetry went hand in hand; and sun-rise on the Apennines recalled the vigorous touch of Shakspeare's pencil, his bold bright image of

—— "Jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain's top."

But nothing brought to our recollections the Titans and Auroras of a French poetical morning *of the old regime;* when Sol always hid his rays, as some "*belle Matineuse,*" some Phyllis "*au visage riant,*" stepped from her hotel on the Fauxbourg St. Germain (where the last of the Phyllises may still be found),

"Et fit voir une lumière et plus vive et plus belle."

Descriptive poets belong only to free countries, where royal academies cannot put down nature "*de par le roi,*" nor royal academicians declare her inspirations "*faux et ignobles.*"

We descended the Apennines by an *échelle* of pending terraces, cut, as if by giant hands, through rocks and over precipices; or amidst vineyards which seemed disposed on purpose to shade and beautify the road. A church, an old building, (a sort of ruin peculiar to Italy called "*Casamento,*") first appear here and there in the descent; then come the red-tiled dwellings of the "*Podere,*" or Tuscan farm: a villa, a ducal palace succeed, (antique and fine, but neglected and in disorder;) till at length the Val d'Arno bursts full upon the gaze in all its loveliness and luxury of scene; the cupolas, spires, and picturesque chimnies of Florence, peering through woods and vales, (where every rood belongs to history, to poetry, and the arts of ancient Etruria or of modern Tuscany,) and filling the imagination with endless anticipation, till expectation becomes too eager for enjoyment.

As Florence is approached, all the abundance of the soil and clime is poured upon the stranger's eye in panniers of muscatel grapes, of melting autumnal fruits, and of flowers, such as for odour are only to be found in that metropolis of flowers, whose ancient device was a lily in a bed of roses.* The peasantry continue to waylay the traveller with these lovely productions of their gardens (of easy purchase), till the gates of Florence are reached; when a swarm of soldiers, police, and custom-house officers, dissipate the delightful emotion, inevitably experienced in approaching the cradle of the arts, of science, and of literature,—the palladium of Italian liberty, where, to the last, despotism was scared by her banner, which Dante's † spirit had risen to inscribe.

If, however, there are places in which spleen against the eternal annoyance of Doganieri may be long indulged, the Via St. Gallo by which Florence is entered, with its pavement by Arnulfo, and its façades by Raphael and Michael Angelo, is not among the number. So much had been anticipated, so much read and asked, on the topography of Florence, that it seemed, as we drove along, to have been

"Our daily haunt and ancient neighbourhood;"

and we recognized, without the aid of Ciceroni, many of its remarkable edifices, by their positions:—the old monastery of the monks of Vallombrosa; the church and convent of the Dominicans (with some of the jovial brethren romping in the porch as we passed it); the Palazzo Pandolfini; and (turning into the Via Genori) the old palace of the patriotic and illustrious family of that name ‡, and the noble dwelling of the Geraldi, where Raphael, the ever-welcome guest, so long resided.

In passing through the heart of the city, into the Mercato Nuovo, and the well-recorded and oft-cited Mercato Vecchio, so familiarly mentioned by all the writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the beauty of Florence disappears. There hung the drapery of indigence; and where Ma-

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* La città di Firenze nel suo principio ebbe per stemma il giglio bianco in campo di rosa, ma se cambia dopo la cacciata de' Ghibellini.

† During the vain attempt made in 1552, to restore the Republic, green banners were distributed by the Sforzi and others, bearing the line of Dante,

"Libertà vo cercando ch'è si cara."

‡ Raised in the fifteenth century.

chiavelli may have complained of his "*dolorosa sorte*" to his friend Giovanni Vernaccici, or Cellini have threatened his rival, Baccio Bandinelli*, merchandise was exposed on stalls, beneath the ragged dignity of Monmouth-street.

The architecture of Florence is unequal. The models left in the thirteenth century by ARNOLFO DI LAPO (a disciple of Cimabue), who nearly rebuilt the city, were improved by Brunellesco; but it preserved its Tuscan character of strength, massiveness, and simplicity, even under the plans and superintendence of Michael Angelo and his school. Enthusiast as that great genius was for all that was antique, his taste as an artist yielded to his judgment as a patriot; and, leaving to the Palladios to imitate the Greek façade and portico for the palaces of princes, he raised in his republican city those magnificent domestic fortresses, so necessary to a people defending their liberties even in the very streets; and living, between domestic faction and foreign siege, in a state of perpetual warfare.

This type has been little deviated from at home, and never copied abroad: and the fine old houses, still preserving their strength and massiveness, eloquently tell the story of the land, and are texts which forbid all doubts to disputatious commentators.

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE, the duomo of Florence, is one of the most interesting and ancient cathedrals in Italy. It was commenced in 1298, by Arnolfo di Lapo, under the direction of his master Cimabue; and the successive genius of a hundred and fifty years went to its completion. Its cupola, a miracle of art for any age, was the admiration, and almost the despair, of Michael Angelo†. It was raised by a native artist, Filippo Brunellesco. The mosaic pavement of this "time-honoured" edifice is, in part, the design of Buonarotti; and on every side, monuments, inscriptions, sculptures, and paintings, recal all that was most glorious in talent and patriotism, all that was most renowned in arts and literature, during the middle ages of Italy. There the original portraits of DANTE, of GIOTTO, of BRUNELLESCO, of MARSILIO FICINO, taken from the life, are enriched with

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* Cellini's being tempted to kill Bandinelli in the Piazza di San Dominico, a place quite as public as the Mercato Vecchio, and refraining merely because his opponent trembled and was unarmed, is a fine instance of the generosity and ferociousness mingled in this extraordinary character. "Allora io represi la virtù, e ringraziai Iddio che per sua vera virtute, non aveva voluto, ch'io facessi un tal disordine."—Vita di Cellini, II. p. 247, Milano.

† Michael Angelo's words, in speaking of it, were always "Potersi appena imitare, non superare con l'arte"—(That art could scarcely imitate, not rival it.)

inscriptions, by the classic pens of POLITIAN, LORENZO DE' MEDICI, of CARLO ARETINO, and SALUTATI; and the finest specimens of the arts, in their progress to perfection, are combined and mingled with the most touching and personal recollections of the artists, preserved in effigies sculptured and eulogized by contemporary genius.

While poetical enthusiasm and antiquarian taste may thus be amply gratified in the hallowed aisles of Santa Maria del Fiore, faith or fanaticism may find exhaustless treasures to confirm a creed or multiply its visions. The DUOMO of Florence is the very Golgotha of buried sanctity. Besides the ordinary leavings of humanity, it contains the relics of holy Saints; which, says one of its Descriptions, '*vi si adorano**.' Here are the whole bodies of the Saints Zanobi and Podio, a thumb of St. John the Baptist, and an elbow of Saint Andrew the Apostle; a nail of the Cross, and a thorn of the Crown, which, with many other scraps and fragments of holiness, are described eloquently by the Archdeacon MINERBETTI, in his work on the "*Reliquie di tanti Santi;*" which, though long forgotten, will doubtless be now reprinted with notes, as belonging to the select library of the champions of social order; and to that lingering political *relic* of long-buried systems, the *Holy Alliance.*

The Duomo, vast, ancient, and imposing within, is richly cased with marble without. Near to its ponderous mass, but isolated and unparalleled, the *Campanile,* or belfry, raises its elegant and slender form, above all praise, as beyond all description. This gem of architecture, which scarcely belongs to any order, and yet combines the perfection of art, was deemed by the Imperial Charles the Fifth too precious for public exposition, too exquisite for the plebeian admiration of a republican city. He was wont to say, "it *should be preserved in an étui;*" and, in fact, it has the air of a beautiful toy, and looks equally suited to a lady's cabinet, as to the mighty edifice to which it belongs. The CAMPANILE is a tower two-hundred-and-fifty-two Italian feet in height, incrusted with precious marbles, worked into the most beautiful groupings, the perfection of sculpture; and yet this work was produced ere sculpture had a school, or drawing an academy—when nature gave rules, and patronage lay in the approbation of a free people: for it is the work of GIOTTO, a peasant, who left his herd in the valley of *Vespignano* to labour in the ruder studio of CIMABUE, to become the friend of Dante and of Petrarch, and to die in Flo-

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* "Are there adored."

rence, full of years, of glory, and of wealth; sung by the first of her poets*, and revered by the best of her citizens†. There were then no ducal patrons, to pay and persecute, to bribe and banish, and to trifle away the wealth of a nation in deteriorating the arts—by substituting difficulties for taste, and by preferring the toy scissored by Bandelli, to the Perseus cast by Cellini.

The Battisterio, close to the Duomo and the Campanile, stands, like them, isolated and unattached to any other building. It is called, *Il Tempio di San Giovanni*, and was once the site or the ruin of a temple of Mars. It is a beautiful thing; but most famed for its gates, which were declared worthy of Paradise by him who, liberal to the works of others, was only severe to his own. The citizens of the Republic of Florence, so jealous of private luxury, so prodigal of public magnificence, wished to commemorate the cessation of the fatal plague of 1400 by some great work; and lists were opened to the artists of Italy for a design of gates, in bronze, for the temple of St. John, which should surpass those already made by Andrea Pisano, on the designs of Giotto. Contemporary genius started for the goal of emulation, with a glorious impetuosity, which no court intrigue, no party influence, no royal patronage palsied, or struck back. Competition was open, fair, liberal, and spirited; the true source of perfection in every line to which humanity can direct its powers.‡ Among the candidates were those great chiefs of the art, *Brunellesco* and *Donatello!* and yet by these candidates, by these hitherto unrivaled artists, the palm of superiority was generously and justly accorded to a youth of scarcely twenty-three years. This youth was Lorenzo Ghiberti,

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* "Credette Cimabue nella pintura
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido
Si che la fama di colui oscura." Dante.

† In 1336, the Florentines gave him the privileges of citizenship, which princes then sought in vain, and an annuity of a hundred golden scudi. His funereal honours were such as were only granted to the greatest men.

‡ The Baptistery is entered by three gates of bronze; one, on the designs of Arnolfo di Lapo; another, by Andrea Pisano; and the third and finest, which faces the Duomo, by Lorenzo Ghiberti. The walls of this singular temple, both outside and inside, are incrusted with the sculpture of Sanseverino, *Vincenzio* Danti, and other eminent sculptors of the day. Two porphyry columns rise before the principal entrance, given in the year 1117 by the Pisans to the Florentines; and an iron chain, suspended from its wall, is a trophy of the conquest of the *Florentines* over the *Pisans*, in the year 1362: these were the chains of the Port of Pisa. Such trophies are ungenerous!—but when was conquest generous?

who, in the execution of the "mezzi rilievi" of these gates, and of the monument of San Zanobi in the Duomo, remained unequalled in that period, which was well termed "*l'aurei tempi della scultura.*"*

The Duomo, with its superb dependencies, is governed by an host of ecclesiastics, who, in their rich garb "of purple and fine linen," and with their full-fed appearance of men "who fare sumptuously every day," are to be seen sauntering through every street of Florence. These Italian Canonici, in their opulent and easy life, resemble the canons of an English cathedral; for between the dignified clergy of the two churches of Rome and Canterbury there is scarcely a shadow of distinction. While, however, the English, "good easy people," look upon this splendid and unchristian pageant of officiating monks in their cathedrals with unenquiring indifference, the Italian Catholics of the present day, awakened to a keen and just sense of every abuse, cry out against the inordinate expense of supporting such anti-evangelical systems; and, unable to remove a grievance protected by all the standing armies in Europe, they render its agents the object of that bitter ridicule, which Italians know so well how to dispense.† The canons of Florence appear to have well entitled themselves to the name, generally applied to this order in the hierarchy, of the oxen of the church ("*i Bue della Chiesa*"), for their stupidity has become proverbial, and has passed into a distich, applied to all heavy-paced blockheads who feed well and do little—

> "Ed era tanto bue il pover uomo,
> Che sembrava un Canonico del Duomo."‡

The Piazze, or public squares, of Italy are always interesting by their *materiel*, as well as by the historical events of which they were the sites.

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* "The golden age of sculpture."

† The revenues of the Catholic Church in Italy yield a much smaller average income to the priesthood than those of the Established Church of England; but the exterior of religion is more imposing. It is curious to remark, that all that is really good in morals and pious in religion supports itself by its own weight; while it is only "the shoulder-knots" and "laces" of religious systems (to use the language of Swift,) that require the bolstering of Holy Alliances and armed missions. The reason is obvious: the one favours the best interests of humanity, the other is openly and manifestly opposed to them.

‡ "So stupid he might grace a stall
With the Canons o' the Cathedral."

Those of Florence are particularly so. The PIAZZA DEL DUOMO is a gallery of antiquities, a school of architecture, a chronicle of ancient recollections. The three great monuments that occupy its centre, the Campanile, the Battisterio, and the column which rises to celebrate the miracle of San Zanobi, together with the façades of the curious old fabrics which surround them, are all studies both for the artist and the philosopher. The private dwellings, few of which have not a window, or a door-case, or a relievo, which may have been the work of a Donatello, or a Girolamo Ticcioti, are well worth observation; even the old sculptured stone benches, once the gossiping-place of the Machiavels and the Guicciardini, are interesting and curious. *

The old building called LA CANONICA METROPOLITANA, the ancient residence of the canons, is a Gothic fabric; but its walls are incrusted with some fine specimens of antique sculpture by unknown artists. These are not the less interesting for being mentioned by Boccacio, as having ornamented the Battisterio in his time.† The first of these is a sarcophagus, picturing the religious fables of the Romans, to advance the cause of the then reigning Church, as the column of St. Zanobi answered the same purpose in after-times.‡ It represents the gates of the infernal regions, with Mercury peeping out (the then master of the ceremonies to the dead) with a departed soul in a bag, allusive to the pneumatic theory of souls, and not unlike the wind-bags of Ulysses. Juno and some other deity occupy the lateral compart-

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* "A Girolamo del Garbo morì la moglie; e stetti tre o quattro dì come un barbio intronato: di poi è rinvizzolito, e rivuole tor donna; ed ogni sera siamo sul panchino de' Capponi a ragionare di questo spozalizio."

Girolamo del Garbo's wife is dead. For three or four days he was like a fish out of water; since then he has revived, and now is going to take another wife. Every night we sit on Capponi's bench discussing this marriage."—*Lettere familiare di Machiavelli*, p. 39.

When we remember who this Capponi and this Machiavel were, these stone benches acquire an intense interest, as illustrative of the manners of the day. What follows in this letter is beautiful:—after other simple details, Machiavel, recalled to a sense of his misery, excuses this trifling, and breaks forth into a pathetical remark—

"Però se alcuna volta io rido e canto
Facciol perchè non ho se non quest' una
Via da sfogare il mio angoscioso pianto."

† Giornata vi. Novella 9.

‡ The coffin of the Saint having accidentally touched a withered oak, which stood in this square, it sprouted forth a verdant foliage. Mr. Fordyce says that this miracle startled him; for thousands who were present attested its truth!

ments. Many symbolic devices and sepulchral ornaments of great beauty, such as are to be seen in the old Italian churches, and such as were used by the Etruscans, fill up the inferior parts of the monument.

The second sarcophagus represents a nuptial sacrifice. It was used for the interment of the family of the FERRANTINI, as the first was by the ABATI. It was no unusual practice of the early Christians to avail themselves of the sepulchral pomp of their Gentile predecessors; and to prefer a well-sculptured Mercury to a vilely executed Madonna, the work of orthodox hands.

BUT more interesting still than the Canonica is the BIGALLO, another old fabric in the Piazza del Duomo, once the loggia or portico of the old Florentine family of the ADIMARI, and now the asylum of foundlings and orphans. The façade is curiously painted, in fresco, with the history of St. Peter the martyr. Within, the walls are studded with paintings and sculptures, which our Italian friends pointed out as being *antichissimi*. Among others is a Madonna with her bambino, sculptured in 1339 by Alberto Arnoldi, at the price of a hundred golden florins.

The PIAZZA DI SANTA CROCE presents a curious perspective, with its low Gothic buildings and inclosed mall. The painted façades of the *Casa dei Palloni*, where Urban the Eighth was born, are singular and interesting, as are those of the *Casa Antilla*, which was covered in twenty days, at the request of the owner, then chief of the Florentine Academy, with a series of pictures executed after the designs of some of the ablest artists of the seventeenth century.

At the head of this very ancient square, stands the CHURCH OF LA SANTA CROCE, the Westminster Abbey of Tuscany; or as the natives proudly call it —"*Il Panteon di Firenze.*" The exterior is rude and dark, and unfinished: a few slabs of marble, casing the basements, shew an intention that this noble and ancient edifice should have been covered with that precious material; but it has shared the fate of almost all the finest churches of Italy, and remains unfinished. The Santa Croce is contemporary with the Duomo.* What ages of gigantic design were the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in Italy! What vigour and freshness in the conceptions of that national genius,

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* It was begun in 1294 on the design of Arnolfo di Lapo, but was restored and embellished by Cosimo the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

which sprung forth, at the call of freedom, from the torpidity engendered by a barbarous despotism, like light from chaos!

The first burst of the long line of columned perspective, which offers itself as the nave of this magnificent temple is entered, is truly sublime. The rude massive rafters of its venerable roof, contrasting with the exquisite sculpture, and superb monuments, which rise along its lateral aisles!—the high altar in the centre of the noble space, with its burning tapers!—and, behind all, the skreened choir presenting its mysterious barrier, whence issues the solemn chant of the unseen monks of the minor conventuals (to whom the church belongs),—were images of a most imposing effect.

When the first general view is taken, and more minute details solicit attention, the names of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Galileo, Alfieri, Leonardo Bruni, Filicaja, succeed in overpowering succession, and the monuments which cover their ashes give the graphic history of the arts, from the exquisite and filigreed productions of Rosselini and Giottini's chisels, to the majestic sweep of Canova's classical conceptions.

The monument of Leonardo Bruni Aretino, the Chancellor of the Republic, and the biographer of Cicero, of Dante, and of Petrarch, records the worth of a man of obscure birth, profound learning, and eminent virtue. He was one of those Italian worthies of the fourteenth century, whose humble rank was no impediment to the exertion of their distinguished talents. The utmost simplicity characterizes this monument, in which the statue of Bruni, in his ordinary habits, lies stretched on a superb bier. The details of execution are said to be worthy of Ghiberti. Rosselini, the sculptor, was a pupil of Donatelli.

The tomb of Michael Angelo, in the Church of the Santa Croce, was the first shrine that arrested the wandering steps of Vittorio Alfieri. There he paused; there his restless and agitated spirit received impressions that steadied its painful vacillations, and directed its highest views. He saw Genius conferring immortality on plebeian obscurity; and he resolved to tread in the luminous track of fame, and to commit the name of Alfieri to a higher destiny than the heraldry of Piedmont had prepared for it. What most fixes the attention to this monument, is the name of *Michaele Angelo Bonarroti*, inscribed on the base; and his bust upon the sarcophagus. These recall the Bacchus of the Gallery!—the "Day" of San Lorenzo!—the "David of the Palazzo Vecchio! and not only all that this *Dante* of sculpture has done,

but *the all* he has left undone*. These recall the patriot genius, who worked like a laborious mechanic to defend the walls of his native city against the incursion of a foreign foe, and who, having remained there to its last gasp of freedom, fled never to return, in spite of all the reiterated offers that could tempt the cupidity of man, and the pride of genius. Never did Florence, from the epoch of her slavery, behold one of the most glorious of her citizens, till she saw him stretched on his funereal bier! when those with whom his free spirit refused to associate, bore back his venerated remains to the city his name ennobled.

Close to the tomb of him whose glory had been the spell of the Piedmontese poet, rises the mausoleum of *Vittorio Alfieri,* one whose temperament and character belonged as much to Italy as her Alps and her Vesuvius. The genius of Alfieri seems to have been his powerful volition. He *willed* himself a poet, and he became one. Nature does not appear to have seconded his self-elected vocation. What he obtained from her, he extorted; and the most poetical of his effusions are but nervous bursts of vindictive vehemence against some law or institute that trod upon his own self-supposed supremacy. He wrote Brutus because he hated all dictators; and he composed his work against France, because he abhorred all tribunes. Ready to dethrone a despot, he shrunk from emancipating a nation. He was prompt to wrestle with tyranny, alike under a diadem or tiara; but he was as ready to trample on the cap of liberty, whether the badge of American independence, or the type of revolutionary equality. He was an abstraction of pure isolated aristocracy, averse to all above, despising all below him. The egotism of his rank and character insinuated itself from his principles to his passions. He chose the wife of a British peer for his mistress, and the widow of a legitimate king for his reputed consort; and his prejudice in favour of birth was so inveterate, that he deemed his own works above the level of ignoble minds, and required that the descent of his readers should be illustrious as his own. Such as he was, his splendid apparition is involved in the great events which will ultimately tend to Italy's liberation. He was the first of the nobility, after a lapse of centuries, who disdained to rest his sole claims to distinction on the privileges of heraldry. He was the first of his class to expose the injustice

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* See hereafter, p. 19.

of her feudal institutions, and to deride the imbecility and despotism of her petty tyrants. He was the first to shew the patricians that they were the slaves of the system they upheld, as much as the serfs whom they oppressed; and when he broke the first link of his own chain, and "*unvassalized*" himself, he did more by that one exemplary act, than by all his "Tirannide" denounced, or his republican dramas illustrated. He belonged peculiarly to the moment in which he gleamed upon the horizon of Italian society, the solitary, but prelusive day-star of a future and universal effulgence of national energy and national independence.

The monument of Alfieri is placed between the tombs of Michael-Angelo and Machiavel, a distinguished position! It was raised to his memory by Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany—his lady*, and the widow of the last of the Stuarts. It is the work of *his friend* and *hers—Canova:* "the tomb of *Sophocles, by Phidias,*" say the *Tuscan Classicists.* The chief merit of this monument is, that *it is not* the chef-d'œuvre of the modern Phidias. Canova loved Alfieri much; and his art became the victim of his sensibility.

The monument consists of a rich sarcophagus. A female figure of great majesty and grace, and crowned with a diadem of towers, weeps over the funereal urn. It is *Italy—*

"L'Antica Regina del Universo,"

mourning the loss of her poet, and her champion! In a medallion in the centre of the urn is sculptured a portrait of Alfieri, a living resemblance of the spirited and expressive original.

For more than two centuries and a half, the ashes of Machiavel remained unhonoured by a sepulchre; for the Medici, who forgot his "*Prince,*" written for their use, remembered his conspiracy, undertaken against their tyranny; and it was not until the year 1787, that national gratitude raised a monument to one whose powerful genius still preserved the reputation of Florentine pre-eminence in intellect and talent, when the rest of Italy was sinking fast into its long sleep of inanity and degradation.

The Secretary of the Florentine Republic! the Legislator of Kings! the

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* "*La mia Donna*"—the title by which Alfieri has chosen, in his Memoirs, to distinguish this celebrated lady.

friend of the people *, the champion of Italian independence †, the SALLUST of Tuscany, and the TERENCE of modern Italy ‡—the author so much talked of, and the man so little known—NICOLO MACHIAVELLI—has been the subject of much vulgar misrepresentation; and he, who alternately exhibited every virtue, who § struggled for the cause of liberty in his youth, and supported an honourable poverty, the result of unblemished probity, in his old age, is accused of administering to the vices of princes, and raising tyranny "to the category of the sciences."

An urn on a pedestal, surmounted by an emblematic figure of *History*, recalls the fallen state of sculpture before *Canova* revived the recollections of Phidias, and of Michael Angelo. But the marble on which the name of *Machiavel* is inscribed, fixes the eye, however ill may be worked its

"Storied urn or monumental bust."

AN ill-executed monument, worse designed, inscribed with the immortal name of GALILEO ||, recalls the total degradation of the Arts, and the rise as it were of Philosophy over their ruins; for Galileo was born on the day that Michael Angelo died ¶. In the revival of the arts in the thirteenth century, the Church and State saw a new agency raised to spread their power; and they encouraged the public taste for talents, which were to multiply their own means of working on the passions, without awakening the reason of society. When natural philosophy burst forth in "*truths divine*," upon the settled darkness of the latter end of the sixteenth century, power saw its omnipotence threatened; and Galileo, for teaching the system of the universe, as discovered by Copernicus, and now familiar to the mind of childhood itself, was judged by the Inquisition to have broached a doctrine '*heretical in faith, and false in philosophy.*' Condemned provisionally to an horrible death, for demonstrating that the

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* Bacon. † Rousseau.

‡ Voltaire observes, that his Comedy of the MANDRAGORA is worth all the Comedies of Aristophanes put together.

§ He twice conspired against the growing despotism of the *Medici*—the first time against Giuliano and Lorenzo—the second against the Cardinal Julio (afterwards the infamous Pope Clement the Seventh). At his death he left his wife (though a Corsini) and four sons in extreme poverty; but full of tender reverence for his memory. He was beloved and admired by all that Florence possessed of noblest and most distinguished; but they, like himself, were fallen, and in adversity.

|| Erected by a private family. ¶ And died the day Sir Isaac Newton was born.

world moved round the sun, he escaped, by declaring publicly on his knees, that his system was false, that the world did not move; and by protesting never more to disturb *the social order* by such innovations on established systems. Having thus undergone a long and degrading penitence, and a fearful incarceration in the dungeons of the Inquisition, he was banished from his native Florence.*

Lost to the world, in sadness and in sequestration, his eyes still turned to those heavens in which he had read the sublimest truths; and then closed for ever. He died under the displeasure of his sovereign, and of the church—blind, poor, and exiled.—His crimes were, the invention of the telescope, the observation of the phases of Venus, the investigation of the movements of the pendulum, and the verification of the theory of the heavens; in one word, the bettering the condition of humanity, by extending the sphere of its knowledge. The houses of Austria and of Medici were then all-powerful in Italy; and they illustrated, in the fate of Galileo, the principles which still govern the representatives of the same interests, and the practices, which, at the present hour, are adopted against all who disdain to propagate error and to sanction fraud.

The monument of Galileo was the work of the three *Foggini*, artists who well belonged to the day in which they flourished. There are many other magnificent monuments in the Santa Croce, inscribed with names not "*unknown to fame;*" and executed by artists who were among the best in the best day of sculpture. The mausoleums of Bardi, by *Giottino*, and of Marsuppini Aretino, by *Settignano*, are among the number.†

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* Milton visited Galileo while a prisoner in the Inquisition. It is curious to remark, that notwithstanding Milton's attacks on the Prelacy, he was severely censured by the Presbyterians for his doctrine of Divorce, in a work which a preacher before Parliament declared worthy of the flames. Every religion has, in turn, been made the pretext for persecution.

† To those who, with Mr. Eustace, lament that "*the impure dust of the licentious Boccacio*" should find a resting-place in the Church of the *Santa Croce*, it may be gratifying to know, that no such honour was ever accorded to him. Boccacio died in his own *Certaldo*, in the year 1375, and was buried in the Church of St. Jacopo, where probably he had been christened; and he was then so greatly esteemed, even by the party he endeavoured to crush (the Monks), that, says Villani—"*fu onorevolemente sepolto nella Canonica.*" On his monument was inscribed the Latin Epitaph written by himself, to which were added some laudatory lines by SALUTATI. In proportion, however, as the fame of Boccacio increased with *time*, the rancour of the Church rose against the discovery he had

The beautiful tomb of the Count Scotnicki (an amiable and distinguished young Pole, who died lately at Florence,) is by Ricci, a member of the Florentine Academy, and a sculptor of great celebrity. It is a work of much simplicity and taste; and the lovely female figure seated on the earth, in all the lowly self-forgetfulness of true grief, is in the very nature and truth of sadness. This monument was raised by a young and adoring wife; and the conception is therefore extremely happy.

The spick and span white-washed convent, newly repaired for its restored proprietors, forms a striking contrast with the unfinished and barn-like exterior of the church to which it adjoins. At the period of our daily walks* through the Piazza Santa Croce, the monks were busy in getting in the harvest of corn, and oil, and wine, and fruits; and the groups that were thus formed round its gates, seemed almost to realize the pleasant imagery of the Italian novelists, and to revive the back-grounds of their pictures for our amusement. The convent, with its beautiful chapel, are well worth seeing; and its extent and accommodation are proportioned to the superb temple to which it belongs. Sixtus the Fifth, as a simple monk, passed here those hours of study and duplicity, which enabled him one day to rise from his stoop of affected infirmity, and stun the Conclave with his "*Sono Papa!!*"— Clement the Fourteenth also officiated here as reader: here too were lodged the horrible officials of the Inquisition; and here stood the votive Chapel of the Pazzi, the *Brutuses* of their day. The convent library, once so celebrated for its ancient manu-

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made of the fallibility of her sons; and the "*righteous over-much*" of *Certaldo*, not very far back, threw his tomb aside, the sole object that ever directed the stranger's steps to their obscure village, or rescued its insignificance from utter oblivion. When the fever of monkish irritability had subsided, the tomb was found, replaced over the "*impure dust*" of one of the greatest geniuses Italy had produced, and finely ornamented in marble. The hand that thus redeemed the sacrilege done to the memory of genius, was a woman's; and the tomb of Boccacio was re-erected in the Church of Certaldo, by Signora Tetaldi, a native of the birth-place of Boccacio, and cited for her poetical talents (See *Baldelli's* elegant *Vita di Boccacio*, Florence, 1806).—Mr. Eustace also "*warns* the visitor to the *Santa Croce, to pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino*"—a thing difficult to do, for no such tomb is to be found there. Mr. Eustace has mistaken one of the monuments of the two pious, grave, and philosophical secretaries of Florence, *Marsuppini* and *Leonardo Aretino*, for that of the "*Scourge of Princes*," Pietro Aretino, who lies buried at Venice, where he died. Another modern and more celebrated writer has fallen into the same mistake.

* During our residence at Florence, we resided in the old Palazzo Corsini, contiguous to this church and convent.

scripts, was, in the year 1766, added to the great national library of Saint Lorenzo. This convent was, with all others, suppressed by the French; but it has been re-established by the Holy Alliance, and appears, by the number of its well-fed and well-dressed monks (almost all very young men) to have regained much of its former splendour, if not of its original power.

The CHIESA COLLEGIATA, or CHURCH OF SAINT LORENZO, is one of the most remarkable in Tuscany; and contains the history of the Medicis inscribed in brick and marble, in gems and jewels. It was raised in the year 1425, on an ancient foundation (the Oratory of San Lorenzo), by *John dei Medici*, an old Republican merchant, who thus, through the medium of his piety, got rid of the superfluous wealth, which his own industry, and the commercial prosperity of his Country, had enabled him to accumulate. The architect was his intimate friend and fellow citizen, Brunellesco. This *John* was the father of that still more prosperous merchant *Cosimo*, styled by flattery the "*Father* of his Country;" one who, though stained by many crimes, was still the last who may be reckoned among the *worthies* of a family, which so powerfully contributed to the destruction of the liberties of Florence, and to the ruin of Italy.—The church itself is simple, solemn, and Gothic; and is admirably characteristic of the day in which it was raised, and of its honest, honourable, and pious founder, whose monument, by Donatello, is a model of grace and simplicity.*

The sacristy (called the Sacrestia Nuova) has another character, and marks another period in the fortunes of that family. Leo the Tenth, the most superb and the most tasteful of the Medici, gave the order for its erection to Michael Angelo, who began it, at the expense of another Papal Medici, Clement the Seventh, by whom it was destined to become the mausoleum of his family. The first monument raised in it covered the remains of *Giuliano* de' Medici, *Duke of Nemours*, the brother of Leo; the next was raised to Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, the nephew of Leo and father of the infamous Catherine de Medicis of France:—for the immediate descendants of

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* The two sons of John (*Cosimo* and *Lorenzo*) formed two distinct families in the House of Medici. That of *Cosimo* (grandfather of Lorenzo the Magnificent) terminated in the two Popes, Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh; that of *Lorenzo* produced the worthless *Dukes*. The first of these who took the title of *Grand Duke* was *Cosimo* the First, frequently confounded with Cosimo the *Father* of his Country.

the merchant Medici were now all sovereigns. These tombs are the treasures of *San Lorenzo*, not for the worthless ashes they inclose, but as the most vigorous efforts of Michael Angelo's mighty hand.* The first is a sarcophagus; and on either side are two colossal figures, called "*Day and Night.*" This singular monument seems to have no reference whatever to the insignificant subject, to perpetuate whose memory it was raised. Michael Angelo probably thought not of him. He may just then have had some glorious type in his own mind, and seized on the occasion thus presented by pride and wealth for realizing it. The figure of DAY almost moves in the marble; there is a bold, rude, restless vigour in every limb and muscle, that gives it a vital character; and yet, powerful and magnificent as it is, the petulancy of a genius, that could not brook the inadequacy of human force to realize its inspirations, did not permit Michael Angelo to finish it.† The splendid works which he left behind him incomplete, seem to indicate that he expected to have called forth perfection by a blow or a breath; and he flung away the chisel of the artist, when he could not direct it with the creative energy of a god. The figure of NIGHT looks like Sorrow that slumbers. Vasari has called it "*Statua non rara, ma unica.*"‡ Four beautiful lines §, indicating its merits, were written under it; and called forth an answer ‖ by Michael Angelo, in the character of Night, which, besides being exquisitely poetical, have a latent strain of plaintive patriotism that gives them a twofold interest.

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* The physical forces of Michael Angelo seem equal to his moral conceptions: his chisel, like the bow of Ulysses, was only to be wielded by his own hand; and it fell with a force that, I have heard the first sculptors in Italy say, (and among others CANOVA) seemed almost impossible to human strength.

† In the old Court-yard of the Society of "*Le Opere del Duomo*," instituted for the preservation of sculpture falling into decay, or neglect, are several unfinished Torsi of Michael Angelo, which exhibit the noblest rudiments of his gigantic conceptions.

‡ "Not a rare, but an unique statue."

§ La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso; e perchè dorme, ha vita;
Destalà se no 'l credi, e parleratti.

‖ Grato mi è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura,
Però non mi destar: deh! parla basso.

The monument of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, is something less imposing. On the arch of the mausoleum repose two figures, which represent DAWN and TWILIGHT; but they are subordinate to the noble effigy of Lorenzo, which rises above them. This figure is so full of life, that Charles the Fifth declared he was "amazed it did not rise and speak to him." In the words of Dante:

"Che non sembrava imagine che tace."

The Ducal Chapel of San Lorenzo, or the CAPELLA DEI DEPOSITI, marks a third epoch in the history of the Medicean family; and contrasts forcibly with the rude simplicity of the Church founded by John, and with the splendid works of the Sacristy commanded by Leo.* The first of the *Grand Dukes* of that name, the first of the Medici, who assumed in form, as in fact, a sovereign power over their fallen country, Cosimo the First, resolved on raising a mausoleum for himself and his progeny, which should surpass in splendour all that had preceded it; and a design was demanded from *Vasari*, which was executed under the reign of Ferdinand the First, the survivor of Cosimo's most wretched family. But though these dukes could command jasper from Cyprus, marbles from Egypt, and gold from Golconda, they could not command the genius that raised the Duomo and the Santa Croce, that wrought the gates of the Baptistery, and cast the Perseus of the Loggia. The genius contemporary with their republican fathers was extinct: the Brunellesco's, the Donatello's, the Ghiberti, the Michael Angelo's, the Cellini, all were gone!—and with the wealth of Europe in their coffers, the MEDICI were thrown upon the mediocrity of the time-serving Vasari, of the obscure Matteo Nigelli, and the Court-sculptor Pietro Tacca†, whose best boast was, that he had studied in the work-room of John of Bologna. It is pleasant to observe that these despots, who, in their pride, had resolved to transport the sepulchre of their God from Jerusalem, as only worthy to be placed with their own, have left, after all, but

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* Alexander's was scarcely to be called a reign.

† The monument of Duke Ferdinand the First is said to have been modelled by John of Bologna; but in this cumbrous work there is nothing of the creative genius—the spring—the spirit that gives life to his *Mercury*, in the Gallery of Florence. Confined to pourtray the stiff, cold figure of an ordinary personage, ermine robes, sceptres, and swords of state, his genius sunk under the vulgar sumptuosity of such details; and nothing in the monumental effigy of the Grand Duke of Tuscany recals the sculptor of the *Neptune* in the great square of Bologna. The execution of this monument, and almost all the others, is by Tacca.

a monument to mark the degradation of that national genius, which their own crimes and bad government had assisted to corrupt, to enfeeble, and to destroy.*

This chapel is the object of much vulgar wonder and critical censure, and is by far the most tasteless and the most splendid edifice in Italy. It is of an octagon form, and of the composite order. From its marble basement spring pilasters of jasper, with bronze capitals, surmounted by cornices of the beautiful granite of Elba, and of giallo antico. The armorial bearings are of precious stones, the tombs are of Egyptian granite, of the green jasper of Corsica, and the flowered jasper of Sicily, supporting those heavy effigies of departed pomp, whose crowns rest on cushions embossed with rubies and topazes, and sculptured out of oriental chalcedony. Here fragments of porphyry and of granite lie unused, amidst the azure dust of lapis lazuli, and the clippings of mother-of-pearl. The very rubbish and sweepings of unfinished magnificence, brilliant and sparkling as they lie, would found a temple, richer than primitive Christianity ever worshipped in. Before this chapel could have been raised by one family, how many millions must have suffered, under the extortions of unlimited power, under the exactions of unrestricted despotism! What an unequal distribution of riches—what misery—what pomp—what slavery—and what waste of a nation's wealth—does the *Chapel of the Tombs*, in the church of Saint Lorenzo, recal and commemorate! This little temple of Solomon however—this

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* The story of Cellini's opposition to the favouritism of Cosimo the First, and his wife Eleonore of Toledo, as told by himself, is pleasant and characteristic. On hearing that an immense block of marble, destined for the Neptune which still stands in the public square, was to be given to Bandinello, he flew to the royal villa, where, notwithstanding that the family were at dinner (the Duke and Duchess in one room, and the Princes in another), he entered without ceremony. Cellini remonstrated vehemently against this mode of procedure, and insisted on the advantages of open competition—a method that had produced the gates of the Baptistery, and so many other noble monuments of the art. The Duchess, like other persons who have more volition than reason, replied with passion, "con gran collera;" but the artist resumed his argument, insisting on the advantage of competition, even to Bandinello himself. The altercation, however, terminated by the Duke's insisting, that it was twenty years since he had determined to give the marble to his favourite, and that he chose that it should be his ("e così io voglio che il Bandinello l'abbia, e sia suo.") This is the princely patronage which, maugre its lofty pretensions so liberally admitted, substituted mediocrity for genius, and banished the arts from Italy, with its liberties.

miracle of princely taste and vain-gloriousness—remains unfinished; and it is "*devoutly to be wished,*" that it never may be completed: the Florentines assert it never will.

The Convent adjoining, and its fine old cloisters, with here and there an orange-tree laden with golden produce, springing from amidst masses of ruin and rubbish, is best worth visiting for its library, the far-famed BIBLIOTHECA MEDICEO-LAURENZIANA. This precious collection owes its commencement to the free times of Tuscany; the first donations were from the old merchant Cosimo, his brother Lorenzo, and his son Peter. Then came the splendid contributions of the Dictators and the Popes of the House of Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo the Tenth, and Clement the Seventh. The Grand Dukes seem to have done little; and the Austrian masters of Tuscany, who succeeded to the last of the Medici, particularly Leopold, were the first, after a long lapse of years, to increase its stores: the libraries of suppressed convents enabled the latter to do so with great effect. This library was raised after the designs of Michael Angelo, and there is an air of Gothic grandeur and gloom about it that well belongs to its destination: the windows, the cornices, the architraves, the very doors, are beautiful; and an exquisite simplicity and symmetry reigns over the whole, that soon effaces the gaudy impressions of the Medicean chapel, and restores the mind to those pure enjoyments, which no associations of moral degradation sully and embitter.

It is not for some time after having entered this library, and having passed and repassed along the old oaken seats carved by BATTISTA DEL CINQUE, and CIAPINO, that one perceives, here and there, a ponderous tome, wrapped in vellum, clasped in brass, and chained in iron, on desks as curious as its own contents. Still this collection is multifarious, consisting of precious and rare MSS. in almost all known languages, illuminated with the most beautiful and curious miniatures. But more interesting than its Manuscripts of Virgil and Tacitus, its Pandects of Justinian, or its Councils of Florence, is the MS. of *Boccacio's* Decamerone, and of *Benvenuto Cellini's* Life, to those who prize not books for the antiquity of the dust that lies on them, but for their bearings on the social history of man, and the progressive developement of his nature.

On a table in the centre of this spacious hall stands a small crystal vase, covering the fore-finger of one, who had been destined to the flames of an *auto*

da fe—of Galileo—a relic which some will kiss with as much devotion as the Majesty of Spain salutes the tooth of his patron St. Dominick. This was the finger that traced the luminous "Dialogues on the System of the World." The books of this collection are all locked up in their old presses, as they were in days when books, like gems, were preserved in caskets. Among the few pictures that decorate its walls, are three original portraits of great interest and value—one of POLITIAN, one of PETRARCH, and one of LAURA, by their friend MARTINI, whose saints were all Lauras, as Raphael's *Madonnas* were all Fornarinas.

THE Church was throughout Europe, in former times, the scene of the most striking events, and the mart of all the passions:—there, misery took refuge, and crime found asylum; there, vengeance raised her dagger even at the altar's steps, and love spread its wiles amidst shrines and crucifixes. It was in the church of Canterbury that Thomas à Becket was murdered: it was in the church of Buon Convento the Emperor Henry the Seventh was poisoned *in the Eucharist:* it was in the Duomo of Florence that the Pazzi, urged by public and private wrongs, aimed at the lives of the two Medici, and destroyed the feeblest: it was in the church of St. Clair at Avignon that Petrarch first fell a victim to Laura's charms, and that his imagination imbibed the colours of her drapery, until his eyes saw every object tinted with "*green and violet,*" ("*Negli occhi ho pur le violette e il verde*"): it was in the church of St. Lorenzo at Naples, that BOCCACIO first beheld his beautiful Fiametta gliding along in her sable dress of penitence, on the morning of a Holy Saturday, and had his fate decided on the Easter Sunday, when he beheld her at "*la grande festa,*" all radiant in vestment as in beauty: it was in the Church that the *Betsy Thoughtless's,* and the *Harriets,* and *Clarissas,* always did most mischief in former days in England; and in the Church, according to "The Spectator," that all the idleness, vanity, and intrigue of the fashionables of his day were exhibited!

On entering one of the most interesting of all Florentine Churches, the venerable CHIESA of SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, the first association awakened by its Gothic aisles, is that which it excites as the site of *Boccacio's* first scene, with his fair band of young novellists, his "*Brigata Novellatricè.*" Fancy soon decides on the high painted casement under which the seven pretty Pietists were seated in a circle; when, having "said a Pater," they began to lament the moral and mortal effects of that plague which was depopu-

lating and destroying their native city. * One sees too *Boccacio* gliding from the high altar in his "*abito lugubre,*" in which he says he came to assist at the divine office, approaching the "BRIGATA," overhearing their councils on the prudence of retiring to the safe and rural retreat of the Villa *de Sciffanoja* †, and then timidly approaching and presenting himself to the little circle for whom his *Decamerone* was afterwards composed. Much of this venerable edifice remains as Boccacio left it, and as it was finished in 1350. Here are still to be seen unfaded the first attempt of Cimabue at a representation of the Madonna (a horrible monster!); some paintings of the Greek artists, who were then the first masters of the Florentine school; and a crucifix, one of Giotto's early works. The choir and several of the chapels are painted by Filippo Leppi and Ghirlandajo: they are singularly curious, as giving the portraits of several historical characters, in the representation of scriptural stories. In the *Life of the Virgin,* on the walls of the choir, the principal characters are the portraits of AGNOLO POLIZIANO, and MARSILIO FICINO (dressed as a Canon), of the beautiful Genevra Binci, and of Ghirlandajo himself, in an azure vest and scarlet mantle. His brother, master, and disciples, make

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* The virtue of these ladies Boccacio establishes, in describing them as "*fuggendo come la morte i desonesti esempi degli altri*"—"flying, as they would from death, *the dishonest* example of others,"—and their determination "to retire discreetly to their country house," from the scenes of licentiousness which the miseries of the plague brought with it. But such were the manners of the times, in Europe, that the most virtuous women, even in the theatre of the Vatican, and at the public festivities and "mysteries" of England, listened to things which women far from virtuous in the present day would shrink from hearing. Morals are connected with immutable laws: manners depend upon the existing civilization of the times. The greatest examples of profligacy in morals and manners united, are to be found in the court and days of Charles the Second of England. Of this fact a convincing proof may be found in the King's going to receive the Sacrament with five or six of his natural sons (all Dukes) by different mothers, and many of those mothers (all infamous) present.—See *Evelyn's Memoirs.*

† Villa de Schiffanoja, now the VILLA PALMIERI, at a short distance from Florence, on the banks of the *Magnone.* The exquisite description of this beautiful scene by Boccacio falls short of the original. It is curious to observe that his details of the habits of rural life among the Florentine gentry of that time, are precisely the same as may now be given of England. Conversation, reading, music, and walking, occupied the day of the "Allegra Brigata;" and even the manner of laying the table, the whiteness of the table linen, the fresh flowers, &c. &c. &c. recall English neatness and English freshness. Florence in his time, though factious, was free. Filth and finery invariably belong to slavery and degradation—they existed in the habits of France before the Revolution, and they are to be found in those of Rome at present.

up another group; and John and Lorenzo de' Medici (the elder), with many of their distinguished and contemporary fellow-citizens, as *saints* or *doctors*, preserve the likenesses, as well as the costume and tournure of that remote but interesting time, in which these worthies flourished. The *picture of Hell* on the walls of one of the oldest chapels, by Orcagna*, has many points of curious study, particularly as giving an insight into the reigning theology of the day; and sculptures by Michael Angelo, and pictures by almost all the eminent painters of the fifteenth century, complete the treasures of this fine old temple.

Adjoining to the SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, is the Dominican Convent to which it belongs, and by whose wealthy brethren it was founded in 1279, on the designs of two monks, FRA SISTO and FRÀ RISTORO; the first stone being laid by Cardinal Latina. The convent is most spacious and magnificent; but, as it is now reinstated in all its ancient forms, its interior can

"Ne'er by woman's foot be trod;"

and the Author of these pages thus lost seeing two pictures, which, in an historical point of view (if not as an amateur), she was most desirous to have seen—an original of LAURA, by Simon Memni, in her eternal green gown; and the portrait of the gallant Conte Guido Novello, Signor de Poppi. But though excluded from the great cloisters, illuminated with the feats of Saint Dominick! from the superb refectory, with its frescos by Angelo Bronzino! and from the dormitory, with its portraits of the Dominican monks, who became popes, cardinals, and saints, yet interest had opened another door to her impertinent intrusions, and afforded her a *coup-d'œil* of the sacred interior, from the spacious casements of the adjoining "*fonderia*."

It was a practice by no means uncommon with the monks of old times, to beguile the weariness of their seclusion, by a partial return to the occupations of the world, directed towards objects, whose utility or benevolence might palliate the secular character of their pursuit. In this spirit they frequently applied themselves to the preparation of such Lady Bountiful receipts, as the rudeness of the age had endowed with wonderful and various specific excellencies; and it is probable that the Dominicans of *Santa Maria* commenced *their*

* See his eloquent and philosophical "elogio" by Gio. Battista Niccolini, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts. Firenze, 1816.

operations with stills and alembics, with similar charitable intentions. "*Mais le Diable, qui se mêle de tout,*" has so efficiently forwarded the natural course of things towards abuse, that their labours are now more calculated to promote the gratification of the olfactory sense, that high road to the imagination, than to administer to the ailments of the infirm; and they are now so little intent upon purposes of charity, that the FONDERIA has become one of the most fruitful branches of their revenue.

A ring at the bell of one of the lateral entrances to the convent, brings a little lay-brother to the door, a "*fraticino,*" or priestling-page, ten or twelve years old, full of grace and agility; who conducts the customers to the *magazzino,* or shop, through a suite of handsome apartments, where crucifixes and madonnas, china vases, and or-molu ornaments, strangely mingle the sacred and the profane. The magazzino is a spacious and elegant room, commanding a view of the garden, cloisters, and interior of the convent. It is lined with glass cases,—"a wilderness of sweets," where cordial waters and aromatic conserves vie with cosmetics and perfumes, and where Iapis and Hygeia hold divided sway with Aglaia and Euphrosyne; while Venus, couched in atar of roses, looks down upon her frocked and cowled servitors, and smiles at convent vows, as Jupiter is said to laugh at the perjuries of lovers. Here is no "beggarly account of empty boxes,"—no "alligator stuffed." Here every thing is intoxicating to the smell, and elegant to the eye—essences to perfume—dentifrices to purify—prayer-books that turn out to be pincushions—and missals made into dressing-boxes. But what of all is the most curious and amusing, is the monk himself, or lay-brother, "sober, steadfast, and demure," who presides at the counter of this "nest of spicery." His cowled head, his robe, rope, and rosary, contrast strikingly with his worldly office; and he weighs out his powder, measures his essence of violets, presents his bill, and takes his money, with the same solemn and mortified air with which he would give a "*benedicite,*" or pronounce a penance; never, for a moment, forgetting his *trade,* in the exercise of his *profession.*

AMONG the Historical Churches of Florence, (if such an epithet may be applied to such buildings,) the superb SANTO SPIRITO may be reckoned. It is the work of Brunellesco, and with its Corinthian columns, its mausoleum of the illustrious Capponis, and its profusion of altars, pictures, and monuments, it has every claim on the attention of the antiquary and the virtuoso.

The SANTA ANNUNZIATA, the church of miracles and fashion, founded

by the servants of Mary (*i Servi di Maria*), with its *Madonna della Sacca* *, its golden shrine, and restored procession of the Ass, (for on the Restoration, the Ass of the *Annunziata* came back, with the others †,) is one of the most celebrated, and one of the most beautiful, of the religious temples of Tuscany. Here rests at last that spirit so restless, Benvenuto Cellini, in a tomb purchased by himself, for his beloved son, from the monks of the church; and here was pronounced an eloquent funeral oration, to the honour of one of the most versatile and extraordinary geniuses that Italy ever produced, in the presence of nearly the whole population of Florence ‡, eager to give the last testimony of their respect to the author of the Perseus.

This Church is the haunt of all the devotees of fashion, of both sexes; and the aristocracy of devotion may be found at all times lounging in its aisles, or slumbering on its benches.

For the convenience of the pious vigils of these noble saints, the church is kept open an hour after midnight, and the illuminated Annunziata receives those to whom the Opera may be denied. The good fathers of the "Servi di Maria" are the Monastic *Merveilleux* of Florence. There is no *salon* so splendid in the palaces of the pious, in which one of them may not be found; and their bare legs, sandaled feet, and russet robes, are no preventatives to their joining the family dinner of the highest nobles in Florence;

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* Andrea del Sarto, in the days of his greatest indigence, had offered the monks of the Annunziata to paint them a Madonna for a sack of corn. They accepted the bargain, and obtained at this price the celebrated picture in question; which thence derived its epithet of 'Del Sacco.' The monument of this poor painter is one of the handsomest in the Church, which owes its greatest interest to his works. Not far from his tomb lie buried the three Florentine Historians, the Villani. These are the names that render the churches of Florence far more interesting than those of the rest of Italy, and give them an attraction superior even to the churches of Rome itself.

† In the month of May, an ass, the stoutest that can be found, is laden with oil, fruit, and wine, and conducted processionally through the church to the shrine of the miraculous Virgin, where its offerings are received, with great pomp and ceremony, by the priesthood. On the Restoration, when this long-forgotten ceremony was revived by the present government (the asses not being much employed under the ex-administration of affairs), it was a difficult thing to find one, equal to the important service allotted to it. The first that officiated is said to have kicked against St. Philip, and brayed in the face of St. Joseph; and the last was accused of devouring most sacrilegiously the offerings—a circumstance that shewed the animal less an ass, than his leaders supposed.

‡ 1570.

where their rope and rosary contrast oddly enough with the vain decoration of the Order of *Saint Stefano*, or the Cross of Maria Theresa, which illustrate their hosts. The generic virtue of these monks is said to be their *discretion!* Never yet have they been known to betray the confidence reposed in them by saint or sinner; and had the late celebrated Fra Borgherini, of Florence, been of the "*Servi di Maria*," instead of the Jacobins, he probably never could have been guilty of a negligence, which lost him, in a moment, the reputation of years.*

This Church of the Annunziata owes much of its splendour to the illustrious family of Pucci. The portico, with its curious frescos, many of which were painted by their protegé Andrea del Sarto, was built at their expense, as was the magnificent chapel of Saint Sebastiano, with statues, pictures, and monuments without number. Three cardinals of this family lie buried in its aisles; and the riches of their donation recall the wealth and piety of this noble Florentine house, as history recounts the patriotism and virtues of its members.

The miracles for which the *Annunziata* was celebrated had wholly ceased before *that* miracle,—which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all others,—the Revolution. But on the return of the Grand Duke, brother to the Emperor of Austria, the Madonna resumed her long-vacated seat, and daily performed cures, which encroached on the fees of the medical professors, and hung her shrines and altars with testimonies of gratitude and faith. Her servants, unequal to the labours imposed on them, have obtained permission to make one mass equivalent to one thousand; and the government guide-book, revised and approved by the literary censors, bears the following testimony to the special intervention of the image of the Madonna with the laws of nature, and the immutable will of the divinity. "E accio niuno di questo fatto dubitar potesse operò Iddio per *mezza di questa immagine* molti miracoli, che tuttavia vanno seguitando.†"

The brother of the Emperor of Austria has indeed left no means untried,

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* This well-known and popular monk let fall one day from the sleeve of his robe, a billet, beginning thus, "*Molto reverendo mio caro bene*"—My most dear and reverend love.

† Guida della città di Firenze, 1818.—"And that nobody may doubt of the fact, God, through the medium of this statue, has worked many miracles, which I shall proceed to relate."

by which the power and influence of the Hierarchy could be restored, or the people plunged back into that brutifying bigotry to which the system of the Medici had reduced them. The State thus again renews her ancient alliance with her old coadjutor, the Church,

> " E nel vessillo Imperiali e Grande,
> La triomphante Croce al Ciel se spande."—TASSO.

IT belongs only to Italy, and more particularly to FLORENCE, to open GALLERIES in the streets for the study of the artist and the admiration of amateurs; and to expose in her public places and highways those treasures of sculpture, which would make the value of royal cabinets, or be enshrined in the imperial collections of other nations. Of this the *Piazza del Gran Duca* at Florence (once the *Piazza Pubblica*) is the most striking illustration: on one side of this square stands the *Loggia*, or portico, of Andrea Orcagna, a painter, sculptor, and architect of the fourteenth century, and a contemporary of Petrarch and of Boccacio, who may have watched the progress of this beautiful work with delight*. When Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, demanded of Michael Angelo the plan of a fabric for the Magistrates of Florence, the self-exiled artist replied by letter, " You have the Loggia of Orcagna; I can do nothing better." He thus sent back this boasted princely patron of the fourteenth century, to the models left by the artists of the Republic. But the Duke confessed he was stunned by the expense of such a work; and what the mercantile public of Florence had done munificently, the Sovereign shrunk from undertaking †. The treasures, however, wasted on the Chapel of the Tombs at St. Lorenzo, would have completed this splendid enterprise.

As long as the arts flourished in Florence, they contributed to the beautifying of this exquisite portico; and the pilasters of its arches are decorated with the master-work of Donatello, Benvenuto Cellini, and Giovanni di Bologna. The first is in bronze; it represents Judith in the act of cutting off the head of Holofernes: the second (of the same material) is the oft-cited Perseus of Benvenuto: the third is the Rape of the Sabines, sculptured in marble;—

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* Begun in 1353.

† Michael Angelo proposed that a similar portico should be carried round the rest of the square.

any one of them sufficient to excite a pilgrimage to Florence, in those who love the *arts*, not only *as the arts*, but as splendid illustrations of the genius of man, thrown into action by noble impulsions and liberal institutes.

It has been the good fortune of Cellini to communicate a superadded interest to all his exquisite works, by that pleasant gossiping, through which he has made his readers as familiar with all the details of his workshop, as was Francis the First, during his residence at Paris, or the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who, to judge by her constant visits to him, with her train of "Cortegiani," bestowed more of her "tediousness" on the artist than his irritable impatience could always brook.

From the *prima intenzione* of his Perseus, when he first described it to Cosimo, till that triumphant moment when he revealed it to the public, amidst shouts of national plaudits (the purest, and by far the rarest triumph of genius), every step of its progress is detailed, with an interest that is infectious. The picture it reveals of the dependance on patronage is too melancholy—Cellini, who might assassinate with impunity under the protection of the Popes and the Medici, produced his immortal Perseus under every impediment and every obstacle, which could be inflicted by the intrigues of rivals, the plots of court favourites, the delay of agents, and the vicissitudes of princely caprice—now raising him to the rank of an intimate *, now sinking him to the state of a vassal. To the uncertainty of favour was added the privations of sordid avarice; for every page of his life relates that his great work was effected without any pecuniary assistance from the Grand Duke; and that he laboured at it for years, "*con difficultà, senza denari, e con tanti altri accidenti*," &c. &c. &c.†

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* The anecdotes of the *Guarda-roba*, where Cellini passed so many days with the Grand Duke and Duchess, making toys and trinkets for them, are treasures, as illustrative of the manners of the little great at all times:—One day while he was doing some delicate work, the whole royal family being present, the three young Princes insisted on riding on his back, and continued to tease him. He begged them to desist; they said "they *could not*."—"Quel che *non si può, non si vuole*," said Cellini, drily. The Duke and Duchess, in shouts of laughter, ran after the froward boys. In a few days after, the doors of the palace were shut against him, because he refused, at the Duchess's desire, to recommend a necklace of pearl to the Duke, at double the price it was worth; or advise him to give her some antiquities for her own apartment, deserving a more public place of exhibition.

† "Under every difficulty, without money," &c. &c.

It is affecting to add, that the independent Cellini, who had spurned the offers of a King of France, was bound in the chains of patronage to the upstart Medici, only because he loved his degraded country with a passion which rendered the triumph offered him by foreign and greater nations worthless; and because his affections to his family (nine orphan children of a favourite sister) wedded him to Florence by ties stronger than those of ambition. If there is one who, like Cellini, sacrifices to such motives the pride of talents and their highest recompense, and who voluntarily returns, under the impulse of such feelings, to a land of degradation, from other and better climes, that one, at least, will sympathise in his fate, and forgive or forget his follies and his faults, for the sake of the genius, the love of country, and the family devotion which accompanied them.

In pages so unpretending to the honours of *virtù* as these, it would be sacrilege to pass a single criticism on the Perseus of the Loggia. But as it is one of those beautiful things which strictly represent nature in her finest forms, it charms alike the ignorant and the learned. It is a single and magnificent figure of the young hero, in the moment that he has severed the head of the Medusa from the bleeding trunk. This head, beautiful in death, he holds on high, with a powerful grasp. His form and attitude is that of a

"Feather'd Mercury;"—

he seems springing into the air. One of Cellini's disciples was the model of Perseus *; and the handsome *Dorotea*, his housekeeper, is pourtrayed in the Medusa. The artists of Italy have no such living models now.

The group of John of Bologna is said to be quite as fine, if not superior to the Perseus; and perhaps it is. But I describe what I feel, rather than what I have learnt.

The Loggia on the public place of Florence was raised for the dispatch of public business, and for assembling the magistrates under shelter, but still exposing them to the eyes and observations of the people, before whom all questions of national importance were debated; the government being the agent, not the master of the Florentines. In the free States of Italy, and in

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* "Servitomi di questo fanciullo per ritrarlo, perchè non abbiamo altri libri che c' insegnin l' arte che il naturale."—Vita, vol. II. p. 206. His having "no other book but nature to teach the arts," needs no comment.

the freest of all, Florence, all the forms were open and frank. Legislation went beneficially forward, and foreign alliances were made without the aid of diamond boxes, State spies*, cabinet councils, or cabinet dinners. Then the interests of a people, not of a throne, were discussed before the people; and none assisted at such councils, but men eminent by their genius and probity, and respectable by their industry and wealth. From this *loggia*, which occasionally served as a *rostrum*, the patriot orators addressed the people, and commanded them to oppose the ultramontanes from France or Austria, and to chase the despot Medici from their gates. The loggia remains:—but where are the patriot orators who called forth † the echoes of its sculptured roof? When the despotism of the Archdukes of Tuscany rose upon the ruins of the free state of Florence, the *loggia* changed its destination. It became the canopy and throne of the new Sovereigns, where, on the festival of Saint John, they received homage, offered with great pageantry and splendour, from tributary States. When we saw it, it had fallen one step lower. It was decked with tawdry draperies, and devoted to the drawing of a lottery. It was surrounded daily by faces as blank as the lot which reached them from a wheel, said to be, like other wheels of Fortunes, parsimonious of its prizes.

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* The crime of espionage, with some others that distinguish modern governments, may be traced to the Medici. That family introduced its vices into the cabinets of France, whence they have spread into the rest of Europe. The Medici employed spies for fiscal purposes; and Cellini makes frequent mention of a *spia* having informed against him. A much more horrible instance is recorded by Pignotti. The Cardinal Medici, afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh, encouraged the young men of Florence to believe that he would grant them a free government; and when he thus got possession of their plans, he drove them to desperation, and beheaded the leader. One of their agents, condemned to death, having refused to reveal any thing when tortured, was visited by a priest to confess him, to whom he disclosed some papers quilted in his bed. The mock priest was a spy of government, who had assumed the sacred habit for the occasion.

† The mode by which they got rid of a factious noble, or patriot citizen, was singular: they took him into seeming favour, and then gave him a foreign mission, with order to stop at such a prelate's, or such a cardinal's, or such a prince's, with dispatches. In these places the Medici had *poisoners of state;* and the ambassador proceeded no further. Terrible revelations of this description were made when the late Grand Duke Leopold permitted the archives to be examined. The examination was speedily suppressed; and a work on the Medici was got up by *Zucchelini*, under the patronage of Leopold, intended to do away every impression not very favourable to the Medicean Dukes, by the bequest of one of whom the father of Leopold ascended the throne of Tuscany.

At the corner of the Piazza, and opposite to the entrance of the Loggia, stands the Palazzo Vecchio, the old government palace, the residence of the magistrates for the time being, whether chosen annually or monthly; and the place of assembly for the "*Signoria*," or great council of the country. This most venerable and striking edifice is coeval with the Duomo, and its ponderous walls were raised after the designs of Arnolfo di Lapo, who has left so many traces of his genius behind him. The circumstance of its being built at the angle, and not in the centre of the square, is worth citing. That centre had been occupied by the house of the *Uberti* family, who became Ghibelines, or partizans of the German power in Italy, the barbarous foes of her liberty and illumination. The people razed it to the ground, and the site remained blasted and unoccupied, to commemorate the infamy of the traitors.

The Palazzo Vecchio, or del Pubblico, with the Piazza on which it stands, has been the scene of all that is most striking in the various fate of Florence. There the public worth of its popular magistrates, its Capponi and Strozzi, were exhibited; and there the blackest crimes of the Medici were perpetrated. As often as the latter oppressed the people into insurrection, the Florentine youth, suddenly accumulating into armed bands, and directing their steps to the government palace, raised that cry so fearful to their despot's ears—"Popolo e Liberta'." It was thus, in 1527, they surrounded its walls, occupied its portals, and climbing on the David of Michael Angelo, entered at its windows, and chased the guard, and forced the Gonfaloniere Luigi Guicciardini, and the Council of the Signori, to declare the Medici rebels to their country. The arts of the historian *Guicciardini*, a leading instrument in the ruin of his country, suppressed a tumult which had nearly ended in the destruction of the Medicean power for ever, and the restoration of Florentine independence.* Over the dark massive walls of this vast fabric, five centuries have passed innoxious, and far more (to judge by its appearance) may yet pass over, and find them time-proof, and undecayed. The windows, balconies, and door-cases, though disfigured by paltry paintings of armorial bearings hung round them when we were at Florence, are strikingly beautiful. Before the ponderous gates of its *cortile*, stand on

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* The conduct of Guicciardini upon this occasion obtained him the contempt of all parties; and he stood accused both by his patrons the Medici, and by the Florentine republicans.

See Pignotti, Vol. IX. p. 94.

either side, the gigantic David of Michael Angelo, the powerful work of his youth, and the colossal Hercules of Baccio Bandinelli.

When Florence and its Gonfaloniere, the feeble but honest Pietro Soderini, were under the special displeasure of that ambitious *Furibondo* Pope Julio the Second, and Michael Angelo was at Rome—he hastened home at the call of his country, though then a youth, and abandoning the splendid patronage that awaited him at the Vatican, undertook the work assigned him by the public and government of his native city, the David of the Palazzo Vecchio, for the moderate price of four hundred scudi. The splendid mass of marble, in which lay latent the rudiments of this magnificent statue, had been originally designed by Soderini for Leonardo da Vinci; but the people decided for Michael Angelo, who first struck his chisel in the block in 1501. When it was finished, in 1504, the difficulty of moving it to its destined position, where it was to command the gaze and homage of future ages, became a subject of public occupation and anxiety:—for the placing of a statue, or the displacing a government, all alike then belonged to *the public*. A machine of great ingenuity was at last constructed by Antonio and Giuliano da Sanjalo, on which it was placed, and moved in triumph amidst the shouts of the whole people of Florence; who gave it a triumphant installation—*Pier Soderini*, alone affecting the virtuoso, found fault with the David, and observed to the immortal sculptor, that "*the nose was too large*" —Michael Angelo, pretending conviction, instantly ascended the scaffolding; and hammering his chisel at the face, clouds of marble dust fell from time to time into the up-turned eyes of the flattered magistrate; who learning that, not only the *nose*, but the *head* might be knocked off by the docile but impetuous artist, cried out from time to time, "Guardatelo ora; a me piace più—gli avete dato vita*." Michael Angelo, who had previously taken up the dust, and never touched the work, descended the scaffold exchanging looks with the spectators, which justified the epigram of Machiavel on the Gonfaloniere†. Through his whole life from boyhood to caducity,

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* "Now look at it. I'm satisfied;—you have given it life."

† "La notte che morì Pier Soderini,
L'anima andò dell' Inferno all' bocca:
Ma Pluto le gridò, anima sciocca
Che inferno?—Va nel limbo de' Bambini."

Talent

Michael Angelo was the enemy and scourge of *pretended virtù*, and its *cant* of criticism!*

When the Medici were hunted out of Florence for the third time in 1527, the Piazza Pubblica and the Palazzo Vecchio were the principal scenes of the revolutionary tumults. The tolling of the great bell, which so often rallied the people to the defence of their liberties, now assembled them for a time in vain. The Medici party, headed by their cardinals, poured an armed troop into the public place, dispersed the unarmed multitude, and attacked the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the Gonfaloniere, with those whom the usurpers called rebels, were shut up. But while the soldiers applied battering-machines to force the gates, the historian *Nardi*, who was shut up within, and well acquainted with the palace, discovered a quantity of stones and marbles; and pouring them down on the assailants, saved the palace and its inmates. Even the cumbrous furniture of the council-room was put into requisition on this memorable day, and one heavy bench fell on the arm of Michael Angelo's *David*, and broke it in three pieces. So many heads, however, were broken at the same time, that this sacrilege remained unnoticed; and for three days the fragments were trodden on by the soldiery and the people. It happened that a boy, an enthusiast respecting the genius of Michael Angelo, who had been present during the tumult, had observed the accident. He flew to the *Ponte Vecchio (then*, as now, occupied by the goldsmiths and jewellers, where Cellini served his apprenticeship, and the Bandinelli kept their shops†), and carrying off a young artist like himself to the scene of action, they had the courage and enthusiasm to mingle in the tumultuous multitude, which still occupied the piazza; and creeping through files of soldiers and the still contending people, they succeeded at last in collecting and carrying off the fragments of the arm; which, when

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Talent of every description was still afloat in Italy, in the 16th century, even at the breaking up of the great mass of national genius!

* On the statue of *snow*, which Piere de' Medici commanded from M. Angelo, Condivi remarks concerning the *pretended virtù* of the would-be Princes of the day—"Così molti Signori proteggendo i Virtuosi, essendo essi ignoranti; in vece di rendersi gloriosi, si rendono ridicoli."—"So princes often pretend to encourage the Arts, being perfectly ignorant of the subject; and thus, instead of rendering themselves glorious, become utterly ridiculous."

† Cellini served his first apprenticeship to the father of that Cavalier Bandinelli, whom he afterwards hated with such virulence.

peace and security returned, they re-united in the perfection in which it now appears. These "*boys*" were, Georgio Vasari, afterwards the pupil, friend, and biographer of Michael Angelo;—and Francesco Salviati, the painter and pupil of Andrea del Sarto.

The *Hercules and Cacus*, which formed a *pendant* to the David, is the work of *Baccio Bandinelli*, and has been the subject of much criticism: still, however, Bandinelli was highly estimated as an artist, by Michael Angelo.*

The 'cortile' of the palace is adorned with a porphyry fountain, with the bronze figure of a playful child by Verrochio, and several other pieces of sculpture. The *gran salone* (a vast apartment, where so many national councils were held by the Republican government, and so many pageants and festivities were given by the Grand Dukes,) is remarkable for its walls being painted by Vasari and Cigoli. The subjects are principally taken from the Life of Cosimo di Medici, the first Grand Duke. The first compartment represents Cosimo elected Chief of the Republic, when but eighteen years of age; and the court painter has given the detail with all the servility of pencil, which court painters are paid for enduring. The senators of Florence are all represented as doing lowly homage to the young usurper; but history has left a more faithful picture of this election than CIGOLI or VASARI.

When the Emperor Charles V. forced the natural son of Pope Clement VII. (Alexander de' Medici) upon the Florentines, as their chief or prince, the nation had no hope of emancipation but from the death of a monster, who in his short reign had committed every crime that could disgrace humanity. Led by ambition, or by love of liberty, Lorenzino de' Medici, the

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* Vasari and others have described a curious scene between *Cellini* and Bandinelli, which took place in the presence of the Grand Duke—Cellini driving his rival mad by the severity of his criticisms—and the Duke enjoying equally the diatribe of one artist and the mortification of the other, though that other was his protegé. Among the droll phrases applied to the Hercules by Cellini, he observes, that it is difficult to know, whether the head were that of a *Man*, or a *Lion-Ox*, ("*Lion Bue*") a term which greatly puzzles his *Della-Cruscan commentator*. The public, however, of that day were of Cellini's opinion, as to this group—for Bandinelli complains, that an hundred "*Sonettacci*" were written by the *Popolaccio* (the vile people) against his Hercules. This was a fact; and Alexander di Medici had the satirists imprisoned in consequence. Bandinelli's unpopularity with the Florentines arose from his being a sordid and selfish person, and a favourite with the Medici, and from his having got this work of the Hercules to do, from Clement the Seventh, which had been previously promised to Michael Angelo. Buonarroti had the generosity, however, to praise the designs of Bandinelli.

cousin of Alexander, killed him, and fled; but ere the amazed Florentines could rally round their ancient standard, which still bore the inscription of *Libertas*, the Medici faction, conscious of being seconded by the Imperial power in Italy, filled the city with soldiers, and proclaimed Cosimo de' Medici *, a descendant of the second branch, Chief of the State. Even the manner of this usurpation, backed as it was by Papal and by Imperial influence, evinced the respect paid to the free forms and independent spirits of the Florentines; since, instead of proclaiming Cosimo, something like an election took place. While the lovers of liberty assembled in the house of Salviati to deliberate, the opposite faction collected their forces in the *Casa Medici*, filled its courts with military, and assembled the old council of forty-eight † in the salon. The young Cosimo, brought in from his Villa Trebbia, was proposed; but when the brave *Ruccellai* opposed his nomination, and some others would have seconded him, VITELLI, who led the military, told them the soldiery could not wait on their debates; and GUICCIARDINI the historian, who had governed under the feeble Alexander, nominated *Cosimo*, who was then introduced as a private citizen, to become the most despotic prince of his age, and the founder of a Dynasty that lasted uninterruptedly for two centuries. Still he was only permitted to take the title of "*Capo del Governo*" (chief of the State); but in a few days he realized the prophecy of VETTORI, who replied to some artful observation of the false Guicciardini on a limited power—"He who has guards, armies, and fortresses, need not care what title he bears." Guicciardini thought to reign for Cosimo, as he had done for the worthless Alexander: Cosimo disappointed, and—poisoned him.

Another of the pictures in the salone of the *Palazzo Vecchio* represents the Coronation of COSIMO, by Pope Pius the Fifth, who gave him the style and title of Grand Duke. The roof of this historical apartment is richly painted by Vasari; and it is related, that while he was mounted on a scaffold in the execution of this work, he became the unsuspected confidant of a most deep and dangerous secret. The fall of a brush, a motion, a breath, might have betrayed him to his employer, and he would have been lost for ever. When, on his death-bed, he related the atrocious criminality of Cosimo, which

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* He was the son of the famous Condottiere, *John de Medicis*, of the *black band*—the only military hero the family ever produced.

† A council devoted to the Medici.

accident had thus discovered to him, public report had already anticipated his revelations; and the murderer of his own son had acquired new titles to the execration of posterity, by the injury offered to his daughter.

This palace, under the Ducal Medicis, was the site of many a guilty deed. In the time of the Republic it answered the purposes of general festivity, as well as of state; and the old John de' Medici, the merchant, led hither to the gaieties of the Carnival, his prudent faithful wife Picarda, whose simple virtues and happy innocent life form a striking contrast to the dark stories of the wretched Grand Duchesses and Princesses de' Medici.

The Guarda-Roba, the next apartment in rank, but first in interest in this old palace, occupies the whole of the upper story. The *guarda-roba* (a term from which the French have derived their *garde-meuble*, and the English their *wardrobe)* was in ancient times the domestic treasury, the cabinet, the gallery, the lumber-room, and, above all, the lounging-room of the great; where their toys and trinkets and play-things, their collections and superfluous furniture, with all those trifles which amuse semi-barbarous minds when unoccupied by deeds of violence, were preserved.

In this *guarda-roba* of the *Palazzo Vecchio,* the first Grand Duke and Duchess seem to have passed much of their time. Cellini always found them there amusing themselves by watching the sculptors on gold and silver, and precious stones. That he might work with these men at little vases *(vasselli d'oro),* at golden girdles and rings, and toys, "*con mascherini e figurini,*" the Duchess frequently drew Cellini from his PERSEUS; and many of the treasures of his genius (since bought at any price) were the fruits of his slavish attendance on a capricious but powerful woman, who persecuted him with her resentment, when he refused to sacrifice his high calling to her frivolous tastes*. The Chapel of the Palazzo Vecchio was rich beyond all description in works of art, in gold, silver, and jewels; but its most valuable materials were removed by the Grand Dukes to the Chapel of the Monuments at St. Lorenzo; and what else remained, was sold as national property by the French, in the early part of the Revolution.

Cosimo the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, thought it a *pierre de touche*

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* Some of the beautiful vases made in this Guarda-roba, and long preserved in it, are said to be in the possession of private families in England.

of his power, when he left the old family mansion, the CASA MEDICI, to reside *en Prince* in the Government Palace. He, however, soon abandoned it for the more elegant and commodious dwelling of the CASA PITTI, which has remained the royal residence to the present day. The Palazzo Vecchio is now devoted to the purposes of public offices.

THE PALAZZO PITTI was built by Luca Pitti, a Republican merchant, in the middle of the fifteenth century. Machiavelli has celebrated the worth, the wealth, and patriotism of this Pitti, who was raised by the suffrages of his country, for his patriotic resistance to the growing power of the MEDICI, to the most eminent offices in the state.

This noble fabrick, then called *House*, remains a monument of the riches, taste, and munificence of Luca Pitti: but it is curious to remark, that his immediate successors, becoming too much elevated above their fellow-citizens, and being enervated by the riches acquired through the industry of their fathers, became more tolerant of the despotism of the MEDICI, lost the confidence of the popular party, and fell into immediate adversity and indigence. The people, who had volunteered their services to raise the Palace Pitti, for the father, withdrew from their labour under the sons;—the citizens who had lent money to complete the work became clamorous for payment, and enforced it;—and the unfinished palace was purchased by Duke Cosimo the First, in the name of his Duchess Eleonore, from the immediate descendants of the old enemy of the House of Medici.

The Palazzo Pitti has been the scene of many important diplomatic treaties—of many *purchased* alliances with Royal Houses *—of many princely festivities, and of many crimes of the darkest nature. Its marble floors have been stained with blood, shed under circumstances of unparalleled horror. Brides here were given away with more than royal splendour, soon to be murdered by their husband's hands; and princely assassins have stalked through its sumptuous halls with reeking daggers, unquestioned and unpunished.† The domestic affections of the *merchant Medici* degenerated

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* Duke Ferdinando, in the year 1592, paid *eight hundred thousand crowns*, to induce Henry the Fourth of France, to marry his daughter, *Marie*, afterwards accused of being an accomplice in the murder of her immortal husband. Catherine and Marie de' Medici were fair, or rather *foul* samples of the *school* in which the dames of that family were reared.

† For instances of this criminality, take the fate of the unfortunate Isabella de' Medici, the favourite daughter of Cosimo, strangled by her husband the Duke of Bracciano, who, far from

almost into weakness;—of the Medicean Princes, there was scarcely one, that had not raised his hand against his nearest kindred. One of the worst effects of unlimited power is, that it destroys the natural feelings, numbs the finest instincts of humanity, and turns the milky tide of the affections to blood or gall.*

It is a singular fact, that, in 1819, we found the Palazzo Pitti still unfinished, and in the hands of workmen, though begun in the year 1440, under the superintendence of *Brunellesco*. The present Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand the Third, called by the Royal Guide-book of Florence "*Principe adorabile*," has inherited, with the dominions of the Medici, their taste for building; that taste so fatal to all in Tuscany, as long as there was any space left to build on. If, therefore, his Imperial Highness has not turned his sword of steel into a ploughshare in this time of "piping peace," he has at least converted his sceptre into a *trowel*; and leaving

—— "All meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings,"

he presides over his beautiful little dominions in the character of a *master-builder*. Happy were it for the rest of Europe, if her Kings were occupied, like "l'ottimo e incomparabile Ferdinando," in building houses without stairs†, or any houses, on a modern plan, instead of patching up that ancient tottering

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being punished by her brother, the then reigning Duke, Francesco, received at his hands her magnificent Villa of *Poggio Imperiale*. The miserable end of the young Eleonore di Toledo is not less striking. She was married to Isabella's brother, *Don Pietro de' Medici*, who murdered her with his own hands. He was jealous of his father Cosimo, the uncle of his bride, who had forced his son to marry her. (*Notizie Istoriche dei Palazzi, &c. &c.*)

* The Grand Duke Cosimo plunged his dagger into the heart of his old servant *Sforzi Almeni*, in one of the rooms of the Palazzo Pitti—his crime was *the suspicion* of having betrayed the Duke's passion for Virginia Albiggi, to his son Francesco, who feared a rival in Virginia's child. Cosimo is accused by many historians of having killed his son Don Garzia, in the arms of the Duchess his mother, for having killed his brother the Cardinal an hour before, at the chase: the unfortunate mother died in consequence. The partizans of the Medici endeavoured to conceal this horrible event; but all Italy believed it. Muratori relates it in his Annals, and Alfieri has made it the subject of his fine Tragedy, "*Don Garzia*."

† Duke Ferdinand is unlucky in the article of stairs; as he is said uniformly to design his staircases, when he does not forget them entirely, with a step too few.

feudal "*Social edifice,*" which, in spite of its *custodi,* the Metternichs and the Castlereaghs, must soon moulder to nothing, and, like other "*baseless fabricks,*"

"Leave not a wreck behind."

The Palazzo Pitti, vast and noble as it is, and most wonderful as the house of a merchant in the middle ages, is still the most notable for its precious collections of pictures, the chefs-d'œuvre of the Tuscan, Florentine, and Roman school.* Here is Michael Angelo's picture of "*the Three Fates.*" They are "Shakspeare's weird sisters." Here glows the divine beauty of Raphael's famous Madonna *della Sedia*†, so known to the world by the countless copies and engravings, the sure proof of its excellence. Here too are some of Salvator Rosa's finest sea-pieces, with those calm skies and waters, and brilliant lights, so contrasted to the force, gloom, and energy of his Catiline conspiracy. Here also is the noble Cleopatra of Guido, that true woman's *painter-laureate!* and here, in short, are hundreds of pictures, some of supreme merit, and all of interest, by the names attached to them or the likenesses they preserve.—Among the latter is, Titian's superb portrait of Cardinal Hypolito di Medici, the elegant voluptuary and princely virtuoso.—*Luther playing on the Spinnette;* his strong marked and somewhat vulgar face turned towards a priest, who accompanies him on the guitar, evidently asking his opinion of a chromatic transition, through which he has just modulated: Luther's wife, who has exchanged her nun's veil for a smart Flemish hat and feather, more lady-like and less hideous than in any other of her pictures, is their "*sole auditress.*"—Numberless portraits of the ladies of the Medici family, particularly in the latter times, loaded with gold and jewels,—simple and common-place looking women, such as one meets making up the mass of assemblies, all "*very fine and all alike.*" I could not trace among their prim countenances the brilliancy of talent for which the accomplished and unfortunate Isabella was so celebrated, nor the ferocious genius of Catherine, nor the cold dull iniquity of Marie di Medici yet; some of them were handsome.

The portrait of *Cardinal Bibbiena,* the friend and favourite of Pope Leo the Tenth, the Buckingham of his court (for whose theatre at the Vatican he com-

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* Out of this collection, the French took sixty-four capital pictures. They are now all returned.

† The copy said to come nearest to the original is by *Monsieur Fabre;* and is to be seen in his own very precious and interesting collection at Florence.

posed his *Calandria**), the minister of his state and of his pleasures! This is the portrait of a man of genius, *by* a man of genius; it was also the picture of a friend, by a friend: it is by Raphael, to whose acceptance the Cardinal offered his niece, as a mark of his esteem and affection—the death of Raphael interrupted an alliance, so honourable for both parties.

Whenever Albano mentioned the name of Raphael, he always uncovered his head, in token of a reverence that amounted to adoration; and the portrait by Raphael, of Pope Julio the Second, at the Pitti, almost justifies this religious enthusiasm. The Pope is seated in an arm-chair (in itself a portrait); before him stands a table richly draped; a beautifully sculptured bell (probably Cellini's famous bell), and some books, lie on the table. The large golden reading-glass, which the Pope seems just to have lowered from his eye, and holds in his hand, is also of fine workmanship. Julio's comely but characteristic countenance, marked by the intense expression of one who listens to a detail full of interest to the hearer, is turned towards a monk, who is making the important communication. But that monk!—such a head—such a visage!—his fine, fearful, and pallid face, lighted up by the bright, black, Italian eye;—contrasting its acute sagacity, and artful vigilance of the impression his eloquence is making, to the impetuous vehemence and florid colouring of his auditor, whom unlimited power placed beyond the necessity of dissimulation. Opposed to these two speaking physiognomies is the placid, insignificant face of the *Camerlingo*, who, with his *antichambre* look of pliant subserviency, stands behind the Pope's chair. This is, I should suppose, one of the finest, if not the finest, portrait in the world.

The Library, built and furnished by the present Grand Duke, contains forty-two thousand volumes; and what is greatly to the credit of the collector, the major part are modern works, chiefly belles-lettres and science. We found there, amidst a multitude of other English works, Boydell's Shakspeare, Sowerby's English Botany, and the Duke of Bedford's folio on Agriculture—a presentation copy. It is much to be regretted, that in condescending to fill some of his shelves with English authors, his Imperial Highness did not also adopt the model of some noble English library—that prime apartment, in the house of an Englishman of rank, which, spacious, airy, and dominating, usually unites some fine view, to all that can delight and

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* Tiraboschi, Storia della Letter. Ital, Tom. vii.

occupy the mind—all that can gratify taste or conduce to comfort. The library of the Grand Duke of Tuscany consists of *thirty-seven* little *dovecots* or cells, each furnished with a table and chair, surrounded by plain bookcases; commanding, from a small window, a view of the roofs of the out-offices. There was no carpet, no fire-place*, no picture, no bust; its narrowness and simplicity recalled the cloistered dwellings of the monks of the Certosa. The room which contains the classics is part, I believe, of the old building; it has much fine carving and gilding: adjoining these is also a collection of ancient and modern music, inestimably precious. A prince who collects books, and sometimes reads them—who is fond of music, and sometimes listens to it—is, beyond all doubt, a distinguished exception to the present race of anti-intellectual Legitimates; and the exception appears the more striking, when that prince is the brother of the Emperor of Austria, the declared foe of learning and learned men. Of late years, however, it is observed, that the Grand Duke associates more with his *masons* than his muses; and is oftener found listening to the melody of the mallet, than the strains of Rossini. To judge by his buildings, which are said to be a vexatious, because a useless expense to his people, nature seems to have designed him as little for an architect as for a sovereign; but all agree, that his humanity, and amiable domestic habits, would have admirably fitted him for the best of ranks—the rank of a private citizen.

The Palazzo Pitti is the principal residence of the court and archducal family; although, strictly speaking, its members are in a perpetual state of perambulation from one villa to another†. The Grand Duke has one daughter, and a married son, whose family reside with him. The Hereditary Prince lives like a private gentleman, and is not permitted to take any part in state affairs‡. The court is made up of a few elderly ultra gentlemen and gentlewomen, who, with the titles of maggior-domo's, chamberlains, grand chamberlains, and dames de compagnie, stand behind the Grand Duke and the

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* I can answer for the severity of the cold in Florence, during the early winter months, when snow is much more common than it is at the same period in Ireland, or even in England.

† The royal villas are very numerous, and chiefly in the environs of the city.

‡ This young Prince (born in 1797, and married in 1817 to Maria-Anna, daughter of the King of Saxony) is Major-general in the Austrian army. The Grand Duke's youngest daughter, Maria Therese, (born 1801) is married to the Prince di Carignano, heir presumptive to the throne of Sardinia.

Princess at the opera, make up his card-party at the palace, and talk of the court of the Granduchessa Maria Luigia, *di gloriosa memoria,* in contrast to the "*tempo di Lutto,*" when the "Bacciochi ruled in the salons of the Medici." * Some, however, of the *intimates* of the Grand Duke have another vocation; which is, to sow the seeds of dissension between him and his ministers, who are not courtiers. But as the ministers leave the Grand Duke little of the toil of office, and as he sees that his people are the most contented, and his state the most prosperous, in Italy, "*Il laisse parler l'envie,*" and goes on playing his game of cards with "*les Envieux.*"

THERE is nothing in the monuments of antiquity to be found in Italy (Pompeii excepted) comparable in interest to the edifices which remain of the middle ages; in the eyes at least of those who seek in such relics evidences of manners and society, which books fail to record. In this respect Florence has the advantage over all the rest of Europe, perhaps of the world. The dwellings of the Medici and the Strozzi, as the edifices of private citizens of the fifteenth century, are without parallel; and they are strong testimonies of the superiority of civilization in Italy in the middle ages, over that of the ancients.

The CASA MEDICI is indescribably imposing. It is built of hewn stone: its first story is of the Tuscan, its second of the Doric, and its third of the Corinthian order. Its ample portals open into a spacious court, whose portico with a sculptured frieze by Donatello, is enriched with ancient inscriptions and basso-relievos. Changed as its interior now is by its recent master, many of its numerous rooms and corridors remain as they existed in the time of the early Medici; and the little family-chapel is precisely in the same state in which it might have been left by old Cosimo and his domestic dame, Mona Contessina. The fine old carved oaken seats, on which the heads of the family were raised above the benches appropriated to the use of the servants, are perfectly preserved. The walls are covered with curious old frescos, very irrelevant to the place; and the *dim religious light,* admitted through one high casement over the altar, leaves this little oratory in such

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* The last of the Medici Princes, Duke Gaston (who, like his predecessors, lived and died here), when closing his dissolute life, was soothed in his death-bed sufferings by his confessor, who promised another and better world. The Duke, with a deep sigh, replied, "Caro amico, son contento col Palazzo Pitti."—"The Pitti Palace is good enough for me."

gloomy obscurity, that, to see the frescos in mid-day, we were obliged to have a lighted flambeau.

This mansion was built by Cosimo di Medici, the merchant, the "*Padre della Patria,*" who, after the death of his son Giovanni, foreseeing the approaching dissolution of his sole surviving son Pietro (the father of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo the Tenth), had himself carried through this vast palace, exclaiming mournfully as he surveyed it, "*questa è troppo casa a si poco famiglia**." Pietro (during the short time he survived his father), Lorenzo the Magnificent, and all the heads of the Medici family, continued to reside as private citizens in this patrimonial mansion, even in the days of their greatest power; until Cosimo the First, when made Grand Duke, removed to the Palazzo Vecchio.

The Casa Medici was purchased by the family Riccardi from the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second, in 1659, for the sum of forty-one thousand scudi. It was then enlarged, changed, and refitted, till its ancient simplicity was destroyed; and the immense sums expended on this occasion contributed to the ruin of a fortune, as noble, as the house of Riccardi is ancient and respectable. Among the greatest works effected by the *Riccardi* in the Casa Medici, is the painting of the walls of the great gallery in fresco, by *Luca Giordano,* who has rendered this magnificent room one perpetual riddle, by covering it with those "*hieroglyphic cattle,*" which, under the name of *allegory,* in painting or in poetry, form the very maximum of bad taste, to which mediocrity can arrive. In one corner an old man standing by a sort of corner cupboard, is *Time at the Cave of Eternity!* In another *Temperance* is tête-à-tête with an Elephant! *Hunger* associates with the Wolf! and *Envy* lives at the sign of the Serpent! Here Mount Atlas means *Constancy;* and there Minerva gives a key to *Intellect* to find out *Truth* (a chubby, fat, mid-

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* "This is too large a house for so small a family."—When *Charles the Fifth* arrived at Florence, after he had completed its ruin, he was lodged at the Casa Medici, and was struck by the magnificence of this mercantile house, such as his own feudal dominions never produced.—"Ne ammiro (says Pignotti) la bellezza e l' eleganza."—Compared to the enlightened private gentlemen of Florence, to the Ruccellai, the Capponi, the Nardi—this Austrian Emperor (all powerful as he was) was still a barbarian; at least, so the Romans thought his German preceptor, Pope Adrian, who wanted to break the statues of Phidias, and deface the works of Raphael.

dle-aged lady, not difficult to discover; and who is, besides, very literally the *naked truth)*; while Orpheus plays, and nobody listens to him; and the *tout-ensemble* means *Human Life!!*—Such was the wretched state of the arts in that age, when the Medicean Dukes and Luca Giordano succeeded to the Republic of Florence and the Michael Angelo's.

The Library (called, from its noble founder, the "RICCARDI LIBRARY,") to which this gallery opens, is a munificent establishment. It owes, however, its principal treasures to the fair Cassandra Capponi, who brought them as part of her marriage-portion into the house of Riccardi.

In 1788 this library was opened for the public use, when the celebrated Fontana was its librarian. In 1807 it was ordered for sale by the Revolutionary government, with other national property; but on the representations of Fontana, through his pupil the Prince Neri Corsini, then *Conseiller d'Etat* at Paris, the government purchased it for the public.

On the Restoration, the Commune of Florence made it a present to the Grand Duke, who (says a printed Court-Calendar account of the transaction) "Con suo benigno sovrano rescritto se *degno d'accettare* l'offerta della civica magistratura di Firenze,' &c. &c.*—for such is the corporation eloquence of the *civica magistratura* of the present day! †

The CASA STROZZI, of the same age as the old palace of the Medici and the Pitti, is still more picturesque than either of those domestic fortresses; and the fine workmanship of many of its details, and the Corinthian elegance of its cortile, are contrasted by the massive strength of its façade, composed of what the Italians call "*bozze di pietra forte.*" But the great interest attached to this noble and ancient palace is, that it was raised and inhabited by Filippo Strozzi, the *Cato* of his age, and by his strong-minded and ambitious wife, the famous *Clarice de' Medici.* When the rank, the wealth, the high consideration in which this illustrious citizen was held, induced the people to give him the title of "Messire," he observed, "My name is Filippo Strozzi; I am a Florentine merchant, and no more:—who gives me a title, insults me."

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* "Who by his benign sovereign rescript has deigned to accept the offer of the magistrates."

† Close to the *Casa Medici* stands the church of St. John the Evangelist, and its restored Convent, where the *Ignorantins* have succeeded to the Jesuits. "There," said a Florentine to a stranger, pointing to the Casa Medici, "there stands *the cradle* of arts and letters; and there—(pointing to the convent)—*their tomb!*"

Yet at that moment he held the Popes and Cardinals of the house of Medici at bay. The Caza Strozzi is at present the property of *Duke* Strozzi, a collateral descendant of the hero Filippo; but who does not seem to have the same objection to a high-sounding title, as his republican ancestor *. In one of the apartments are held the sittings of the famed Della-Crusca; where, according to *Monti*, they continue to accumulate their "*Vilissimo, schifosissimo, barbarissimo ammasso di lingua* †."

The Orti Ruccellai, with the palace of that illustrious family, whose members were among the purest patriots and most elegant literati of Florence ‡, still exist in the Via della Scala—

"*But oh, how fall'n, how chang'd!*"

While the Strozzi, the Pitti, and Medici were occupied in raising those palaces, long destined to command the admiration and wonder of posterity, Bernardo Ruccellai, a young Florentine merchant, (so wealthy, that on his marriage with Nannina di Medici, sister to Lorenzo the Magnificent, thirty thousand florins were expended on the wedding-feast,) built a palace, and planted and adorned gardens, which became the site of the Platonic Academy, of which he was the soul. Officiating alternately as *gonfaloniere*

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* This superb and interesting fabric is within view of the beautiful *Ponte Trinità*, the handsomest of the four bridges thrown over the Arno; it also commands the lofty Doric column which was raised to commemorate the defeat of Pietro Strozzi, and the taking of Siena, by the tyrannic conqueror of both, Cosimo the First, in 1564. The column was taken out of the baths of Antoninus at Rome, and presented by Pope Pius the Fourth for the purpose. It is surmounted by a figure of Justice. This is the scene of the tragical story of that now popular drama the "*Gazza Ladra.*" A noble lady who resided in a house which still stands opposite to this column, lost a valuable pearl necklace; and one of her waiting-women (a very young girl) was accused of the theft. Having solemnly denied the fact, she was put to the torture, which was then given *à plaisir*, at Florence. Unable to support its terrible infliction, she acknowledged that "she was guilty," and without further trial was hung. Shortly after, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm—a thunderbolt fell on the figure of Justice and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth—and with it fell the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace!! These scales are still the haunt of birds; and I never saw them hovering round them, without thinking of those "good old times," when innocent women could be first tortured—and then hung—on *suspicion.*

† "Their most vile, nasty, and barbarous jumble of words."

‡ Thirteen of the Ruccellai family obtained the supreme dignity of Gonfaloniere; and yet they were but cloth-merchants.

and ambassador to Naples, he had still time to cultivate letters; and the hours not given to diplomacy and commerce, were deliciously spent in these gardens; sometimes composing his elegant and learned work on the antiquities of Rome (De Urbe Roma, the source from which so much has since been borrowed), and sometimes writing carnival ballads (Canti Carnascialeschi).

Under the sons of Bernardo, these gardens were not exclusively devoted to academic questions: the state of the country induced discussions of a more important nature. Machiavel here read aloud to the listening and ardent youth of Florence, his Discourses on Titus Livius; and Buondelmonti recited his opinions on the necessary reformation of the Government of Florence, which the cunning Leo the Tenth then affected to approve. Here, also, *Savonarola* influenced his auditors with his fanatic eloquence in the cause of liberty and religion; Michael Angelo described his plans of national defence; and the Capponi and the Strozzi staked their lives and fortunes in their country's cause. It was in coming forth from these gardens that Agostino Capponi and Pietro Boscoli, two patriot youths, dropped that list of the conspirators against the Medici, which brought them to the scaffold, and Machiavel to the wheel. The discovery of the conspiracy dissolved for ever those academic societies, founded equally in sympathy of literary taste and political principle. To these noble associations, to which all that was illustrious in Florence belonged, succeeded those pedantic and frivolous coteries, which, with names as ridiculous* as the subjects that occupied them, were founded by and flourished under the Ducal Medici, and the other petty tyrants placed over the free States of Italy by the Imperial and Papal influence.

Exile, torture, and death, soon dispersed the free spirits which formed the literary and patriotic circles of the Orti Ruccellai; and when Leo the Tenth visited Florence, on the same spot where the most fearful conspiracy had been formed that ever was attempted against his family, the tragedy of *Rosamonda* was acted for his amusement. The author, Giovanni Ruccellai, was cousin to the Pontiff, and an ecclesiastic. He became afterwards the Pope's nuncio in France, and supported the literary reputation of the family.

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* The "Insipids,"—"The Humids,"—The Arcadians, &c. &c. &c.

The dimensions of these interesting gardens, consecrated to so many brilliant recollections, are, I believe, still the same as they originally were; but of their ancient disposition nothing remains except the grotto in which the conspirators assembled. Its frescos are still but little faded; but the lofty groves, interspersed with antique inscriptions and monuments in the time of the worthies of the house of Ruccellai, are replaced by Gothic churches, and Grecian temples, Roman aqueducts, &c. Sibyl caves, mountains high as mole-hills, and falls for torrents where no water is to be found. The whole is terminated by a distant view with a setting sun, painted on the garden walls, and was called by the late and present owners, "*Giardino Inglese.*" It might be supposed from its actual aspect, that neither were aware that this "English garden" was the famous Orti Ruccellai of the sixteenth century *.

The Casa Capponi.—The name of Capponi follows naturally those of the Strozzi and the Ruccellai. Ages have cemented their association; and the titles of nobility, which have since been lavished on the descendants of the Neris, the Bernardos, and Filippos, (the heroes of these families,) have added no lustre to names consecrated by whatever is elevated and noble in human story. The palace of the present Marchese Capponi is not that inhabited by his ancestors: it was built after the designs of Carlo Fontana, and is one of the most magnificent modern palaces in Florence. A spacious portico opens in gardens laid out with great taste and elegance: to the left are a range of summer-apartments, on the ground-floor; on the right, a noble open staircase, with statues and paintings by Matteo Bonechi, leads to various suites of rooms above: some of them furnished with all the cumbrous richness of the seventeenth century, when the Florentine nobility emulated the splendour of sovereigns; others fitted with all the luxurious elegance of the modern Parisian boudoir.† The apartment which fixes most steadfastly the attention,

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* The Orti Ruccellai, or Oricellari, with the Palace, now bear the name of Strozzi. There are still in Florence several other monuments of the taste and munificence of the *cloth-merchants*. The façade of Santa Maria Novella was done at the expense of Giovanni Ruccellai, by Giov. Battista Alberti; and the Palazzo Ruccellai *nella Vigna*, remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, is by the same celebrated artist.

† In the state apartments, which are furnished with crimson velvet and gold hangings, there is a curious cabinet, or coffer, inlaid with gems of great value. In the first revolutionary tumult a subal-

is the *Grande Sala,* on the first floor. This room served formerly, in the great houses of Italy, for all the purposes of family festivity; and the gallery, which runs round the upper part, and opens into the second story, was appropriated to the domestics and inferiors, who looked down as spectators. In this part of the Florentine houses, where few chimneys are to be found*, stood *the hearth;* or its place was supplied by a great braziere, which occupied the centre. The sala of the Capponi palace is most remarkable for its walls, on which are painted three pictures, representing events in the lives of the patriots of that illustrious house. The most interesting, and the best-executed of these is the famous scene between Pietro Capponi and Charles the Eighth of France. The King, after various successes in Italy, (to which he was called by the usurper Lodovico Sforza), entered Florence with royal pomp, and an immense military force, and took up his quarters in the Casa Medici, where he assumed the tone of the Conqueror of Tuscany. Four of the principal citizens were sent to treat with him, one of whom was Pietro Capponi. But scarcely had the Royal Secretary begun to read aloud the insulting terms of the capitulation, when the deputies shewed signs of indignation and impatience, and the haughty Monarch, starting up, exclaimed that "he would sound the trumpets forthwith." Then Pietro Capponi snatched the treaty from the Secretary's hands, and tearing it in pieces, replied in noble language, but in bad French, "*à vous trompette, à moi cloche;*" and turning his back on the King, went forth followed by his fellow citizens, to ring to arms, and to oppose the energy of free citizens to the military force of a barbarous invader. This act of Capponi, perilous and imprudent as it was heroic, saved the city. The inhabitants made their own terms, and Charles marched peaceably out of Florence†. The painter has chosen the moment when Capponi tears the

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tern officer, quartered in the palace, carried off this cabinet; but the plunder being discovered, the Chief of the Division insisted on its being restored.

* In the suite of apartments which we occupied in the old Corsini palace, there was but one fireplace, and that had been recently opened in our sitting-room, by our hospitable friend and host Signore Bargiacchi; yet the view from our windows at the end of November was the Apennines covered with snow.

† Machiavelli, in his Decennali, makes the following proud, but punning allusion to this act of heroism:—

"Lo strepito delle arme e dei cavalli
Non puote fare che non fosse sentito
La voce d'un Capponi fra tanti Galli.

paper from the hands of the Secretary, whose astonishment, as well as that of the Courtiers, and the stifled rage of the King, are well expressed. Well may the Capponi preserve such recollections! For who would not rather possess such pictures of family biography, than lineally inherit the gallery of the Medici, accompanied with the recollection, that its treasures were purchased by the debasement and slavery of a free people?

The name of Capponi was long in Florence, what the name of Russell still is in England—the watch-word of liberty! Agostino Capponi was the William Russell of his country: both met the same fate in the same cause; and it is gracious to observe, that after the lapse of ages, the flame by which both were warmed, still brightens in the bosoms of their respective representatives—who, alive to the splendid responsibility devolved on them, satisfy the claims which posterity makes on those who stand pledged to their country by the deeds of their ancestors. This is the true aristocracy, which kings cannot bestow, nor revolutions abolish.*

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* When the Marchese Gino Capponi (almost a boy) was introduced at the Tuileries, Napoleon, who had passed by attendant kings with but a slight and transient notice, was fixed by the recollections connected with the name of Capponi; and pausing, abruptly observed, "Je connais votre famille." After a moment's pause, a dialogue took place, which is here given verbatim.

N. Je connais votre famille. Vous avez fait des révolutions.

C. Anciennement, Sire.

N. Oui, oui, on ne fait plus de révolutions en Italie: à présent vous êtes tranquilles. Vous êtes les meilleurs sujets que j'aie. Autrefois, c'était bien différente: j'ai lu vos historiens. J'ai calculé que l'Italie pouvait armer soixante mille chevaux. Je ne les trouve plus, à présent. (Puis tournant le dos, et ayant l'air de réfléchir profondément) Pourquoi n'y-a-t-il pas à présent soixante mille chevaux en Italie? (Il se retourne encore sans écouter la reponse, et répète pour une troisième fois la même question.)

C. Je crois, Sire, que l'Italie n'a jamais produit soixante mille chevaux; mais comme nous faisions alors la guerre pour notre propre compte, nous faisions venir des chevaux de dehors, qu'à present votre majesté fait venir directement en France.

N. I know your family. You have stirred up revolutions.

C. Formerly, Sire.

N. Yes, yes. There are no revolutions in Italy now. At present you are very quiet. You are the best subjects I have. Things were different in Italy formerly. I have read your history. I have calculated that Italy might have armed sixty thousand horse; but I don't know where they could be found now. (Then turning his back, and apparently wrapt in profound reflection) Why are there not sixty thousand horse in Italy now? (He turned again, without attending to the answer, and repeated the same question a third time.)

C. I believe, Sire, that Italy never produced sixty thousand horse; but as we were then at war on our own account, we caused horse to be brought from abroad, as your Majesty now has them brought to France.

The *Casa Buonarroti*, the house of Michael Angelo, and the residence of the family Buonarroti, his collateral descendants, is a plain, well-preserved

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N. Comment faisiez vous pour être si riches que vous l'étiez?

C. Par le commerce, Sire.

N. Quel commerce faisiez vous?

C. Le commerce directe du Levant.

N. Et comment le faisiez vous? (Il donnait la dessus lui-même des détails très approfondis.) J'ai pensé une fois à rétablir ce commerce. Je suis Toscan aussi, moi. Nous sommes des familles de Condottieri. Mes ancêtres étoient les Seigneurs de San Miniato. J'avois même là un vieil oncle que j'ai vu lorsque je suis venu en Toscane. On a déterrée à la bibliothèque une comédie faite par un de ma famille. Elle est comme toutes les comédies de ce tems-là, lubrique. C'est comme la Calandria du Cardinal Bibiena et tant d'autres. Elles sont toutes comme ça.

C. Les comédies de Machiavel sont aussi dans le même genre.

N. Quoi! Machiavel a fait des comédies aussi? Quel grand homme, que celui-là! Ses Décades sont admirables. Quand se juis venu en Toscane, j'ai passé par la route de Modène à Pistoja. Je ne connais que celle-là. Elle étoit bien mauvaise. J'ai eu de la peine à faire passer mon armée. N'est-ce pas que je fais faire une route pour unir les deux mers?

C. Votre Majesté a beaucoup améliorées toutes les grandes communications. Elle avoit même annoncé le projet d'une nouvelle route pour aller en Romagne.—(Il entra dans plusieurs détails sur la manière de la tracer, et parloit beaucoup sur cet article des routes. Puis il continuait)

N. Votre Leopold a fait des belles choses. Son code criminel est excellent.

(En réponse Capponi a conté qu'il-y-a eu un tems, où il n'y avait pas des criminels du tout, et que les prisons ont étées ouvertes pour quelques jours, ce que Napoleon a écouté avec beaucoup d'admiration.)

N. J'ai payé votre dette publique.

(Puis il demandait de plusieurs personnes, et poursuivait son chemin.)

This curious dialogue took place partly in French, and partly in bad Italian.

N. How did you manage to grow so rich as you were?

C. By trade, Sire.

N. What trade did you carry on?

C. A direct trade with the Levant.

N. And how did you do this? (He himself entered into some very deep details on this subject.) I once had some thoughts of restoring this trade. I am a Tuscan myself. We are descended from a family of Condottieri. My ancestors were the Lords of San Miniato. I had an old uncle there, whom I saw when I went to Tuscany. An old play has been discovered in the library, written by one of my family. It is, like all the plays of that age, licentious. Like the Calandria of Cardinal Bibiena and many others. They are all of the same stamp.

C. Machiavel's plays are in that style also.

N. How! did Machiavel write plays too? What an extraordinary man! His Decades are admirable. When I went to Tuscany, I took the road from Modena to Pistoja. I did not know of any other. It was a very bad one. I had some trouble in getting my troops through it. Have I not made you a road to unite the two seas?

C. Your Majesty has greatly improved all the great communications. You even announced the design of making a new road to Romagna.—(Here he entered into details on the mode of drawing the plan, and spoke at some length on the subject of roads. He then continued)

N. Your Leopold has done many good things. His criminal code is excellent.

(In reply Capponi observed, that there was a time when there were no criminals at all; and that the prisons were open for some days. This Napoleon heard with much astonishment.)

N. I have paid your public debt.

(He then made inquiries respecting several persons, and pursued his course.)

but scarcely antiquated building. The court round which it is built, is still filled with fragments of sculpture: some said to be his own, and precisely in the spot where he worked at them; others are antiquities of his collection; but all (as being his) sacred and interesting to every eye that gazes on them, save to that of their actual inheritor. For in this court, where *Michael Angelo* walked, and worked, the negligence of those who bear his illustrious name, has permitted filth to accumulate, until every sense is offended, and the steps turn involuntarily from a spot, to which the imagination is solicited by a thousand recollections.

The gallery of the Casa Buonarroti is said to contain some fine pieces of sculpture; but, in consequence of the temporary absence of its present owner from Florence, it was not to be seen. Michael Angelo was wont to excuse his life of celibacy by his devotion to his art; and to say, "*his works were his children.*" These he bequeathed to posterity, which has not neglected his charge. His house and gallery he left to his nephew and his descendants, who appear to have been less worthy of their sacred deposit.

The *Casa Machiavelli*, a *rus in urbe*, stands outside the Porta Romana, and crowns with Gothic turrets, the summit of a vine-covered hill. This villa, raised by Machiavelli in the days of his prosperity, became the refuge of his adversity. His walks to this villa from Florence, he has himself pleasantly described. Here many of his works were written; here he struggled with great indigence, and died bereft of all (as he has himself observed) "*save his family and his friends.*"* His descendants however, it appears, recovered some of the ancient prosperity of their house; for one of them redeemed this historical villa from a mortgage, and it has now come, in a female line, to Signore *Rangoni Machiavelli*, who married the heiress of that ancient house, and was obliged, in consequence, to adopt a name, which it is so proud a distinction to be permitted to bear.

The *Casa* and *Villa Guicciardini*, still in excellent preservation, were the residences of that despotic statesman†, but candid historian, *Francesco*

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* His own words in one of his letters:—"La fortuna non mi ha lasciato che i parenti e gli amici."—His son confirms this melancholy observation, in one of his epistles to his father's friends; in which he says,—"Our father has left us in the deepest poverty, as you know."—Il padre nostro ci ha lasciato in somma povertà, come sapete."

† "Per naturale inclinazione non amava punto il governo popolare, e contro de' Cittadini, che ne erano parziale, si dimostrò più del dovere, trasportato e severo."—*Vita di Guicciardini.*

Guicciardini. They are at this moment possessed and inhabited by *Francesco Guicciardini,* his collateral descendant and representative*. His "*amena e deliziosa Villa d'Aratri*" (which stands near Santa Margarita sopra l'Emo), where he finished his history, and where he is supposed to have died by slow poison, is now kept in high preservation, by the good taste of its present possessor; who has ornamented it with many classical and appropriate inscriptions.†

On the site of the present beautiful Villa of the Orlandini family, on the brow of one of the acclivities of Fiesole, stood the dwelling of Boccacio. Among its charming prospects it commanded the far-famed *Valle delle Donne,* where‡ the *Decamerone* was composed, and where every image still answers to the glowing descriptions of its author.

The *Casa Altoviti* (still occupied by the descendants of the handsome BINDO, the dear friend of Raphael, and intimate of Cellini,) is well worthy observation from its singular façade, decorated with the portraits of fifteen of the most illustrious of the citizens of Florence; among which are the heads of Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Alberti, and Guicciardini. In this palace hung the celebrated and long-disputed portrait of *Bindo Altoviti,* or of *Raphael,* painted by Raphael §. No poverty should have induced—no

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* Guicciardini had *seven daughters*—but no sons. Like all the great men of that day, he died poor; and in his letters to Machiavel, expresses his anxiety for the fate of his almost portionless daughters, among whom he had but twelve thousand florins to leave. His pride revolted at Machiavel's advice to apply to the Pope—for the Medici, like the Stuarts, never forgave an enemy, nor rewarded a friend. The nephew and heir of the historian, Angelo Guicciardini, edited his uncle's works, which, incomplete and mutilated by order of the government, appeared twenty years after his death. The *censor* of that day was *Concini,* private secretary of Duke Cosimo the First:—all despots are aware that their power depends on a trammeled press. The present Grand Duke is not a despot (either from character or principle); but the press, at this moment, in Florence, is not more free than in the days of the sanguinary Cosimo, and if Florence now possessed many Guicciardinis, their talents and veracity would avail her nothing.—The *true Censors* of the European press are the members of the Holy Alliance.

† The Count Francesco Guicciardini is married to the sister of the Marchese Pucci, whose beautiful palace is among the historical fabrics of Florence.

‡ Now the property of Signore Frossini—adjoining the Convent of La Doccia.

§ The disputes to which this picture has given birth for a century back, arise from the looseness of Vasari's text, which leaves it in doubt whether it was *the picture of Raphael himself,* painted for his friend *Bindo Altoviti,* by himself, or the picture of *Bindo.* The following is the passage,

sum tempted the owners of this splendid and most interesting picture, to have parted with it. The Counts of *Altoviti* are wealthy, as they are by descent noble; and yet this picture was purchased in 1807, by the hereditary Prince of Bavaria, for eight thousand *scudi*, and now hangs in the gallery of Munich.

The PALAZZO CORSINI is a truly princely fabric, though raised in the seventeenth century, when all the arts were in degradation. It is of the Tuscan order, built after the designs of Silvani, and forms a conspicuous contrast to the massive and antiquated edifices of the fifteenth century. It stands on the Lung-Arno, and, from its *ricetto*, or open gallery, commands the windings of that beautiful river, and the valley scenery, in which it loses itself. A fine statue of the Corsini Pope, Clement the Twelfth, to whose *nepotism* this princely family owes its immense wealth, stands in this ricetto. But the true glory of the *Corsini* dates beyond that epoch of corruption, when the red hats, and pontifical tiaras, shaded their brows. *One* Rinaldo is worth a thousand Clements; and the most splendid page in the archives of their family is that which his name illustrates.* The grand salon is a truly royal apartment, supported by marble columns, and decorated with busts and statues, modern and antique. Among the vast and valuable collection of pictures, are some of Carlo Dolce's chefs-d'œuvre, and a great historical picture by Benvenuto, the present chief of the Florentine school. Of the su-

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which has set all the *virtuosi* by the ears. Speaking of Raphael, VASARI observes, "*E a Bindo Altoviti fece il ritratto suo*, quand era giovane, che è tenuto stupendissimo." ("*And for Bindo Altoviti*, he drew *his* picture when he was young, which is esteemed stupendous!") The following observation, however, from one of *Vasari's* commentators, seems to settle the question, if such questions were ever permitted to be settled by the demagogues of criticism. "*Fra i molti ritratti fatti di suo mano e di mano d'altri, il più bello e meglio dipinto e meglio conservato è quello rammentato dal Borghino, ch' egli fece da se allo specchio per darlo a Bindo Altoviti, nelle cui casa di Roma era conservato fino a pochi anni sono, ed è stato sempre creduto il ritratto di Bindo. Ma l'equivoco l'hanno fatto le parole del Vasari e del Borghino.*" The commentator adds, that he had himself conversed with Altoviti on the subject, who had positively said it was Raphael's own picture. The present Count Altoviti expressed himself of the same opinion to the author of this work, one night at the opera, in the box of the Prince Borghese, where the picture was the subject of discussion.

* When *Rinaldo Corsini* heard that the Medici were about to be forced once more on Florence, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he headed a party of the Florentine youth, and, raising the cry of "*Libertà*," assisted in banishing the Medici, and in declaring Alexander a traitor to the state. It is impossible to light on a name in Florence, which has not been illustrated by some deed of patriotism. Even the Medici were once patriots.

perb and valuable details of this palace, the Author of these volumes is but little qualified to speak, having never visited it but as a guest, and under circumstances that rendered even the frescos of *Gherardini*, and the divine heads of Dolce, objects of minor consideration.*

Reale e Imperiale Accademia delle Belle Arti.—Notwithstanding the social efforts of the fathers of the Tuscan school to establish a club or company of artists, and the despotic attempt of Cosimo the First, in after-times, to compose and govern an academy, nothing absolutely deserving the name, as applied to such institutions in France and England, was incorporated until the year 1784; when the Grand Duke Leopold united the several scattered schools of painting, and founded the present academy of fine arts, in the suppressed convent and hospital of Saint Matthew. Large sums were appropriated to support this new institution, by which it was expected to revive the days of the Vinci and the Raphael. The most eminent professors were appointed, its galleries were filled with the most precious works of the great masters; and prizes were offered, with the intention of stimulating genius and rewarding merit. The French improved on the plans, and far exceeded the liberality of Leopold. The number of the pupils increased, the schools were filled from all parts of Italy, dramatic *séances* were got up worthy of the scenes now enacted at the Institute of Paris; and yet not even a *Vasari* was produced. Bad pictures were multiplied *ad libitum;* but there were no purchasers even for good ones, had such existed; and the young *aspirants* wore green-paper laurel crowns in vain. It is the spirit of the age that must direct

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* Shortly after our arrival in Florence, the Minister of the Interior, the Prince Neri Corsini, made a dinner for the purpose of presenting us to the literary society of Florence. Among other distinguished persons present were—the Senator Alessandri, Director-general of the Gallery of Florence, and President of the Academy of Fine Arts, to which his taste, talent, and liberality have largely contributed. The Marchese Lucchesini, author of a work on the Rhenish Confederacy. The Cavaliere Fabroni, the Ex-chief of the *Ponts et Chaussées* of the Department of the Alps: (some of the noblest works executed by Napoleon, are due to his genius and enterprise.) Signore Niccolini, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, best known to the Italian literati of England as the author of the fine tragedies of Polissena and Nabucco. Signore Micale, author of the learned work "L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani," &c.—Italy, perhaps, is the only country in Europe, where Ministers of State surround themselves with men of talent, and where a well-known difference in political opinion forms no obstacle to the reception of a literary stranger.

the course of genius. Academies can do little more than stimulate mediocrity, or excite pretension.

What, however, the French did, better than increasing the number of bad painters, was the opening schools in the Academy for music, declamation, mechanism, and chemistry. The two former were as beneficial to the drama, as the two latter were useful in disseminating knowledge, though here only studied with reference to the arts; and though the liberal efforts of the ex-government could not re-produce those *Dei mortali*, whose vivid creations were only inferior to Nature's own great work, yet they did the next best thing—*they rescued* the works of the great masters from impending destruction; and, by transporting them from the damp churches and mouldering cloisters of the innumerable Tuscan convents to the galleries of the academy, they conferred the only benefit such institutions could then bestow upon the art of painting.

The Gallery of the Academy, called the *Galleria del Mezzo-Giorno*, from the lights falling most favourably at that hour of the day, presents a chronological series, beginning with the Greek painters, and the revival of the arts in the time of the Lower Empire, and continuing by Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, and Raphael, down to the decline of the arts in the latter end of the sixteenth century. This gallery was anciently the hospital-ward for female patients in the old convent; and it is a curious instance of the neglect which falls on fine pictures in such places, that a beautiful fresco of Andrea del Sarto, in chiaroscuro, remains on the walls, where it was long exposed to the fading influence of the sun. It is now covered by an indifferent picture of Raffaello del Garbo, which serves it as a screen. All the *galleries* of this academy are sufficiently interesting, as containing many noble specimens of the arts, as they existed in the great days of Italian genius. There is also a gallery filled with casts from the antique, admirably executed in plaster of Paris.

In the Accademia delle Belle Arti is the school of that art so purely Florentine, *La Scuola di Lavori in Scagliuola;* and the studio, or work-room, of its present amiable and eminent professor, Signore Pietro Stoppione.

Next to the great depositories of the works of the ancient artists, the studios of the most eminent of the moderns excite attention. *Raphael Morghen* belongs already to posterity, and his works are so universally diffused, that one enters the work-room from whence they issue with a feeling of acquaintanceship, as

if the author was visited more from friendship than curiosity. We found him, as such men are best found, employed on his art, and busily occupied in engraving* from a picture which stood before him, in which he told us he was deeply interested. It was the original portrait of Petrarch and of Laura, by *Memni*†, belonging to the family *Bellanti* of Siena, who had liberally lent it for the purpose of an engraving, to be prefixed to a splendid edition of Petrarch's Works, publishing at Padua by Professor Antonio Marsana. Raphael Morghen, like all persons of great genius, is simple, unaffected, and unpretending; and he good-naturedly threw aside his burin to accompany us through his gallery, and to point out, at our request, those of his works for which he had himself a preference. He selected Vandyke's famous picture, known by the name of the White Horse, the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael's Transfiguration. "But here," he said, taking down his fine engraving of The Fornarina, "here I worked *con amore*, or, as a French artist would say, *Je l'ai soignée au possible.*" His enthusiasm, in speaking of Raphael, was unbounded;—he called him frequently "*Il mio Padre Santo,*" and said, his works were like inspiration, to those who copied them. Morghen had the gallantry to insist on being an *Irishman*, as his forefathers, he said, were natives of that country.‡ Fortunately, however, for the arts, and for himself, he is not. Since, in Ireland, even talents like his might perish in oblivion, or wither in neglect: for hapless Ireland, however she may originate talent for foreign markets, has no *home consumption* for its produce.

The studio of a sculptor is always a delightful place to visit: that of Signor *Bartolini* is particularly so to an English traveller, because it is a "*brief abstract and chronicle of the times*" and country to which he belongs; where a physiognomist might give a lecture on British heads, from subjects supplied by those three great councils of the nation—the House of Lords, the House of Commons,

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* Vasari asserts, that the art of engraving was invented *at Florence*, in the middle of the fifteenth century. It is well known that the Germans dispute the invention. The schools of engraving in Florence, in Milan, and in Bologna, are attaining to great perfection.

† *Petrarch's picture* by the same artist has been engraved for this splendid edition of his Works, by Maura Gandolfi.

‡ The name was originally spelt Morgan. Signore Morghen, under the late regime, was made Knight of the *Legion of Honour*.

and Almack's. There is scarcely a living bust in Great Britain, on which fashion has set her mark, or notoriety stamped her signature, that may not be found in the studio and galleries of Signore Bartolini, dispersed among the heads of antique sages or republican worthies. Here the wooden face of some great captain of the present day shadows the finely cut features of the chief of some Condottieri band of the past—there the sharp intelligent traits of *Machiavel* mock the imbecile placidity of a modern ministerial countenance —the Venus's of Phidias and Praxiteles yield every where to the Venus's of St. James's—English dandies niche themselves on the same shelf with Grecian sages, and the jacobinical head of the author of Florence Macarthy stands close beside the cranium of an ultra-royalist reviewer. But while Signore Bartolini is reckoned one of the first portrait-sculptors in Italy, as he is unquestionably the most fashionable, he has established his claim to a higher rank in his noble art, by his beautiful "Bacchus pressing grapes." It is said to have the stamp of the *true antique*, by the *connoisseurs;* by the *ignoranti*, it is admired because it has the stamp of nature. The groups of the lovely children of Prince Esterhazy, and the beautiful daughters of Lady Charlotte Campbell, are historical works; and independent of the extraordinary fidelity of the likenesses (their greatest merit in the eyes of the possessors), they are eminently precious as specimens of the perfection to which modern sculpture has arrived, at an epoch so near to that of its revival from a state of absolute degradation.* Signore Bartolini is as great an enthusiast with respect to Michael Angelo, as Morghen is about Raphael.

Signore Ricci has already formed a gallery in the *Santa Croce;* his studio we did not visit.

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* The busts of Lord and Lady Burghersh are admirable, both for their resemblance and execution. Lord and Lady B. were among the early admirers and liberal encouragers of this artist. When very young, he was also distinguished by the late government; and executed some important works under its patronage.

CHAP. XVI.

TUSCANY.

FLORENCE.—THE GALLERY.—*Collections of Lorenzo the Magnificent, &c.—Anecdote of* MICHAEL-ANGELO.—*Dispersion of the First Collection.—The present Collection founded by Cosimo the First, who built the Gallery.—The Building.—Magliabechi Library.—Medicean Venus.—The Fornarina of Raphael.—Other Pieces in the Tribune.—Tuscan School.—Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci.—Martyrs.—The French School.—Cabinet of Gems.—Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian Schools.—Cabinet of Painters' Portraits.—Medicean Vase.—Cabinet of Antiques.—Cabinet of Bronzes.—Etruscan Statue.—Mercury of John of Bologna.—Bust of Cosimo.—Conduct of the French in respect to this Collection.—Voyage of the Venus to Paris.*—CAVALIERE PUCCINI.

THE mercantile founders of the Medici family, the GIOVANNI and COSIMOS, were the friends and fellow-citizens of the great artists of their day. Lorenzo the Magnificent was the first of his family who assumed the importance, and affected the protection of a patron. His love for the arts was pure, innate, and enthusiastic; and the immense wealth accumulated at the counters of his fathers, where for a time he himself assisted, enabled his liberal spirit to indulge in those elegant pursuits, which threw a halo of glory round his name, that long dazzled the eye of admiring posterity, and concealed his treasonable views against the liberty of his native country. The precious antiquities he had accumulated in the courts and gardens of the *Casa Medici*, and the permission he allowed to the artists of Florence, to study and work from such perfect models, rendered his domestic residence a sort of public studio. A youth who had engaged to work in the shop of

Ghirlandajo, the painter, for three years, for the sum of twenty-four florins, came, like others, to see these prodigies of antiquity, and from that moment the workshop of Ghirlandajo was abandoned. One of the sculptors, struck by the assiduity of the clever boy, provided him with some materials to try his hand on. He began to copy the mutilated head of a faun: he made good its deficiencies, and produced a miracle. He was still occupied in finishing it, when a person, sauntering in the gardens, stopped to consider the work and the artist, and was struck by the perfection of the first, by the youth of the second. He begged the lad from his father, and assigned him a place at his table, and an apartment in his house. This *host* was Lorenzo the Magnificent:—the boy was *Michael-Angelo!* and the head of the faun is among the treasures of the gallery of Florence!!

Under Pietro, the son of Lorenzo, and at the period of the banishment of the Medicis, so frequently hunted from the gates of Florence by their indignant and oppressed compatriots, the collections of Lorenzo were scattered, sold, or concealed; but on the restoration of the Medici to power, with the wealth of Italy at their feet, they felt that the arts were the sole medium by which they could acquire a consideration more durable than that which their crimes had procured them. All that money could recover of the collections of Lorenzo was re-purchased; and the Duke Cosimo the First raised that vast edifice, called the Uffizii, destined to receive the Medici Gallery, which the pride, rather than the taste of the successors of Lorenzo, continued yearly to increase and to enrich.

La Fabbrica degli Uffizi, forming three sides of a parallelogram, is of the Doric order, and raised after the designs of Vasari. Its Arcades, or Porticos, serve as a sort of Bazar, and are occupied by small traders, whose gay stalls are filled exclusively with French and English merchandize. The contrast these display, with the surrounding objects*, is extremely pleasant: the produce of the Manchester looms attracts the eye from the *Perseus* of Cellini and the *David* of Buonarotti—Birmingham blades dispute attention in the mind occupied with the *Knife-grinder* of antiquity—garters and French fans are purchased by votarists on their pilgrimage to the Niobe—and *pomade divine*, Whitechapel needles, and Swansea flannels, are

*The Uffizi stand between the Loggia and the Palazzo Vecchio.

ordered home by the English Corinna as she ascends the stairs which lead to the Tribune of the VENUS DE MEDICIS.

The first range of apartments of this edifice is dedicated to the public offices of the government—the treasury, the cabinet of the archives, and the famous *Magliabechian Library*, founded by *Antonio Magliabechi*, but immensely enriched by the libraries of suppressed convents, and by the precious and rare manuscripts of the Strozzi family. Above all, occupying the whole attic story of this edifice, and ascended by a superb flight of marble stairs, stands the celebrated gallery. When its threshold is passed, and the eye first scans the long vista of its vast corridor, there is a rush of recollections, a fulness of hope, that almost amounts to a physical sensation; and the breath shortens, as imagination hurries from object to object, and knows not where to pause, or what to enjoy. It is a proud, an agitating consciousness, to feel that we stand amidst the accumulated monuments of time and genius! that we gaze on the best that ages have produced and time has spared!—that we are permitted to read the history of man in the progress of his works—to follow the dark rude animal from the moment when he abandons his brutish instincts (launching into the vague of untried imagination, scooping his hideous idol in the rock, or carving it on the rind), until he wields the chisel of a Phidias or a Michael Angelo, and gives to marble the impress of divinity—himself only less than a god, his god much more than man!*

There is yet another gracious and cordial emotion arising in the contemplation of such collections as that of the gallery of Florence: it is the obvious re-union of superior intellect, severed by the lapse of ages; the adaptation of high conceptions, over which time has no power—the Faun of Praxiteles restored by Buonarroti—the Ganymede of Scopas completed by Cellini! But best of all is the conviction that these splendid creations of human effort were produced under the influence of liberty, and that the artists of Greece and Italy, like the Miltons and Lockes of England, belonged to the highest state of political freedom that the world was then acquainted with.

Three corridors, two of four hundred and thirty feet each, united by one of ninety-seven, form the main body of this temple of the arts; and the lateral cabinets for the various schools, ancient and modern, into which they open, are

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* The Apollo of Belvedere.

the votive chapels, dedicated each to some particular deity. One side of the corridor is lighted by a range of windows: the ceiling is richly painted. On either side are historically arranged, monuments, sarcophagi, statues, and busts: above these antiquities are distributed, in a chronological series, the pictures of the early masters of the Tuscan and Italian schools; and high above all, a collection of portraits of all that history has rescued from oblivion. These form a curious and interesting study to such as look upon the human countenance as—"*a book in which men read strange things.*" In gazing here, the physiognomist may trace the moral aberration that overturned States, swelling beneath the turban of a *Saladin;* and the organ of personal vanity, which nearly ruined his subjects, escaping from the redundant coiffure of Louis the Fourteenth. Here the fanciful novelist may find many a delusion dissipated; as the straight Greek* nose of *Roxalana* leaves the secret of her influence unaccounted for, or as the ferocious Catherine de Medicis smiles benignly, in spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The vanity would be unpardonable, and the bad taste obvious, which should tempt a traveller of the present day to enter on all the details of that stupendous collection, on which volumes have been written, to be found in every library in England†, from that which belongs to the public in Conduit Street, to the smallest assortment that decorates the hanging shelf of a lady's dressing-room. Yet it is difficult to pass by the *Tribune,* where, as every body has said, since Thomson wrote it, near a century back, reigns

"That bending statue that delights the world."

Above all, it is most difficult for short ladies and "dumpy women" to pass on without dropping one bead, or telling one *ave* before the shrine of that tiny

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* "Est il possible qu'un petit nez retroussé renverse les loix d'un empire?" It may be possible, but it was not true, whatever the ladies of the Fauxbourg St. Germain may think to the contrary. Roxalana's nose was straight. She, however, was a bel esprit, a devotee, and a queen; and she made her point, built her mosque, and murdered her man, *tout comme un autre.* Besides winning the heart of Solyman the Magnificent, she strangled his son, and cut off the head of his Vizier Ibrahim.

† The Senator Buonarroti's "*Museum Florentinum*" amounts to ten volumes. Then come descriptions and catalogues by Stolberg, Eckel, Cinelli, Caylus, Maffei, Addison, Swinton, D'Ancreville, Denina, Goethe, Cocchi, Bianchi, Lanzi, (and from them verbatim) Lalande, Zannoni, Landé, and an hundred others.

goddess, whose four feet eleven inches render her the "*Madonna della Conforta*" of all who have

"Found the blessedness of being little." SHAKSPEARE.

It belongs to this age of anti-beau-idealism, that even the Venus which has been eulogized, from Pliny to Byron*, in an unbroken series of raptures, should fall, like the emerald dish of Genoa, into the unsparing hands of science; that the beautiful head which has turned so many others, should be discovered to belong to a Becky, and that the goddess of love should be neither more nor less than an idiot.† Venus, however, is not called upon to be a wit; and the disciples of craniology may, if they please, take refuge from the silly head, "too small for an intellectual being," in that *foot* which a critic of another school has declared to be "a monument in itself."‡

But, alas! it is not from modern science alone that the Venus de Medicis has to defend itself. Modern scepticism has been equally busy in its attacks. Cochin and Lessing have both declared against the antiquity of the head; the right arm is given to one modern artist, the left to another. The feet are pronounced to have undergone a compound fracture. "*Tout le reste,*" however, it is comfortable to know, "*est evidemment antique,—à l'exception de quelques petits morçeaux dans le corps et ailleurs.*"§

The fact is, that the Venus de Medicis, like other long-revered antiquities, has felt the blighting breath of revolutionary change; and daily sees her shrine

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* We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty. Childe Harold, Canto iv. 50.

† Gall and Spurzheim. Lawrence also has given the preference to the head of a Georgian girl over that of Venus, observing, "that it combined the personal charms which enchant the senses, with those rational endowments which command esteem." The face of the Venus is certainly destitute of expression.

‡ "Ce pied est si parfait, que, trouvé seul, il serait, à lui seul, un monument. DENON.

§ Gallerie de Florence, 1818.—These restorations are sad stumbling-blocks for those indiscriminate amateurs who come prepared to admire whatever they are assured is admirable; and wonder with the same foolish face of praise through the whole collection. But when every discount is made for ugly hands and silly heads, which taste and science require, still enough remains to fix the admiration of those who are in the least alive to a feeling for beauty; and to justify the eloge of Denon, as replete with delicacy and with grace as the object it describes. "Descendue du ciel, l'air seul a pressé ses fluides contours: pour le premier fois son pied vient de toucher la terre, et fléchir sur le poids du plus souple et du plus élastique de tous les corps."

deserted for that of a rival beauty, who is no goddess, and still less a saint; who is, after all, but a mere woman; but who was at once the model and the inspiration of Raphael—his own Fornarina.*

This tribune is the *sanctum* of the gallery, and contains the *capi d'opera* of the great masters. In this room is a picture of Michael Angelo's, which, by its contrast to the humour of his BACCHUS †, and the force of his "DAY," gives the strongest testimony of his wonderful versatility of genius. It is a household scene of the Holy Family. The Virgin is carelessly giving the little Christ over her shoulder to Joseph! It is Nature itself! This picture was bespoke by a rich Florentine merchant, Agnolo Doni, probably the husband of Maddalena Doni, the pretty prim prude, whose picture by Raphael, in his first manner, hangs opposite to it. The price agreed on was seventy crowns. DONI, when he got his picture home, thought it dear; and began to haggle. Michael Angelo, indignant, took it back and doubled the price. Doni was too happy to have it on any terms; and well he might.

The Tuscan school is naturally very rich and very exquisite: some of the prime works of the Hierophants of the art are preserved here. In this precious cabinet is the famous Medusa head of Leonardo da Vinci, the work of his wondrous boyhood! Old "*Messire Pietro,*" his father, an honest notary of Florence, who took great pride in the talents of his son, requested him to paint a buckler

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* "Ritrassi Beatrice Ferarese e altre donne, e particolaremente *quella sua*, e ne serviva per tenere al naturale, quando faceva i suoi studii per quadre che doveva dipingere." This "*quella sua*" of Vasari has set all the *virtuosi* of Italy (who believe every thing but what it is unimportant to doubt) disputing the picture of the Fornarina, as they have that of Raphael himself. As Vasari has not mentioned the Fornarina by name, they deny that such a person existed. Raphael's passion for her is, indeed, more traditional than historic. On this unrivalled picture is the date 1512; and Raphael died in 1520. Like most of the great painters of his day, Raphael, though devout, was frail; but the Church, which had need of his talents, was indulgent to his errors, and the Cardinal's hat had already been destined for his handsome head, when he died in the flower of his age.

† The Bacchus of Michael Angelo is placed among the antiques, in the corridor. It was, in fact, purchased as such by a connoisseur; having been previously buried, out of a frolic, by Michael Angelo, whose triumph it was to discover the imposition. This Bacchus is just flushed, not drunk, with the juice of the grape; which he seems to have pressed into the goblet in his right hand. His brows are wreathed with ivy and vine leaves; a little urchin satyr, half hidden under the goat-skin drapery of the god, endeavours to taste the grapes, which seem dropping from his grasp!—Antiquity has left nothing more beautiful than this.

for a peasant who dwelt near his own *Podere* of *Vinci*. When Leonardo produced his work, the old man fled in horror. This buckler was the Medusa's head, for which the Duke Galeas Sforza of Milan afterwards gave three hundred ducats; and which is now deemed one of the most precious treasures of the gallery of Florence. It is a fact, that the venomous reptiles which tress the fine head of the Medusa, owe their terrific vitality to the deep study of the young artist in living specimens. When his shield was finished, his closet was found filled with the noxious productions of marshes and fens, the *originals* of the serpents, which hiss and dart round the brow of the dying monster, whose last sigh seems to mingle with their pestiferous breath. The contrast to the horrible sublimity of the MEDUSA is his sweet portrait of *Mona Lisa*.

The ADORATION OF THE KINGS, by FRIAR FILIPPO LEPPI, is historically interesting, as preserving portraits of the Medici family! Here too is a fine portrait, by Allori, of Eleanore, the Duchess of Cosimo the First, the mother of many murdered children, whose heart breaks under the splendid finery, which *Cellini's* exquisite taste designed for her. Here, by the same artist, is the portrait of the Syren BIANCA CAPPELLA, whose story is a romance, whose death was a tragedy:—and here is the Saint Lucia of Carlo Dolce (whose women always look as if they were painted by angels): a gaping wound in her beautiful neck emits rays of light. The female martyrology of these Italian painters might serve for a gallery of Mahomet's Houris, or the Harem of Charles the Second! Close by each other, hang two famous compositions of ALLORI and CARRADI: the one represents Saint Laurence broiling on a gridiron!! the other, Saint Theaclea, boiling in a pot. This *was*

"A dainty dish to set before a King."

In the adjoining cabinet stands the fine TORSO of Ganymede, so exquisitely restored by Cellini; and the splendid bust of Alexander, who, with such a head, might well have believed himself to be the Son of Jove!

The French school has all the generic features, which the Italians ascribe to the Guidos and Guercinos of the *Ultramontains*. The perpetual effort at the "*air noble*" is observable in most of the heads of their Theological Aristocracy, and the Saints and Magdelaines, all "*gentiles au possible!*" are evidently the *Sevignés*, *Montespans*, and *La Vallières* of the French *monachology*. There is an "ANNUNCIATION" by VOUET, where the Angel seems to say,

"*Madame, J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer, &c.*" Some wreathed Virgins*, looking like French queens, and infant Christs, resembling Cupids of Versailles, recall the courtly adulation into which bishops† and painters alike fell in the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

There are, however, some redeeming works in this cabinet; among others, some noble battle-pieces (in which the French always excel) by Borgognone and his élève Parrocel, and the delicious landscapes of *J. Vernet* (a name consecrated to the arts through successive generations). The Sea Storms of Pilmont are fine and close studies of nature; and Gagnereau's *Lion Hunt*, and his *Rencontre of Cavaliers*, are well worth N. Poussin's *Venus and Adonis*, and *Loves and Leverets*—ticklish subjects to French painters. Several original portraits of Madame Sevigné and Madame de Grignan, are not among the least interesting things of the collection.

When Lord Orford visited Florence, he had not yet acquired his passion for virtù, and "*Notre dame des Rochers;*" otherwise days given to the Lady Mary's and Lady Betty's of the English circles of Florence, would have been devoted to these most interesting portraits of Mignard's, in the gallery of the Medici.

The Cabinet of Gems—the boudoir of a Crœsus, or a Sheba, is a thing in itself unique, and peculiar to the age, the family, and the country, of which it is an epitome. This room or casket,

> "Enchased with all the riches of the world,"

is worthy, by its beauty and magnificence, of its splendid deposit. Four columns of purest oriental alabaster, and four of precious *verd-antique*,

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* The bad taste of putting wreaths of cherubim, like wreaths of roses, round the Virgin's head, is however deducible from some of the greatest masters. *Fragonart*, a painter and mauvais plaisant of Paris, attacked this false taste in a picture, which represented a Holy Family on the usual model: a glory of cherubs environed the brow of an infant, who, having caught one of the stragglers, held it by the wings, as children hold a butterfly. In a corner of the manger prowled a cat, her back raised, her whisker bristling, and ready to pounce upon the cherubim, whose destiny might be read in her glaring eye.

† Bossuet, in his oft quoted Sermon, preached before the Queen of Louis the Fourteenth, is not contented with calling that pious profligate "*Le Rampart de la Religion, Le Vengeur que Dieu envoye à la Chrêtienté;* but he ends by comparing the *Queen* to the *Virgin Mary*, and the *Dauphin* to her divine Son.

support the glittering roof of this cabinet. Six armoires of exquisite workmanship contain the brilliant produce of Indian mines, sculptured into every form, receiving every impression which the magic finger of Genius could give to their unyielding surfaces. For this, Cellini was forced to neglect his Perseus, Bandinello his Hercules, and Valerio Vicentio, to give those powers to chiselling a toy, which might have produced a Laocoon, or a Niobe. This cabinet is a monument of a new and rare epoch in the history of the Arts—it marks a period when public taste declined with public spirit, and when the caprice of powerful individuals, seconded by their unparalleled wealth, gave a fantastic direction to talent; and, diverting it from its higher purposes, substituted private patronage for public encouragement, and replaced the stimulus of competition by the salary of dependence. The six armoires of the Cabinet of Gems are decorated with eight columns of agate, and eight of crystal, whose vases and capitals are studded with topazes and turquoises. They contain vases cut out of rubies, and urns each

"Of one entire and perfect crysolite,"

cups of emerald, in saucers of onyx; Roman emperors, in calcedony; and Roman beauties, shedding from their amethyst brows the true *lumen purpureum* of love and loveliness. But the objects most curious are, St. Paul and Peter preaching, in jasper; a knight fighting in a mail of diamonds; a pearl dog, with a tail of gold and paws of rubies; Duke Cosimo the Second, in gold and enamel, praying before an altar of gems and jewels; and a shrine of crystal, representing the Passion: the whole infinitely fitter for a Parisian *Magazin de Bijouterie* in the Palais Royal, than for the high altar, for which they were destined by the toy-shop piety of that true Medici, Pope Clement the Seventh.

The Dutch, Flemish, and Venetian schools, are eminently rich, and elegantly disposed in apartments worthy their possession. There are a verity and a life in the works of the Flemish painters, that bring them more home to the feelings, than the productions of any other school. This is a merit peculiar to nations unshackled by the conventional ideas of academies, and the aristocratic prejudices which exist where the great body of mankind are "*canaille.*" The scenes of domestic enjoyment; the exhibition of pleasures, which are placed within the reach of humble life, and which, if sometimes coarse, are always exhilarating; the faithful representations of rural nature, that abound in the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters—afford a gratify-

ing relief to the murders of the martyrology, and the unmeaning miracles of Roman legends, forced upon the genius of the Italian painters, and repeated to perfect nausea in Italian collections. Whatever may be the *pictorial* merits of different schools, one brilliant landscape of Claude*, that warms and lights the chamber of the Flemish collection, is, *morally*, worth a whole army of martyrs.

The Cabinet of Painters' Portraits is one of the most interesting in the collection: it was begun by the Cardinal Leopold de Medicis, and is a sort of posthumous academy, where the privilege of admission marks the immortality of the candidate. An English artist of either sex have obtained this *brevet* of merit; and Reynolds and Damer† take their places with Titian and Rosalba. In the middle of the cabinet stands the famous *Medicean Vase*, representing the Sacrifice of Iphigenia—the innocent victim offered to appease the gods, and dispose them favourably to her murderers. Always a sacrifice! Gods in wrath! and man in vengeance!—it is a fearful picture!

The Cabinets of Greek, Latin, and Egyptian monuments and inscriptions, that of coins and medals, and that of the Niobe, take days to see, and require volumes as well as learning to describe. The Cabinets of ancient and modern bronzes have a peculiar claim even to the attention of the unlearned and unpretending, who visit Florence and are interested in her story: the one, as containing the first efforts of the arts in Tuscany, exhibited in the splendid series of Etruscan monuments, vases, and statues; the other, as displaying the revival of the arts in Florence under its own free government. The most splendid specimens of these distant epochs struck the writer of these pages to be, first, the Etruscan Orator, haranguing with a dignity and animation that give the impression of one whose soul is in his subject: there is, in the composure and firmness of his attitude, all the emphasis of conscious reason. This exquisite figure is undoubtedly Etruscan; for though its tunic is Roman, the connoisseurs observe, that the style of composition is obviously distinct from that of Greek or Roman antiquity. It was dug up near the Lake Thrasymene, under Duke Cosimo the First. The second is the Mercury of

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* The beautiful marine view, in which is introduced the Villa Medici at Rome.

† The Hon. Mrs. Damer's fine bust, in this cabinet, is by herself. It is curious to follow this very distinguished Lady's dawning talents (recorded in Lord Orford's delightful letter) to that moment, when her work was added to the wealth of a collection, for which *Buonarroti* has worked.

John of Bologna, the last of the great sculptors of the sixteenth century. Antiquity is said to have produced nothing more perfect. The delicate and winged foot of the beautiful God is just balanced on the breath of a zephyr. He is already in the air—in air less light than his own form! The conception is perhaps a *conceit;* but the execution is so exquisite, that criticism is lost in involuntary admiration. What a region of genius has this little territory been! What volumes does its story afford, to prove that institutes, not climates, nourish or depress the better powers of susceptible humanity!

Near the Mercury of John of Bologna stands the superb head of *Cosimo the First,* one of the chefs-d'œuvre of Cellini, and yet executed merely as a *passe-tems,* and an experiment, before he trusted his precious *Perseus* to the furnace.* Temporary indisposition led him more frequently than usual to join the young workmen of the *guarda-roba,* in the old palace; and while the Duke and Duchess gossiped with him, he sometimes amused himself in chasing a golden water-cup, or setting a girdle for Eleanore (*"con molto piacevole invenzione"*), and sometimes in moulding, in clay, a likeness of the Duke—a work, he observes, in which the Duke took the greatest pleasure.

The Gallery of Florence, with all its treasures of art and wealth, may be supposed to have tempted the rapacity of French invaders, and to have afforded boundless sources of plunder to the conquerors, infinitely more powerful than *Charles the Eighth,* backed as he was by splendid alliances; but the supposition is not borne out by facts. The French revolutionists in Italy, as in France, seized on all the property of the Church and State, which was sold in Florence, as elsewhere, by public auction, under the name of "national property." But though individual rapacity occasionally availed itself of general confusion, and pillaged where it could, still *private property* was understood to be sacred—even the *property of sovereigns;* and under this head the gallery of Florence remained inviolate; and yet the Venus de Medicis decorated the halls of the Louvre.

At the period of the French invasion, there stood at the head of the gallery and the arts, in Florence, as "*Direttore della Galleria,*" one whose enthusiastic love of both still makes the subject of many a pleasant anecdote in the Floren-

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* "Questa fu un' opera che piacque, ed io non la feci per altra causa se non per far esperienza delle terre da gettare il bronzo." *Vita,* vol. ii.

† Among the bronzes is a shield by Cellini, a perfect unique, of most exquisite workmanship.

tine circles, the *Cavaliere Puccini*. Of this arduous director of the museum, and zealous guardian of the Venus de Medicis, the Hesperian dragon "*was but a type:*" one object only had ever divided his passion for the fine arts, and that was his taste for the *gastronomic* ones. Torn by contending inclinations towards the cabinet and the kitchen, he is said to have habitually confounded the phraseology of both—to have talked of the Venus, as a "*cosa da mangiare,*" and of "*mouton à la braise,*" as being of the true French school.*

In the commotions which shook Europe to its centre, Puccini saw nothing to interest or to fear, but as the changes affected his Gallery; and when the Grand Duke deserted Florence, Puccini, without seeking counsel or asking aid, packed up all the most precious pictures, and taking with him the Venus de Medicis, he freighted an English vessel, bound from Leghorn to Palermo, with his precious charge. On his arrival, he presented his Beauty of *Gnidus* to the King of Naples (then a fugitive like herself), and claimed and obtained his legitimate protection for the deposed Queen of Hearts. The King received the beautiful emigrant, *en Preux*—a tribune only less superb than that of Florence was allotted to her; and Puccini saw his deity receiving the same homage at Palermo as at Paphos: when, to the astonishment of all, and to the utter consternation of her own high priest, the goddess deserted her temple for a French frigate, and exchanged her Royal protector for the Jacobin Directory of France. The Directory coquetted about her reception; the King of Naples declared he knew nothing of the transaction; and, after a variety of *pour parler's* on both sides, it appeared that Mr. Acton, the Minister, an Englishman, and the favourite of Queen Caroline of Naples, (names alike consecrated to national execration) had presented the Venus de Medicis to the French; and Acton, whatever was the *dessous des cartes,* declared frankly, that he took the responsibility of the transfer on his own head;—a head that stood responsible for deeds of infinitely deeper consequence than this shameful breach of trust.

Possessed of the Venus by *legitimate* means, as coming from a legitimate minister, the French next sighed for the bust of the Alexander. But it is a

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* Pointing out the best pictures of the gallery one day to a Roman gentleman, in his usual strain of culinary criticism, he observed of *one*, "Come questo quadro è butiroso" (how buttery this picture is!); of another, "Come *è midolloso!*" (how full of marrow is this!) "If you say another word," interrupted the Virtuoso, licking his lips, "I shall eat them;"—"*State zitto; se no, lo mangio!*"

notorious fact, that they only begged a *plaster cast* of this magnificent work, which they obtained,—as they would have done the original, had they demanded it: for it is said that the Florentines were then

"Very, very, very kind indeed,"—

and exhibited none of that furious resistance to the *ultra-montain* invaders, which drove Charles of France, in less complying times, from their republican walls.*

When the Restoration occurred, in 1814, the *Venus de Medicis* was to resume her ancient throne in the tribune, and to be reinstated, like other deposed sovereigns, with the Horses of *Venice*, and the Asses of the *Annunciata, et ailleurs*. In this instance, as in every similar one, an effect was endeavoured to be produced on the people by the "glorious pomp and circumstance" of her triumphal entry; but it wholly failed in the issue. It was in vain that an escort of cavalry was sent to meet and convoy her to her ancient residence; that she entered the city with colours flying and drums beating—not three hundred people assembled to greet her as she passed. The lapse of near a quarter of a century had changed their tastes, and dulled their apprehensions. They wanted *statutes*, not statues; and the restoration of their ancient commerce, or the continuation of that prosperity they had enjoyed under the more liberal institutions of their ultra-montane invaders, would have been a much more welcome result of the re-establishment of their old dynasty, than all the statues that ever filled and adorned the Capitol of ancient, or the Vatican of modern Rome.

Still the Florentines are truly and justly proud of their unrivalled Gallery. It is a great national monument of their former supremacy in illumination, above all the nations of Europe. It is also the only good that remains to them from the influence of that direful family to whom they owed a long series of political and moral degradation.

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* Bonaparte was dining with the Grand Duke of Tuscany in the Pitti Palace, when the news was brought to him that Mantua was taken. It was the last town that had made resistance, and its fall rendered the French masters of Italy.—The Grand Duke, in return, lived in habits of intimacy with Bonaparte's family at Paris; where, it is said, he led a life most congenial to his taste—while Bonaparte's sister Elise governed Tuscany under the superintendence of the supreme lord of all.

CHAP. XVII.

TUSCANY.

HISTORIC SKETCH.—*Corruption of Morals at the Destruction of the Republics.—Influence of the Medici Family on the Fortunes of Tuscany.*—COSIMO *Pater Patriæ.*—LORENZO *the Magnificent.*—ALEXANDER, *Son of Clement the Seventh.*—COSIMO, *the First Grand Duke.*—JOHN GASTON.—FRANCIS *Emperor of Germany.*—GRAND DUKE LEOPOLD.—*His Reforms.—Opposition of the Clergy and Aristocracy.*—FERDINAND *the Third.—French Revolution.—First Occupation of Tuscany.—Re-action during the Austro-Russian Campaign.—March to Florence of the Inhabitants of Arezzo.—Massacres.—Second Revolution after the Battle of Marengo.—Kingdom of Etruria.*—DUKE OF PARMA *King.—Queen Regent.—Tuscany aggregated to the French Empire.*—ELISE, *Governante of Florence.—Restoration of Ferdinand the Third.*—ROSPIGLIOSI. *—Present Administration.*—SOCIETY.—*Anecdotes of the Restoration.—Old Noblesse.— Cavaliere Servante.—Scroccone.—Bottegone.—The Fattore.—Maestro di Casa.—Secretary.—Retail Trade in Wine of the great Proprietors.—Town and Country Life.—Multiplicity of Villas.—The younger Nobility.—Lancastrian Schools.—Middle Classes.—Porcellain Manufactory of the* MARQUIS GINORI.—*Rural Ball.—Peasantry.—Social Intercourse of Florence.—Diplomatic Circles.—Lower Classes.—Theatres.—Note on Florentine Law.—Note on Tuscan Statistics.—Note on Literary Disputes.*

OF the causes which originated the ruin of Italy, the primary and most influential were the ambitious contentions of the Popes and the Emperors, and the partition of the Peninsula into numerous petty and independent jurisdictions.* The contests which had so frequently armed the Italian Republics against

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* From the absurd claims of the Popes and Emperors, originated the miseries of Italy: each being incapable of possessing it exclusively, both operated to divide and to debase it. German influence

each other, though fatal to that unity by which alone Italy could become a powerful nation, had still an energizing influence on the people; and during their civil broils, the domestic virtues, and the love of country, remained unchanged and conspicuous. When foreign irruption spread its licentious armaments over the land, and pestilence and plague occasioned a temporary relaxation of the bonds of moral obligation, the poet, or philosopher of the day, boldly attacked the reigning vice, and exposed the public shame; and on such occasions Dante reproached in immortal verse, and Boccacio launched the satires of his Decamerone!* But when military adventurers became sovereign princes, and the rude fortresses of Ferrara, Modena, Milan, and Parma, were converted into Courts;—when powerful individuals were placed by accumulated wealth, and foreign alliance, beyond the pale of public opinion, then the morals of Italy fell with her liberties. An Inquisition established in all her cities by the Spanish and Papal influence, the increased sale of indulgences necessitated by the extravagance of the Medicean Popes, the ready absolution of crime, and remission of sin, to all who could pay the price of redemption,—completed the work of degradation, and annihilated national morality, as well as national independence! From the middle of the sixteenth century to the epoch of the French revolution, the people of Italy became generally demoralized in all their social relations. Their virtues had in their best days been all their own!—their vices, even in their worst, they owed to their rulers.

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over Italy was infinitely more destructive than that of the French; because the sway of the latter was an occasional incident,—that of the former, claimed by prescription and inheritance, threatened to be eternal. Nothing more strongly proves the short-sightedness of *Alfieri* in politics, than his Miso-Gallo! Had his judgment been uninfluenced by his passions, he would have perceived that the chains of France would have yielded to the pressure of those very circumstances they were themselves preparing, by the diffusion of knowledge; but that the dominion of Germany, by resting its policy in the annihilation of the national spirit, and the extinction of all illumination, anticipated the possibility of change, and efficiently provided against it. The Italians, in speaking of these two powers, say with their usual partiality to the French, "It is better to die by the claw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass."

* Of the domestic manners which prevailed in Florence in the olden times, Dante has left a glowing and exquisite picture.—See the passage beginning with his eulogium on the women of the Republic.—"Si stava in pace, sobria e pudica."—Paradiso, xv.

England, in her best days of domestic virtue, has nothing to present finer than this description of a Florentine matron.

Florence had been the SPARTA, as well as the ATHENS, of the middle ages!—and when she fell

"From her high estate,"

her fall was commensurate to her previous elevation. She shared with the rest of Italy the general sources of misery and debasement; but she had another vein of evil within her own bosom, that co-operated with the external pressure on her welfare;—for the talents and virtues of some of her citizens became as fatal to her liberties, as foreign invasion, and influential alliances. The moment that power is permitted by the partiality of a people to vest in an individual, or to centre in a family, liberty receives its death-wound. Man, in his highest state of moral and intellectual perfection, is not to be trusted with absolute dominion. His nature was not made for it; and there is not one instance on historic record, in which he has been so trusted, without his affections becoming perverted, and his instincts depraved:—with no public opinion to guide, and no public force to control his volitions, he has uniformly degenerated from his social character, and inflicted lasting misery upon the subjects of misrule. For power there is but one safe depository; and that is, the responsible administrator of recognized laws.

When the people of Florence gave to their fellow-citizen, Cosimo de' Medici, the title of *Pater Patriæ* *, their work of degradation was begun; and the germs of the future crimes of that atrocious race were already deeply planted. To those who might have

"Look'd into the seeds of time,
And seen which grain would grow—and which would not,"

what a perspective the future story of this race would have opened!—Parricide—infanticide—the murders of the Palace Pitti!—the massacre of St. Bartholomew!—the assassination of the Strozzi—the martyrdom of Henry the

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* Such epithets, bestowed on power, are only records of human folly. The infamous *Livia* was *Mater Patriæ*. The Roman emperors received apotheosis, in proportion to their crimes. The "*Grands*,"—"the *Desirés*,"—"the *Beloveds*,"—are already laughed at, by those who invented the ludicrous adulation. In ruder times, however, a hit at a *sobriquet* was made in another way; and a *Long-shanks*, and a *Penny-less*—a Charles *the Bad*, and Philip *the Cruel*—are instances of contemporary candour, which posterity confirms.

Fourth!—with other enormities more disgusting, if not more sanguinary, filling up the pauses of blood and death. Yet, after all, the retribution falls heaviest on the hand that wields this overweening power: Nature in this, as in all things, righting herself, and justifying her own law.* Cosimo, the *father of his country*, like his sire Giovanni, had virtues that imposed; and, like his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, he had talents that dazzled. He united the domestic habits of the Tuscan merchant to the princely munificence of a sovereign potentate. He promoted the great public works which distinguished his age and country; and preserved the manners of a frugal and simple citizen. He encouraged, without affecting to patronize, arts and letters; was the friend of *Brunellesco* and *Masaccio*—the host of *Poliziano*—the associate of the learned, and the admirer of the ingenious. By opening his house to the fugitive rhetoricians of Greece, he rescued the works of the ancients from the oblivion that awaited them. By substituting the mysticism of Plato, he broke up the tyranny of Aristotle, gave a shock to inveterate habits of opinion, and opened a highway (though a circuitous one) to inquiry

* Of this the private history of many despots affords proof. Sultans and Satraps are found invariably considering their sons and brothers as rivals, and becoming their assassins. Even the paternal history of the paternal kings of Christian Europe is not free from imputation. The story of the Imperial parents of Russia is terrific: Peter the First killed his own son—Catherine the Great seems to have had the same object in the long persecution of hers—the present Autocrat sits on a throne stained with the unavenged blood of his father. Philip the Second of Spain, having deprived his son of his bride, put him to death. The King of Prussia formally condemned his son, the Great Frederick, to death; and when the Emperor Charles the Sixth interfered in his behalf, he pleaded *his divine right of son-killing*, by observing, "that God only was above him, and that no human power had a right to dictate or control him." Almost all the Dauphins of France lived in open variance, or under the secret suspicion of their fathers. The parental persecution of the "*Gentil Dauphin*," of the Maid of Orleans, originated all his after-misfortunes. The cold-hearted etiquette of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, on the death of their sons †, and the jealousy with which they watched them while living, are notorious. The royal heirs apparent of England were invariably *frondeurs* to the parental power—even "Hal" is accused of stealing his father's crown before his death. The Princes of Wales, down to the present day, have been chiefs of every opposition that thwarted their father's ministers. The father of his late Majesty was something more. The filial disaffection of the house of Stuart was uninterrupted. James the First left his mother's execution unavenged; and Anne and Mary, traitresses to their father, usurped his throne, and broke his heart.

† See Dangeau Memoires—and the Reign of Louis the Fifteenth.

and research. These were his virtues, as a citizen:—as a demagogue and usurper, they are effaced by his crimes. Under the modest toga of a republican merchant were hidden the folds of the imperial purple; and beneath the simple manners of a private individual, he exercised a sway powerful as the dominion of unlimited sovereignty. He devoted his enormous wealth to the corruption of his fellow-citizens: he attacked by his calumny, and banished by his influence, all that was most illustrious in the State; and bought and sold, with heartless cupidity, the liberties of the people. Suspected and exiled for a period from Florence, he left it full of vindictiveness; and returning more cruel than he had departed, he founded a system of espionage, which the Courts of Europe have since constantly adopted.* Ruthless to his personal enemy, lenient to the fomenters of factious broils, timid in contest, severe in peace, he hated patriotism, and he feared and he persecuted with an equal intensity. The fate of his victims, the Albizzi, the Pazzi, the Orlandini, the Anghiardi, the Capponi, illustrates this blackest page in his history. Having stamped all who opposed his power with the epithet of *rebel* to the State, he finally succeeded in producing a torpid toleration of despotism, which he called peace; and he bequeathed (through his feeble and short-lived son Pietro) to his grandsons, Lorenzo and Juliano, a domination the more powerful, because its extent was concealed under a popular and untitled name.

Lorenzo the Magnificent becoming, by the death of his brother (who fell a victim to the vengeance of the much-wronged Pazzi†), a sovereign *de facto*, though remaining a private individual, was to Cosimo what Augustus was to Julius Cæsar. All his deeds merited the epithet bestowed on him; but the pupil of Politian, the protector of Michael-Angelo, the friend of Alberti, the most gallant lover and elegant sonnetteer of his day, was, after all, but the most splendid and accomplished despot of his family.‡ Even his virtues served

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* Ogni parola, ogni cenno, ogni usanza, che a quelli chi governano fosse in alcuna parte dispiaciuta, era gravissimamente punita. Machiavelli, *Ist.* L. iv.

† See Machiavelli and Nardi, in opposition to Roscoe, who endeavours to exculpate his hero from the iniquity attributed to him, in the case of the Pazzi.

‡ "Laurent appesantissoit chaque jour davantage le joug, que portoient ses concitoyens: an commencement de l'anné 1489 il osa punir avec un insolence révoltante, le gonfalonier Neri Cambi, qui venait de sortir de charge, pour avoir lui-même maintenu les droits de sa magistrature, et admonété, sans consulter Laurent, quelques gonfaloniers de compagnie qui ne s'étaient pas rendus à leur devoir. On trouvat cette conduite trop orgueilleuse vis-à-vis du *Laurent* prince du gouverne-

but to steep his country deeper in that ruin to which his fathers had urged it. His love of letters brought round him an host of literary parasites.* His extravagant and improvident expenditure of the public wealth produced that national bankruptcy under which he concealed his own.† His deep-seated policy gave rise to institutions which deadened the activity of the people, effected an inglorious torpidity, and induced habits of voluptuous indulgence. His balance of power, his love of intrigue, and ambition of high alliance, produced a system, which spread with baneful influence over Europe, deferred its epoch of illumination, and checked the progress of political philosophy; and his bequeathing his native country as a patrimony to his heirs, substituted the interests of a family for the prosperity of the State.‡

The history of the nation finished, when the history of the Princes of the House of Medici began. *Alexander de' Medici*, the natural son of *Clement the Seventh*, was the first of that family who assumed the exterior of princely sway; and exhibited all that licentiousness of manners, that depravity of tastes, and disregard of moral obligation in the private relations of life, which distinguish despotic princes and corrupt courts, wherever they are permitted to exist. Had he lived, he would have been the Charles the Second, or the Louis the Fifteenth, of his country! It was in pursuit of an illicit intrigue

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ment—et ce nom de Prince, jusqu'alors *inconnu à une cité libre*, commence à etre prononcé dans Florence." SISMONDI, Tom. x. p. 346.

* " Ne se meravigliano che gli eruditi di quell' eta, al viver libero fossero contrari, e nelle corti dei nuovi principi adulando cercassero ozi e fortuna." NICCOLINI.

† " Telle était la corruption dans laquelle Florence était tombé, que cette commission ne rougit pas de faire banqueroute à la patrie pour sauver de la banqueroute les Medicis." SISMONDI, Tom. xi. p. 348.

‡ The Medici have found able biographers and elegant eulogists in two foreign writers, well calculated, by their tastes, their learning, and love of arts and literature, to estimate all that was most estimable in the characters of the family—I mean Mr. Roscoe and Monsieur Ginguené; and their works will be read with pleasure, so long as the languages in which they are written shall exist. But to judge of the true political and domestic characters of the Medici, their own compatriot and contemporary historians must be consulted—Machiavelli, Michael Bruto, Nardi, and one who in the present day has written like a true Italian of the best days of Italy—Sismondi! Although the Italians are now violently *Anti-Medici*, they do justice to Mr. Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici, which is much read and much disputed. Such was the state of Italian despotism in 1819–20, that to attack the Medici was to incur the imputation of jacobinism—for Austria is still grateful for the services she received at their hands.

with a lady of rank and character, who had resisted his power, that he met his death, and fell by the hands of his kinsman Lorenzino. But his sins were almost venial, when compared to the crimes of his successor, Cosimo the First, the Tiberius of Florence.

Of all the Medicean Princes, *Cosimo the Third* seems to have been the most fatal to the moral and political interests of Tuscany. It was he who had drawn tightest the bonds of Church and State; who, taking monks for his ministers, through whom alone favour could be obtained (for right there was none), gave them that jurisdiction over the domestic concerns of his subjects, which they held over his own councils *. To the utter ruin of Tuscany, this fearful reign lasted fifty-three years! and in that space of time morality was completely overthrown; bigotry received its highest influence; commerce languished; money disappeared; taxes were trebled; riches were concentrated in the hands of a few monopolists and landed proprietors; the government became cruel; the people were steeped in ignorance and superstition; the clergy became as illiterate as they were despotic; and the noblesse, submissive to priests and princes, reigned with more than feudal sway over all classes.

John Gaston, the son of Cosimo, and last of the Princes of the house of Medici, began and ended his career in low debauchery; and seems to have done good only to mock and revoke the decrees his father had enacted. He drove the monks from his court, because he had already taken for the minister of his state, the minister of his pleasures†. He abolished the pensions his father had given to converted Jews, Turks, and Protestants; or, as the people called them, "*pensions on the credo;*" and bed-ridden by disease (the result of his profligacy), he indulged in dissipated orgies, affected to *hiccup* away his dominions, at drunken carousals, sometimes to one, sometimes to ano-

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* Cosimo, by the counsels of the priests, passed a law to prevent young persons having interviews before marriage, and obliging their families to make use of the negotiations of an ecclesiastic in the most important affair of life. This was one of the great means by which the marriage-tie became merely one of interest and convenience.

† This person was the son of a poor peasant near Florence, whom chance and vice had early and intimately associated with Gaston. From being the companion of his debaucheries, he became his major-domo and minister; and the sole agent, through whom any claim or request could meet the attention of the bed-ridden Sovereign.

ther potentate *; while it was supposed that he secretly resolved to restore the country to its ancient independence †. While, however, contending sovereigns disputed the succession ‡ to a kingdom over which he still reigned, he is said to have displayed much of the old Medicean finesse and prudence; and from his couch, the scene of his sufferings and his vices, to have played off the candidate princes whom he resolved to deceive—by being just—and respecting the rights of nations!

But at what period in the political history of the world, have the rights of nations weighed against the claim of powerful dynasties? There *then* existed, as *now*, a holy alliance against the liberties of mankind; less audaciously avowed perhaps, but equally tenacious of its system of aggression. The heads of those families which desolated the Roman empire, still claimed what they called their *rights* over unhappy Italy, as descendants of the Cæsars; and by the usual craft and juggling of Congresses and great national councils, Tuscany fell to a German Emperor §, in the person of the feeble husband of Maria Theresa. After a short visit to his new Italian possessions, Francis resigned their government to his Viceroy *de Beauveau*, Prince de Craon, whose administration was chiefly directed to restoring and reforming the finance of the State.

On the death of the Emperor Francis, his second son, the Archduke Leopold, in 1765, became Grand Duke of Tuscany. Neither the despotism of his mother's government, nor the relaxation of domestic morals which prevailed in Vienna, had prepared Leopold for the state in which he found the society of Florence; and the impatient vehemence, the impolitic promptitude, with which he urged on his great work of reformation, evinced how strongly he felt its necessity. Still he exhibited in his little State all the wisdom of a legislator, and his theories were rarely contradicted by experience. He con-

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* See "Galuzzi."

† He is said to have left a will, in which he formally bequeathed to the Florentines their liberties. But it appears that the will of the dead Sovereign was not the pleasure of the living ones.

‡ In the Via Larga of Florence, reside two elderly gentlemen devoted to retreat and celibacy. They are agriculturists, and their rigid frugality is said to be remarkable even for Florence. They are little known but by name; but that name is—*Medici!!* They are the lineal descendants of old Cosimo, the Pater Patriæ, whose legitimate progeny was set aside for the natural son of Pope Clement the Seventh; Charles the Fifth, the Arbitrator of Italy, not having included that branch in his fief.

§ Had the Emperors settled at Rome, instead of Germany, their claims might have been of some utility to Italy, as Dante has observed. The Pope would then have been no more than the Patriarch of the Greek Church is in Russia.

structed a criminal code, and crimes disappeared. He formed a system of internal economy, and wealth increased. He abolished capital punishments, and for four months the prisons of Tuscany held not a single delinquent. This triumph of good laws over human frailties and long-cherished habits deserves a splendid page in history. The benevolence which dictated them was strongly evinced by one of those trifling incidents which paint a character in a fact. It having been proved to Leopold, at the moment when about to retire to rest, that an accused prisoner was innocent, he had promised his release on the following day; but, unable to sleep with the weight of an injustice on his heart, he arose in the middle of the night, to order the instant liberation of the prisoner. The chroniclers of kings have few such anecdotes to record. Over deeds so splendid it is melancholy to throw a shadow of blame; but even the good effected by Leopold was due too often to means which replaced the crimes they removed by a vileness more degrading. Leopold adopted and improved the *Medicean* system of *espionage;* and, governing his subjects like Capuchin novices, corrupted one half of the population, to controul the other:—his friend was the inspector of the police; and no tale was too insignificant to meet his ear, or win his attention. But his object was always the reformation of the people; and he who abolished the torture, capital punishment, and the Inquisition, may be pardoned even that insatiate curiosity, and love of gossiping, almost inseparably connected with the system under which princes are educated.

The obstacles which interest and habit invariably fling in the way of the most laudable reform, were wisely expected, and artfully met by Leopold: he struggled to make his reforms appear the vow of the people, and to render public opinion a guarantee for their execution. Aware of the inadequacy of force to lead society even to good, his laws were indirect, and the people submitted to change without feeling its shock. Happy had it been if his impatience of superstition, and the craft of ecclesiastics, had permitted him to act with equal moderation in Church as in State; happy if he had occupied himself with promoting freedom of inquiry, and disseminating liberal instruction, instead of playing the theologian with disputatious prelates, and endeavouring to convince those whose interest it was not to be convinced. He did not perceive that the passage from darkness to light can never with impunity be made sudden; or that the Jansenism he attacked with so much

ridicule and argument was no unserviceable precursor of sound philosophy, and scriptural christianity.

To the glory, the eternal glory of Leopold, it is recorded, and still believed in Florence, that it was his intention to establish a *constitutional government* *; but that a minister, in whose experience he confided, opposed the usual sophism of narrow minds to his wise intention—that the public intellect was not yet fitted to receive so great a benefit. On the authority of this position, a vicious circle is established, in which despotism and ignorance, acting mutually as cause and effect, must continue to produce each other to the end of time; and nations be bound, in hopeless permanency, to the errors of their infancy.

But neither the wisdom nor the benevolence of Leopold's efforts were acknowledged by a large class of his subjects, a class composed of all that was interested in the maintenance of the abuses he abolished—the priesthood, the noblesse, and the refuse of the people. Convents suppressed, religious orders dissolved, licentiousness reproved, activity called forth, indolence roused from its voluptuous slumbers, and reformation universally suggested or imposed, excited a powerful enmity and resistance against the royal reformer, when, by the death of Joseph the Second, Leopold exchanged his Dukedom for the throne of an Empire, and the Government of Tuscany lapsed into the hands of his second son. The priests† and nobles exhibited their joy at this event, in manifestations by no means equivocal: they well

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* The system of Communes established by Leopold was well calculated to pave the way to a representative government; and a House of Commons might easily be established in Tuscany, where the *Tiers état* consists of small industrious land-proprietors. He gave a civil capacity to Jews, and to women. A Jew or woman of landed property could be a magistrate. Signora Ricci was made Treasurer of her *Commune*.

† The Ecclesiastics were open in their resistance of Leopold's reforms, and of those undertaken by Archbishop *Ricci*. They raised the populace at Porto, Pistoja, and Leghorn, who took arms in the name of the Madonna—the ordinary leader of all the anti-reformists of Italy, in all times. In the instance of the Church it happened with Leopold, as with Napoleon. The Bishops who individually approved his plans of ecclesiastical reform, opposed them when united in a Provisional Council. Leopold, too feeble to resist Rome, might have won it to his interests, and obtained a concordat. A Court that claims infallibility must be flattered, or annihilated.

knew that the example of royal fathers holds little influence over their successors, and their opinions were amply justified in the event.* The young sovereign, Ferdinand the Third, became the agent of his then Major-Domo *Manfredini;* and acting under his auspices, he abolished, amidst the plaudits of the rabble, the freedom of commerce given by his father; he impaired that code, the object of admiration to the philosophical and the benevolent of all countries; he restored capital punishments, and fostered that long-discouraged bigotry, which once more raised its drooping head under royal protection.†

Fortunately, however, the routine of business obliged Ferdinand then, to employ the ministers of his father's school, as he now finds it his best policy to retain those who acted under the late French regime; and convinced, through their representations, or by the test of experience, of the ill effects of restrictions on commerce, he restored it to its former liberty. Capital punishment, always so inefficacious in preventing crime, and so instrumental in brutifying a people, remained in full force; but the humanity of the Prince, and the mildness of the national character, rarely called for an execution—and it was but as a sword destined to rest in its scabbard.

When the French Revolution broke out, and the invasion of Italy followed, the Tuscan government exhibited all the indecision of weakness; and, vibrating between fear and policy, it passed through an incessant vicissitude of war and neutrality, attacked by French power, worried by English intrigue, and menaced by both.‡ Always temporizing, and never

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* Leopold accompanied his son to Florence to instal him in his new dignities. On his arrival, he found a placard attached to the gates of the Pitti Palace, with the following inscription:—"*Chi non qui ha fare sè ne vada.*" "He who has nought to do here may depart."

† Notwithstanding the errors into which Manfredini led the young Grand Duke, he is described by the Florentines as an honest and well-intentioned Minister, and they lament that he is not now *Major-Domo* in place of the Prince Rospiglioso. These Major-Domos of the Italian Courts resemble the *Maitres du Palais* of the *Rois feneans* of France: their influence is always considerable, and often fatal.

‡ Lord Hervey opposed himself to this neutrality by every species of menace that was likely to intimidate the Tuscan government; and when threats failed, he challenged the Grand Duke's Minister, at the convention of St. Castello.

deciding, it purchased a humiliating and precarious existence by sacrifices the most mortifying; but obtained from its neutrality advantages denied to the other States of Italy. After the well-known defeat of the Neapolitans, under General Mack, by the gallant Championet, Tuscany was formally invaded by the French army. The plea was the discovery, or a suspicion, of a secret intelligence between the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in violation of his neutrality, by which the former was to be allowed to occupy Leghorn. It was then that Ferdinand the Third, obliged to abandon his States to the French, exhorted his subjects by a public edict to obey their new sovereigns. The Florentines took this counsel *tout de bon*, and acted under the politic suggestions of their Sovereign. The result was singular: the names of all who obeyed the edict were noted, and there was scarcely one who accepted employment, or entered into the national guard, but upon the temporary restoration of the Tuscan government, during the successes of the Austro-Russian invasion, became a mark for persecution. The re-action which took place was horrible. Instructions were secretly transmitted from the cabinet of the Grand Duke to the Florentine Senate (a body of nobles marked by the execration of their compatriots, for a cruelty founded in bigotry and ignorance), which in Tuscany are never even yet mentioned but with a thrill of horror.* On this occasion many persons of distinguished merit evinced a courage, that in ruder times

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* In the *processi-œconomici* which occurred in this interval of vengeance, the accuser and the accused were never confronted; and every rule of justice was violated. Every sigh was counted, every smile noticed, and brought in accusation against the Florentines, who had submitted to the new government:—even such crimes as it belonged exclusively to ecclesiastical discipline to notice; namely, eating *meat* on fast-days, was taken as a sign of revolutionary tendency, and punished as a civil delinquency. The number of these processes amounted to *fourteen thousand*: almost the whole of the youth of the city was prosecuted—all that was noted for superior talent was marked for persecution, and there are some few families in Florence who will bear to have that dark moment of re-action recalled to them, in which *Austria*, *England*, and the rabble of *Tuscany* played so infamous a part. On that occasion it passed into a proverb, that the mob were Kings, and hangmen something more. During this reign of terror, Mascagni, a celebrated anatomist and physician, was near falling a victim to the popular rage. The axe of an assassin was ready to fall on his head, when some of the people exclaimed against the murder of so great a man, whatever might be his political principles, and saved him. Others, of equal merit if not equal celebrity, were less fortunate.

would have claimed the palm of martyrdom; and a frenzied populace, armed against them by the Church, the State, and the English Minister, could not subdue their fortitude, nor induce them to forego their principles.

But in this deep tragedy there is an episode, which the truth of history demands to be told, and from which British humanity will turn revolting. The town of Arezzo had been long noted for the bigotry and ultra-ism of its inhabitants; and materials were supposed to exist there, more than in any city of Tuscany, for forwarding a re-action. A Madonna was made to perform a miracle, to raise the populace against what was called the revolutionary party: the most ferocious of the ignorant population mounted a leaden Madonna in their hats, seized arms, and, drunk with wine and fanaticism, proceeded with most sanguinary designs to Florence. Their leader was Mr. Windham, the British minister: he rode at the head of this infuriate mob, his frail but beautiful mistress* on his right (dressed and mounted as an Amazon); on his left a Monk, with the crucifix in one hand and a pistol in the other. Countrymen of Milton, of Newton, and of Locke, it is thus your glorious name and honourable wealth have been prostituted at various epochs to aid the cause of oppression and of bigotry! It is thus that while you have been instigated to persecute your Catholic brethren at home, your agents have been made instrumental abroad in reviving and upholding an abject mummery and a barbarous fanaticism; which, however beneficial to the corrupt interests of temporal dominion, are despised and execrated by the sincere of all religions. Ultra-protestants in Ireland, ultra-papists on the Continent, constitutionalists in parliamentary debates, despots in the interior of cabinets, the faction of which you have been so long the dupe, are still consistent in the uniformity of their selfishness, and in their stoical indifference to the character of their means.

Nothing that has been revealed or recited of the horrors of the counter-revolution in France, or under the Reign of Terror, approached the deeds of blood executed in the horrible interval of this re-action in Tuscany.—At Siena, seventeen persons, principally Jews, were burnt alive; an infant at the breast shared the same fate with its wretched mother; while the Cardinal Archbishop of Siena remained tranquilly in his palace (like him of Arezzo)

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* Now a Baroness of the German Empire—created such for having "*done the state some service.*"

to bless the fury of the populace, and the zeal of the *Protestant English minister;* and to return thanks to Heaven, that in spite of the heresy and philosophy of the age, one Jew more was roasted to the honour and glory of God!! But if the natives suffered—if they burnt and bled, as the "BLACK CHAMBER"* marked them with the name of jacobin, or revolutionist, of heretic, or Jew—the tortures inflicted on such of the straggling French as fell into the power of these terrible bands, shames the ingenuity of savage cruelty. They will not bear relation, and least of all from a woman's pen.† Be it hoped that they were the expiring efforts of a ferocity and a fanaticism incompatible with the growing intellectual illumination of the day; the last impulsions of that feudality which has heaped upon the European population fourteen hundred years of poverty, of slavery, of ignorance, and of blood.‡

To these atrocities, over which Allied Sovereigns and diplomatic cabinets have thrown a veil, the battle of Marengo put a period; but their remembrance will be indelible in hapless Italy, so long as one true Italian heart shall throb with love of country and hatred of persecution!

By the impress given to Italy, in the changes effected through the conquests of Napoleon, the Duke of Parma, husband to the daughter of the late King of Spain, the sister of the present, was put in possession of Tuscany, with the title of *King of Etruria.* This manikin prince, alternately insane, or imbe-

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* "*La Camera Nera.*" The society which took this dark denomination was composed of the most furious fanatics, both in sect and politics, in Italy. They were the dregs of ancient systems, and acted under the influence of the Aulic counsellor Cremari. This man, who was loud in supporting the moral and social order of things in Italy, was obliged to fly Florence on account of a fraudulent bankruptcy, while *Giunti*, the secretary of the senate, absconded to avoid the penalty of a forgery.

† One of the terrible consequences resulting from the brutal outrages and unexampled cruelties committed on the French, was the retaliation exercised by them when they became masters of Arezzo. The officers could scarcely restrain the men from avenging the dreadful deaths of their tortured fellow-soldiers, by means almost as barbarous.

‡ Had this resistance to the new order of things arisen from love of country, the motive would have been laudable, however atrocious the means resorted to; but no such exalted motive was pleaded. It is now asserted by all ranks, that the Bishops and Nobles persuaded the people the French were armed against *the Madonna;* and that the English minister, availing himself of their stupid bigotry, promised them rewards adequate to their services, should they restore the Imperial Archduke of Austria to his Tuscan dominions, and re-establish the system disturbed by the French.

cile, has left behind him few notes of his flitting existence, that are not traceable to this mental infirmity. Having lived long enough to revoke all that was most salutary in the laws * of Leopold, he died leaving an infant son †, and a young widow, who was made regent, and who followed undeviatingly in the track of her bigot husband. Her court was modelled on the old type, and like that of the Bourbons, from whom she was descended, was made up of devotion and gallantry, superstition and intrigue. Monks were her counsellors; and ministers are said to have been more than friends. The Queen of Etruria was profuse of the public money; and she was obliged, by the necessities of the State, to raise the taxes. But she is at the same time charged by the Florentines with a female inconsistency, which rendered her alternately a miser and a prodigal, extravagant beyond all bounds, economical beyond all necessity. But though generally permitted to act, in her interior policy, as an independent sovereign, the influence of France was in some cases felt in her cabinet, which occasionally checked her in her full career. By discountenancing an ecclesiastical academy, which met to denounce the infidelity of the age, this influence probably prevented the restoration of the Inquisition, which her principles, acquired in the Escurial, naturally led her to respect. Over such establishments the French minister watched with unrelenting vigilance; and perceiving by the march of the *craft*, that persecution following persecution, was gradually restoring the influence of the disciples of St. Dominick, he demanded the suppression of this *conventicle;* and the government had not the means of refusing his request. That the faults of the Queen of Etruria were generally referable to the same royal education, which assisted to make her brother of Spain what he is, may be charitably inferred, from her protection of the fine arts, and her disposition to improve the system of education, which had long enfeebled rather than enlightened the youth of Florence. To her government was due

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* Among those was his law *dello Sabato Santo*, by which he abrogated the salutary regulations of Leopold, that tended to lessen the Papal influence. As a Catholic Prince, Leopold was not able to abolish Monachism; but he had endeavoured to render it less pernicious to society, by decreeing that the vows should not be taken before the age of thirty. This was one of the first edicts that the Duke of Parma or King of Etruria revoked.

† The proposed King of Spanish America, of the French minister.

a school of Natural Philosophy, composed of professors in every branch of science, calculated to exercise a beneficial influence on the people. Her reign was short*. She retired from her royalty of Etruria, under the influence of new changes; and on Tuscany becoming a department of the empire, she was succeeded by *Elise*, the elder sister of the Emperor Napoleon, who presided over a Court rather than governed a State, and was permitted to take no higher title than that of Governante of Florence. Elise had given proof of talent in her government of Lucca, and displayed much of that energy of character, which made the genius of her brother, and much of those graces, which, even more than their beauty, constituted the fascination of her sisters. She had encouraged manufactures, constructed roads, drained marshes, and colonized the deserted wastes of Piombino; and if her strenuous efforts and lavish liberality met not all the success they deserved, the fault was attributable to others. She had an oligarchy to oppose, and was then as little appreciated as she is now deeply regretted.

In Florence, however, either her means were more confined, or her measures less salutary; though the acute Lucchesini, the disciple of Frederick of Prussia, and his son, were of her court, and I believe of her councils. But the prefect had the power of controuling her authority; and in some instances it is said her conduct rendered such a check but too necessary. If however her cabinet was defective, her court was delightful; and its taste, its gaiety, and its splendour, are frequently opposed (by those who resorted to it) to the gloom and monotony, which at present prevail in the Palazzo Pitti.

On the restoration of Ferdinand the Third, in Florence, as elsewhere, ancient order resumed its ancient influence—things returned to their old *assiette*—old servitors were brought forward, from the obscurity in which they had long lain—new agents were dismissed back to the obscurity from which their talents

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* The Ex-Queen of Etruria, now Duchess of Lucca, resides with the Prince, her son, at Lucca. Her court was described to us by some of her new subjects, as a miniature imitation of her brother's, Ferdinand the Beloved. The Queen-Duchess is said to raise equal subsidies on the purses and piety of her people, who are obliged to pay double taxes, and to go twice to mass for once that they used. "Woe to him," said a Lucchese, who was complaining to us of the present state of things in his ancient republic—"Woe to him who eats the wing of a chicken on a Friday, or takes milk in his coffee on a fast-day!" On this point it is worth observing, that for the last twenty years *chickens' wings* and *new milk* were objects of very little importance, in a conscientious point of view, in Italy.

had drawn them, and the Pitti Palace resumed its old solemnity under the influence of a *Maire de Palais* *, who, with the title of major-domo, governed, or sought to govern, the Dukedom of Tuscany, from the wardrobe of the sovereign to the councils of his ministers. This epitome of the good old times of Gaston de Medicis, (described by the Tuscans, in their epigrammatic way, as being "proud as a Roman, intolerant as a monk, and avaricious as a Florentine,") expected, by an effort of volition, to recal all that was past, and to annihilate all that existed; and his influence over the Grand Duke justified the hope. He had arrived in Florence before his Royal Master, armed with sufficient power to effect great changes; and he prepared a welcome for the long-absent Prince, by exiling the sciences from his city, by banishing the most able professors from a Lyceum where a Fontana and Fabbroni presided; by threatening the suppression† of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and by encouraging persecutions against the unfortunate Clergy, who had acknowledged the sway of an archbishop appointed by Napoleon‡, and were now the victims of the intolerant *Piccolini*, the Pope's Vicario in Florence. Fortunately, however, Don Giuseppe, who calculated on driving learning from its ancient seat; on banishing the arts from the soil where they were first cradled; on fomenting theological squabbles; on raising the dead, for the purpose§ of re-burying them according to the old fashion in

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* The titles and honours of this Major-Domo run as follows:—His Excellency the Signore Prince Bali Don Giuseppe Rospigliosi, Prince of the Austrian Empire, and Chamberlain and Privy Counsellor to his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor, Knight of the Noble Order of the Golden Fleece, of the Order of St. Joseph, and Counsellor of State and of Finance to his Royal and Imperial Highness, Maggiordomo Maggiore.—Almanacco della Toscana.

† It was mentioned to us at Florence, that the intentions of Prince Rospigliosi were suspended, by great concessions on the part of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, by a superb festival, which its members gave to the Grand Duke on his return, and by the clamours of the public.

‡ The Church, as a system, in Italy, must always be considered apart from a great mass of its members, many of whom are ardent lovers of liberty—men of pure morals and profound learning; the Provincial Clergy, who have not tasted of the sweets of power, are almost universally so. The persecutions arising from polemic disputes, on the return of the Grand Duke, or rather of his Major-Domo, and the Pope's Vicario, fell heaviest on the Country Clergy of Tuscany; and one of the most exemplary ecclesiastics and profound Hellenists of Italy, nearly fell a victim to the vexations to which he was exposed.

§ Among many absurdities committed by the Canons of the *Duomo*, during the viceroyalty of

the time of the Medicis; and on hovering round his Prince, like a noxious vapour, instilling a poisonous influence at every pore—Don Giuseppe was utterly incapable of governing the dominions of a poultry-yard; and a lucky necessity threw the Grand Duke on the services of men, who (belonging to their age and to Europe, long practised in the routine of diplomatic business, and honest beyond the reach of suspicion, even of the calumny of their enemies) were called on in time to rescue their Sovereign and the State from utter confusion, and from the sway and influence of fanaticism, tyranny, and ignorance. It is pleasant to record names which redeem the diplomacy of the present state of Europe from the contempt into which it has generally fallen. The ministers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany are, Signor Vittorio Fossombroni, Don Neri Prince Corsini, and Signore Leonardo Frullani. To these gentlemen Tuscany owes the comparative liberty she enjoys—that her people are less enslaved, and better contented, than in any other of the Italian States; and that her society enjoys advantages not to be found in the dominions of Austria.† In this instance, Florence recalls Turin and its minister, the liberal, the excellent Count Balbo, to the mind. Still, however, these minister are chained down to a system; they can but soften, they cannot reform. The influence of the Church is daily strengthening in Florence, through the medium of persecution.‡ The taxes, in time of peace, are higher than during the war; and the means of paying are infinitely lessened. The Grand Duke is surrounded by a little group of Ultra's in politics and religion, with Rospigliosi at their head.

Rospigliosi, was the disinterment of the Vicar Capitular *Carboli*, in order that he might be buried with certain solemn rites, belonging to Vicars Capitular in anti-revolutionary times.

† The people are fully aware how much they owe to the good intention of their ministers, but still are jealous of the influence which Austria indirectly usurps over Tuscany. The Imperial titles of their Grand Duke recal his Austrian origin, and soldiers daily recruited among them and drafted into German Legions, afford a source of the deepest indignation. The Tuscans range the influence of Austria over Italy with the evils of *famine*, *fever*, and *friars*, to all of which, they say, they are become liable in the present order of things — an idea which they have rendered into the following proverb:

"Ecco d'Italia i fatti,
Tifo, Tedeschi, e Frati."
"Typhus, Germans, and Monks, are the plagues of Italy."

‡ The common people of Italy are still devoted to Church-ceremonies, and prone to superstition, but the Papal influence is shaken to its centre; and among the educated there is so little bigotry, that

The police is in perpetual activity of espionage, and the press has not even a shadow of liberty; for even to praise *Dante* with too much ardour, is to incur the suspicion of hostility to that Papal influence, which he was the first so boldly and so nobly to attack.*

Society, as it actually exists in Florence, presents, as throughout Italy, two distinct *phases*. Taken among the elders of the highest classes, it preserves the unobliterated stamp of the ancient regime of the *Medicis*:—taken among the present generation of all classes, (and more particularly the male part of the population,) it is diversified by the changes, which the last thirty years have universally impressed upon all Europe. A more general distribution of property, a total change in public education, Lycées substituted for monasteries †, the bustle of military existence succeeding to the voluptuous

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they take every opportunity of ridiculing the promptitude with which the French have submitted to the revival of Church influence. They say they are *Cattolici arrabbiati* ("Catholic mad"), and instance the massacre of Nismes as a proof; asserting that it was Napoleon's knowledge of this national tendency, which induced him to flatter the bigotry of the people, and restore them their beloved Church. This criticism of the Italians betrays the obvious error of mistaking the exception for the rule.

* When an improvisatore recently arrived in Florence, and advertised as his theme the raising of a monument to the memory of Dante, he was silenced by the police; — that subject being too ticklish for the Florentine authorities.

† Such of the Church estates in Tuscany, as fell to the government in the Revolution, have been restored by the Piety of the Grand Duke. The *Padri Reformati*, or *Minorites*, are said to have had the whole of their possessions restored to them. But the begging orders have multiplied *ad libitum*, and in proportion as the idle and vagrant have found them the surest and easiest means of existence. The honest Tuscan peasant, who would have turned the sturdy beggar from his cottage door, now beholds, if not with respect, at least with fear, some *Padre cercatore* arrive with his mule and panniers, containing vessels for oil and wine, which he assures the contributor "God and St. Francis will restore to him!"—while the *Madonna Sposa*, who sits shivering over her *caldanini* to save her fire, is obliged to share her little faggot with the holy beggar, who pokes his face against her casement and cries peremptorily, "Si fa l' accatto della legna."—"I am collecting wood for the convent." To this request, authorised by Church and State, she dares give no refusal; and having made her offering, she is permitted to kiss the cross of St. Francis, and to take a pinch of snuff from the friar's box—a holy relic, blessed by some Pope, or consecrated by some martyr.

The Grand Duke encourages all this by his example. When the famous robber Guazzino was hanged, the Monks del *Buon morire* surrounded him; and it having been intimated to the Grand Duke, that the Church had pardoned this robber, and placed him under the protection of the Virgin,

indolence to which the youth were previously condemned, the sciences liberally encouraged and ardently pursued! and ancient superstition long rendered the butt of fashionable as well as of philosophical ridicule, have inevitably separated sons from their fathers, by a moral distance greater than the lapse of ages have hitherto produced! Although the monastic institutions are restored in all their plenitude, though commerce is restrained, philosophy discouraged, and a military youth replaced (in appearance) by legions of monks and friars, more numerous in Florence than elsewhere (Rome and Genoa excepted), still the impulse that has been given, works secretly but surely through the present generation, and breaks forth in those works of patriotism and national utility, to which the lives and fortunes of the chief among the younger nobility and gentry are devoted. While the growing information of the middle classes brought home to them, through their interests, through the falling off of their commerce, the revived interference of the priesthood, the weight of increasing taxation, and the discouragement of all liberal institutes, has hurried them forward over a century of improvement, and has placed them on a niveau with the population of Lombardy.

Yet ere the "*dernier rejeton*" of the old stock of aristocracy withers and falls off, to give place to the younger and more vigorous shoots, engrafted with the spirit of the age, it is pleasant to view them, like their own old pictures, presenting the precise forms and aspects, and moral costume of their progenitors; and exhibiting to the curious and philosophic eye, the results of that evil policy which merged the virtue and patriotism of the fifteenth century in the slavery and demoralization of the eighteenth.

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and that it was certain, through her intercession, he would go from the scaffold to Paradise, his Imperial Highness is said to have piously ejaculated "*Che felicità!*" Such are the anecdotes afloat in Florence. If not authentic, they at least shew the temper of the people.

Of these Monks *del buon morire* a word may be said, as they peculiarly belong to the revived order of things in Italy. In cases of fever, at the expiration of the third day of the malady, the physician is obliged to call in a priest (on pain of being denounced), who arrives with all the ceremonious forms of the sacramental rite, as administered in Catholic countries; and whatever be the stage of the disorder, the room of the invalid is filled with smoky torches, and the noisy underlings of the Church:—but the moment it is known that any individual is fallen sick, the Monks "*del buon morire*" force their way to the patient's bed, who, if he is *a friend to social order*, cannot die *decently* without their aid.

The noble Florentine, of the old cast, of either sex, begins this troublesome life as the "*Bambino fasciato*," * resembling an Egyptian mummy—the little form distorted by tight swathing up to the throat, and the little face purpled with the pressure of bandages, which drives all the blood into the head, and lays the foundation of future malady. If it survives these probationary bonds, and escapes from the knocking and tumbling of its flaunting, gaudy, over-dressed nurse †, whose carelessness has little to dread from the mother's quick ear or watchful eye, it is forwarded from one bondage to another. If a female, it is sent in earliest childhood to a convent ‡, there to remain until a suitable alliance presents itself; or, if that fails, to return perhaps to the paternal house; where, banished to an attic story for life, and far from the refining pleasures of social intercourse and the endearments of do-

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* The practice of swaddling infants is happily almost forgotten in England: it produces much distortion, and may account for the dwindled size of many of the old nobility of Italy. It is a fact that the race which have grown up since the Revolution are of a loftier stature than their fathers. The physiognomy, in like manner, of the French nation is much changed since that event. The middle classes in Florence have been the first to abandon the practice of swathing infants, though the priesthood, we were assured, have endeavoured to prevent this innovation. An English lady of high rank in Florence, assured me that she had vainly urged her nurse to vaccinate her own infant, when her nursling was undergoing the operation: she constantly refused, saying that her confessor had told her it was "flying in the face of God." Vaccination is considered as strictly jacobinical and revolutionary by all the adherents of the old regime.

† The nurse is the same important and troublesome person in Italy, as in England and elsewhere; for the position being a false one, and against the law of nature, brings its penalty along with it. During her office, the nurse assumes all the finery of the gala toilette of the Tuscan peasant. This induced Mr. Fordyce to suppose that her sash and finery were the livery of her station.

‡ It was Bonaparte's intention to have established such noble seminaries at Florence for female education, as had been founded at Naples and Milan by the French government: meantime he permitted three female convents to remain, for the education of the female nobility; so that the women have had fewer advantages than almost in any other States of Italy; and this accounts for their preserving many of the fatal habits of their ancestors. The *cavaliere servante*, in all the due forms of the good old times, is now exclusively confined to Florence, though by no means universal even there. I have, however, seen a matron-mother enter a Florentine assembly between her cavaliere servante and her young and innocent bridal daughter, who was thus sent into the world with this fatal example before her eyes. No exposure, no reprobation is adequate to this shameless and unblushing libertinism:—to such a mother as this, the hapless victim of circumstances, the libertine of necessity, is a respectable personage.

mestic affections, the victim pursues no occupation but that of conning the rubric taught at the convent, working the eternal Adam and Eve under the Tree of Knowledge (with a serpent in the branches, to show the danger of seeking it), and is thrown for all recreation on the legends of the old *Duenna*, or the charity of some female friend, who begs permission of the mother to take the *Signorina* to drive to the Cascino *, or, once in a way, to go to the opera!

Prisoners for life to etiquette, the unmarried women of rank are never seen in the Florentine circles, and their bloom and their hopes wither together in the cell of a convent, or the garret of a palace. The life of the young married dame is, however, as free from restraint, as that of the hapless victim of celibacy is enslaved. After the birth of the son and heir, who is to carry on a name registered in history, she legislates for herself, independent of her husband, as her husband is of her: she forms her social establishment—places her cavaliere-servante at the head of it—and issues that great law of Florentine society to all her subjects—to "*Vivere senza suggezione*." To this *vivere senza suggezione* † all yields—all submits—even vanity and the toilette strike their labours; and mornings are passed, even by the most determined coquette, on a sopha or couche, in a deshabille, to which the *senza suggezione* is most perfectly applicable. To this indolent indulgence, a walk in the *Mercato Nuovo* (the Bond Street of Florence), or the *Lung-Arno*, and most frequently alone, or with the *cavaliere servante*, forms an occasional interruption: the robe de chambre and large wrapping shawl are then exchanged for the smart French *douillette* and large bonnet, which frequently shades such eyes and faces as are not always to be found under the chapeaux of the Rue Vivienne. Their costume is generally black; for in the streets, a black dress affords the same protection in Florence, as the Turkish veil in Constantinople. The morning thus passed in loitering abroad, or lounging at home (for here there are no domestic or maternal duties to perform), an early dinner "*senza suggezione*" assembles the *habitués* of the family circle, which generally consists of the *cavaliere servante*, some favoured or obtrusive

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* The Cascino takes its name from a sort of Royal Dairy. It is a delicious drive along the Arno, richly wooded—the Hyde-park of Florence.

† "To live without ceremony."

scroccone, or spunger*, (a sort of *état* in Florence, as is that of the *gallopini* at Rome,) some fashionable confessor or preacher, and occasionally, as the business of the household or the condescension of the masters induce, the *maestro di casa* (the factotum of the family), and *maestro dei signorini*, or preceptor of the young gentlemen, if they are educated at home. This last personage is generally the son of the *Vinajo*, or butler.†

The *prima sera* succeeds to the dinner; and visits are received from those who are in the habit of paying them, or forming the circle of which *La Signora della Casa* is the centre, and in which it rarely happens any other lady disputes her supremacy (for the Florentine beauties associate but little with each other). Upon these occasions the male relations, who have the immunity of hanging up their hats in the anti-room, drop in; and there are few circles which have not their privileged *Seccatore*, or *Bore;* a large and very ancient class, naturally arising out of a state of society, in which all important topics are forbidden, and men thrown upon trifles, become tedious in their discussions. As the time of the Corso at the Cascino approaches, the circle breaks up, a more brilliant toilette is assumed; and the difficulty of getting rid of time between the corso and the opera, induces the elegantes

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* The *Scrocconi*, or Gallopini, belong to no party or class in Florence, and find their way to all. They are idlers of small means and good families; and are indifferent whether their hosts are Ultras or Liberals—Carbonari or Calderoni. Their political toleration is alluded to by Pulci, in his well-known lines—

"O Guelpha, o Ghibellina,
Ei la coccarda avea, *della cucina*."

† The *Vinajo* presides over the cellarage, and the retail sale of the wines. His son, if he has one, is usually made a priest, as a step towards gentility; and in some instances becomes tutor to the little boys of his master's family, before they are sent to some monastic seminary to finish their education. This mode of tuition is reviving since the Restoration; but is chiefly confined to the class here described. The young nobility of Florence, among the liberal party, are educated upon a very different principle. Men of the most eminent talent and universal information are employed for their instruction. Of this the youth of the family of Torrigiani are an example. The father's house is a Lycée, and his table is open to all the talent and acquirement of Florence, without distinction of rank. We have also often had occasion to witness the happiness arising from an improved system of domestic life, in the charming family of the Prince Corsini, elder brother to the Minister, whose children are educated at home by able and accomplished persons of both sexes, under their father's eye. The fact is, the errors of the old regime in Italy, as in France, are confined to a very small party, and that party is fast fading into nothing.

to "*far l'ora,*" as it is termed, or *make out the hour,* before the *bottegone,* the great shop; whence ices and lemonade are supplied to the long string of carriages which are drawn up before it. The "*senza suggezione,*" and "*far l'ora,*" are two very important words in the vocabulary of Florentine phrases, and form a commentary upon the dangling office of the cavaliere servante.* Still, with all the faults of their education, and the prejudices bequeathed to them by their mothers, and advocated by a party whose interest it is to cherish and preserve them, the Florentine women, even of this class and cast, are full of graciousness and grace; and much of their reluctance to associate with foreign ladies, which has stamped them with an anti-social reputation, and a want of all hospitality and attention to strangers, arises, it is said, from a consciousness of deficient education. Wherever they have received the benefit of instruction and good example, their quick and intelligent natures have responded to the influence; and some of the most agreeable women, as well as the finest private musicians with whom we were acquainted in Italy, we found in Florence. The Florentine matron was once the model of her sex; and she has still all the natural qualities for becoming so, whenever institutes more favourable to the virtues shall permit the developement of her maternal affections, and call forth intellectual powers by the due exercise of her sensibility.

While females of the highest class, and a particular party, thus preserve the taint of the Medicean regime, the men of the same rank and principles, the true genuine Florentine nobles of the good old times, remain equally unchanged, and probably, until a generation shall have passed away, unchangeable. The *married* members of this class (and the number is daily diminishing) have all the toleration for the system of Cecisbeism which distinguished their wor-

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* It is almost unnecessary to mention here a fact universally known, that throughout Italy, and particularly in Florence, within the last century, it was not unusual for provident parents to make a clause in the marriage articles, to secure to their daughters the advantage of a *Cavaliere-servante,* beyond the chance of a husband's caprice. The *Cavaliere* then, as now, was not admitted into the family, till after the birth of a son and heir. Even still, a husband avoids the ridicule of being much seen with his wife, notwithstanding Bonaparte's Jacobin institutions in favour of this innovation on the old Continental manners; and if they are observed together in public, some "*arch-wag*" is sure to whisper in the Sposo's ear "*Avete fatto la pasqua?*" in allusion to the temporary reform of manners, to which all submit during that period appointed by the Church to be kept holy.

thy fathers; and though they are rarely *cavalieri servanti* themselves (for the office is now principally filled by unmarried men), yet they live in great harmony and strict intimacy with the cavaliere servante of their wife; with whom, it is pleasantly, but maliciously, said in Florence, they form a "*triangolo equilatero.*" If this important personage is a man of rank and fortune, he is always "*l'amico intimo*" of the "good easy man." If, as sometimes happens, he is of a rank inferior to his talents and personal advantages, he becomes a very useful person in the family in various ways—he is a check on the maestro-di-casa, or vinajo, assists in letting out the spare apartments of the vast palace to the foreign lodgers, and sometimes rescues "*il marito della sua Ganza,*"* as he familiarly calls the husband of his liege lady, from that ruin, so frequently impending over the heads of the Tuscan nobility, by their neglect of their private affairs, and their leaving every thing in the power of their stewards and agents.† There is in the remains of the old stock of nobles in Florence, the visible helplessness of men who have been long forbidden to take any part in public affairs, to exercise any profession, or exhibit any activity. Their *fattore*‡ manages all the details of their estates, of farms rarely seen, and of vineyards and olive-grounds rarely visited. The *maestro di casa* is the head to which all is referred in town; and may be said to carry not only the intellect of his lord, but sometimes is the depositary of his follies also. For he is occasionally employed in such negotiations as Eleazar, the maestro di casa of Abraham, undertook to Mesopotamia. To the secretary is deputed the whole of the epistolary department, and letters of friendship or of business, or even of a more intimate nature than either, are all the product of his taste and pen, to which his Eccellenza only signs his ennobled name.§ The

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* Literally "the husband of my love or mistress."

† Whenever an inquiry is made in Florence relative to the ruin of a noble family, the cause invariably assigned, and mentioned with a significant shrug, is "*La mal amministrazione,*" a negligent administration of affairs.

‡ The *Fattore* is thus satirized in Italian doggrel:

"*Fatemi Fattore, e in un anno*
Se non son ricco io, è il mio danno."

§ The pretty note-paper correspondence, which occupies so much of the ladies' time in France and England, and calls forth so much of "*l'eloquence du billet,*" is unknown in Florence. All intercourse not personal, among the *elegantes*, is there carried on through the verbal medium of the principal *cameriere*, or groom of the chambers; and one of the requisites for his vocation is a good

old contempt for writing and spelling like clerks, which distinguished the *Richelieus* and the *Saxes*, is still to be found among the genuine ultra-nobility of Italy.

The revenues of the great landed proprietors of Tuscany chiefly arise out of their olive-grounds and vineyards; and as there is little exportation, or wholesale trade, as every species of restriction now exists to harass and to menace commerce, the produce of the rich estates of Tuscany is of necessity disposed of by retail at home. The influence also of the ancient mercantile manners on men to whose immediate ancestry the pomp of title was unknown, is such, that a species of little shop is opened, even in the noblest palaces; and as no licence is necessary, the produce of the cellar is disposed of with a minuteness of detail, not to be surpassed by any little wine-house on the high roads of France. While the Cardinal's hat, or Papal key, or Ducal coronet, are gorgeously sculptured over the massive portals of the palace, close beneath these insignia of the dignities to which the family have arrived, appears a little grated window, where the vinajo presides, and from whence hangs suspended an old flask: and while the splendid equipages of their excellencies roll into the court, their chief butler is perhaps filling a little pint bottle, held by some poor customer at the grated window, who has probably received in charity from the lord the very halfpence she is now paying back at his shop.* Such is the commerce which is carried on by many of those ultra-

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memory and clear enunciation. I have received many an "*ambasciata*" (as every unimportant message is still called in Italy), which has struck me with admiration for both those qualities, as displayed by the "*ambassador*." Sometimes this person is the herald of a long profession of "*amicizia*," sometimes of a friendly reproach; but most frequently the negotiator of preliminaries for a game of *minchiate*, a tiresome game, played with ninety-seven cards, (in which the Devil and the Pope are leading characters, for every card is a picture,) which frequently supersedes the opera, particularly with the devotees. This domestic plenipotentiary is usually announced by the servant in waiting, as *capo della famiglia*, or head of the family, of the Marchioness or Duchess ***. On his admission, after an obsequious bow, he draws up into a formal attitude—hems—clears his voice, and then begins with—La Signora Contessa *** fa molti complimenti alla sua Eccellenza, e dice così.—"The Signora Countess *** offers a thousand compliments to your Excellency, and says thus"—Then begins the "così"—minute and sententious to a very amusing degree.

* This custom, though general, is by no means universal. The Casa Capponi, Ginori, Pucci, Corsini, and a hundred others, *hang out no bush*, though they of course dispose of the produce of their estates: the custom chiefly prevails with those *ultra*-nobles, who adhere to the Medicean regime. For the Princes of that family had the meanness to become *hucksters*, with the ambition of being des-

aristocratic nobles, the new Dukes and Marquises of Tuscany, the lineal descendants of those magnificent Republican merchants of Florence, who opened counters all over the known world, who spent their days in their ware-rooms and counting-houses, kept their own books, and rode over the Alps and Apennines at the head of their own mules, proud of their honourable and honest calling, as they were disdainful of those empty titles, the ancient feudal nobility of Italy had taught them to despise.* While the high noblesse of Florence carry on this little retail commerce, and unite much rigid œconomy to their mercantile pursuits, they shrink from any contact with the mere cittadini, the professional *merchants;* and the distinctions which have in the last century sprung up between the first and second class, are only passed over by the present and rising generation, who resemble their ancestors of the sixteenth century much more than their fathers of the nineteenth.

The town life of the old ultra-noblesse of Florence is passed in morning lounges at church, at the opera, at the cascino, or at *minchiate:* their country existence, if their *villeggiatura* in the autumn can merit the name, is equally inactive and unbeneficial. There are, however, few of the nobility of any description who have not from four to eight villas on their hands, at various distances from the capital. The unhappy passion of the Italians for building was more especially incidental to the Florentines, and arose there originally from a sort of political exigency. The true consequence of an old Florentine citizen lay in the numerous branches of his united and prosperous family—in the talents, industry, and social and political coalition of his brothers, sons, nephews, and grandsons, which rendered his name important and his faction formidable. The number of ALBERGHI, or houses which a family possessed in the metropolis and its vicinity, was its principal distinction, until the use fell into abuse; and what was a private good, became both a pri-

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pots, as the following anecdote from Evelyn, who visited Florence in the year 1644, proves:—"In this palace *(Pitti)* the Grand Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at the cellar under his very house: wicker bottles dangling over even the chief entrance into the palace, serving for a vintner's bush."—Vol. I. p. 82.

* The Machiavelli family, who were staunch Guelphites, exchanged their feudal nobility for the citizenship of Florence. Nothing was more common during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries than to behold the feudal noblesse, the *Comtes Ruraux,* weary of their predatory life, and seeking at the gates of Florence to become enrolled amidst its citizens.—See *Sismondi,* Ital. Repub.

vate and public evil: and an ostentatious parade of half-empty palaces and uninhabited villas, destined to neglect by the impoverishment of the families, for whose younger and collateral branches they were intended, are all that remains of that well-founded desire to multiply *Alberghi*, which were to roof the vigorous sinews of the state. From the gates of Florence to the Apennines on one side, and to the Roman frontiers on the other, evidences of this fatal propensity meet the eye, in ruins romantically desolate, or in villas which, though sometimes occupied, are almost all neglected and dreary. Even the royal villas have something of this character; and none have wholly escaped it.* Within the city, besides the occupied palaces of the nobility, numerous edifices are to be seen, half-tenanted, over whose portals still hang suspended the three balls of the Medici,† the key of the Riccardi, the Cardinal's hat of the Capponi, and of many other families, some of whose members have attained in the last century to that dignity.

While this morbid passion for building presses upon the pecuniary circumstances of the Florentine nobility, the bad taste it has produced in the two last ages of universal degradation is at once striking and ludicrous. In the loveliest country upon earth, nature is every where displaced or neglected, to make room for the abortions of degenerated art; instead of green fences and flowery lawns, the eye rests upon hedges of granite, and terraces of marble. The shade of porticos supplies that of groves, and towers, battlements, and turrets, are substituted for old woods and young plantations, while lions prowl in plaster of Paris, eagles fly on leaden wings, and box cupids exhibit their grotesque forms amidst the verdant architecture of cypresses and of elms, cut into colonnades. In these villas the old nobles lead a life during their retreats from the heats of Florence, as anti-rural as the sites they inhabit. Here they rise early to assist at mass, in the chapel, or great *salone*, celebrated by the family chaplain; who, with one or two

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* A Florentine nobleman observed to us, that he was fully convinced of the folly of keeping a number of villas; for which reason he meant to reduce his to *four* or *five*.

† These *three balls*, which always indicate the residence of a *Medici* in Rome, as in Florence, are in fact *three pills*, the crest of the Medici, who were originally physicians. From this great mercantile and banking house, the three balls of the pawnbrokers in England were probably borrowed—the first usurers established there having been Italians.

ecclesiastical friends from Florence, makes up the principal society of the villeggiatura. A breakfast of chocolate is followed by the promenade, which is generally crept through on foot down the long straight moss-grown avenue. Dinner is served a little after mid-day; and is succeeded by a drive in the family carriage, which terminates before *twenty-four* o'clock, and brings the party home in time for the celebration of the *Rosario*, or evening service. A party at minchiate, or ombre, closes the monotonous and monastic day. The life, however, of the villeggiatura of the old system is diversified, according to the ages of the party, by devotion or by gallantry, as the influence of the confessor or the cavaliere-servante prevails; and as an opera of Rossini, or a sermon of the Padre Mognino, or Voragine, interests* the individuals who compose the evening "*crocchio*" of the rural retreat.

From these well-preserved pictures of what has been, it is delightful to turn to the originals which belong exclusively to the present day, and which promise to justify, as their ancestors did before them, that splendid eulogium passed on the nation by Pope Boniface the Eighth, that "*the Florentine nation constituted a fifth element of the universe.*" ("*La Nazione Fiorentina nelle cose umane è il quinto elemento.*") Names the most influential in Florence, by the rank, the fortune, and worth of their owners, are again blazoning forth on the lists of patriotism, and taking the surest and most indestructible means to forward national prosperity and illumination, by contributing their time, talents, and fortunes, to the promotion of national education.

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* The influential position of popular Methodist preachers in private families in Great Britain gives a perfect idea of the favourite confessors or preachers in Italy, and differs from them only in degree. It is curious also to observe, that while the recruiting officers of the disbanded forces of the Church of Rome are beating a *reveille* on the Continent, the *Church Militant of England* daily increases in the zeal of proselytism. When we were at GENEVA, the peace and unanimity of the most enlightened, the most worthy, the most truly Christian people of Europe, was for a time disturbed by the *proselyting Protestantism* of an English missionary, whose wealth provided him with more means than one of conversion. The common sense of the people obliged him to retreat, but not till he had sown the seeds of religious discord in the bosoms of many families, who, until his arrival, knew not what discord was. But this was nothing. An English Protestant Missionary visited Florence shortly after the restoration: he was one of the riders of the Bible Society, and endeavoured to distribute *Diodati's Italian Translation of the English Bible*. The truly Christian toleration of Italian Catholicism left him unmolested; but his mission failed in toto: priest for priest, and sect for sect, the Florentines preferred their own.

PUBLIC EDUCATION, to a certain extent, has been promoted in every part of Italy, and in almost all ages. For the clergy, having taken its direction into their own hands, and given it that tendency which was most useful to the interests of the Church, have considered it a branch of that charity they are called upon to preach; and have encouraged the foundation of seminaries, in which even more than the elements of instruction were gratuitously imparted. The liberality of the Tuscan merchants of the twelfth century freely seconded this disposition, or more probably acted from an independent impulse. In almost all the great communes public schools were then founded, in which reading, writing, the first operations of arithmetic, and the rudiments of Latin grammar, were taught. Leopold, sensible of the benefits derivable from such institutions, multiplied them in proportion to the necessities of his age; and thus he disseminated instruction, even through the smallest villages of Tuscany. In the year 1778, he likewise founded four girls' schools in Florence, one in each division of the city, which, under the superintendence of Marco Cavoni, acquired a consistency that has carried them through the storms of the revolution; and they now give, conjointly, instruction to about nine hundred children, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, embroidery, weaving of ribbons, linen, and cloth, both plain and figured; and they are preserved in a state of discipline, cleanliness, and silence, which is rarely maintained in such establishments. To these institutions the writers of Tuscany attribute much of the peaceable character of its citizens, and the extreme rarity of atrocious crimes; and it cannot be doubted that the supposition is well founded: but the circumstances of the present times render it necessary not to omit another condition essential to making even a good education available, and which is found also in Tuscany,—*the facility of procuring profitable work*. The peasantry are, upon the whole, well nourished and clothed, and they are not driven to dissolute courses, or to dishonest artifices, by an excess of labour, or the difficulty of supporting a reputable existence. They have the leisure to profit by their school acquirements, while they are removed from the temptations of neglecting those maxims of moral conduct that are taught in such establishments.

This superior dissemination of instruction was, however, well calculated to draw off public attention from the advantages derivable from the Lancastrian system, which has taken such general root in Europe. But a number

of young noblemen, who had witnessed the economical and literary benefits flowing from that system in the schools of mutual instruction of France and England, determined to introduce them into Florence. A considerable subscription was raised under the auspices of Signori Ridolfi, Pucci, Serristori, Tempi, Altoviti, San Galletti, and Tartini, all noblemen of the highest rank and consideration; and a school was established, in which the London system of instruction is rigorously and successfully put in practice, and in which two hundred and thirty children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Another school, conducted on similar principles, has been established, at the exclusive expense of the Count Girolamo di Bardi, which contained an hundred and twenty scholars. In this school the Count has however made some additions to the Lancastrian system, chiefly in respect of the progressive developement of mind. The arithmetical processes are demonstrated through tangible images, presented by a species of abacus; and instruction in reading and writing is made subservient to a system of information, which, beginning with physical notions of man, and of the animals and elements by which he is surrounded, leads the pupil to a knowledge of the Deity, and thus unites the two great necessities for moral conduct, *obedience* to the divine will, and *earthly happiness* resulting from its observance. There are also some peculiarities in the method of teaching to write, which are considered as improvements. We visited with great pleasure both these establishments; not only on account of the excellent personages, under whose care they had been established, and who honoured us with their friendly attentions during our visit to Florence; but for the order, cleanliness, and diligence, we found reigning within their walls, and for the pleasure of witnessing so many happy countenances with eyes beaming intelligence, and sparkling with the consciousness of deserving approbation, and obtaining distinction.

The difficulties which were to be overcome in the establishing these schools, required all the ardour and all the perseverance of their generous founders. The government has hitherto been less than neutral towards them; and though the clergy have been far from opposing that blind and besotted opposition to such establishments which disgraces the same order in France—the Ignorantins of Italy have not been altogether indifferent to their progress.

There was, besides, the *vis inertiæ* of a large mass of ignorance and prejudice to overcome among the elder nobility, who, as Petrarch has well observed on another occasion, "mistake their own indolence and slowness, for gravity and caution; and despise, with an immoveable constancy of mind, whatever they cannot be made to understand *."

Before we left Florence the Grand Duke had professed some curiosity, excited by the decisive success of the schools; but whether it was the curiosity of jealousy, or of emulation, did not appear. The Agricultural Society (Accademia de' Georgofili) also sent a commission to visit these establishments, which they wisely considered as by no means indifferent to their own immediate pursuits; and the report drawn up by the commissioners will doubtless tend to a wide dissemination of the system through the provinces. It is thus that the theoretical and abstract character of reform, which necessarily accompanied the breaking out of the revolution, has by the mere force of circumstances given place to a more practical and detailed effort at improvement; and the impetus thus given, while it is more serviceable to human happiness, is more certain in its career, and more constant to its object.

The commerce pursued by the wealthiest and most ancient families of Lombardy and Tuscany was always a subject of contempt to the feudal nobility; and most of all to the French *Preux*, who, according to Boccacio, afforded them no higher epithet than "*Cani Lombardi*," (Lombard dogs.) The false views of grandeur introduced by the German influence under the Medici, contributed also to render the Florentines ashamed of a calling which had founded the prosperity of their nation. As Dukes, Marquises, and Counts multiplied, the genuine Tuscan merchant disappeared; and trade and wealth, liberty and the arts, all fell together. Still the philosophical legislation of Leopold proved that the genius of the nation, though long latent, was not wholly extinct: under the impulse of his liberal institutes, something of the ancient spirit, ancient activity, and ancient enterprise, revived.

The late Marchese *Ginori* (a name oft repeated in Tuscan story, whose

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* "Credimi, Giovanni, molti fatti, che sono frutto di pigra mente e di ozio, sono tribuiti a gravità e consiglio. Sovente gli uomini disprezzan quello di cui vivono disperati; ed è natura dell' ignorante lo spregio di ciò che non vede, e il desiderio che niuno giunge dove egli non vale a giungere."
Lettera del Petrarcha al Boccacio, riferita nel Giorn. Arcadico, No. 1, p. 10.

ancestor was the friend and correspondent of Machiavelli), noble by birth, rich in circumstances, was among the first of the Florentine aristocracy who was roused from the luxurious lethargy in which the youth of Tuscany dreamed away life, on the flowery shores of the Arno. He employed some years in visiting foreign countries, and most particularly England. He was there struck with the benefit derived by nations from manufactures and trade; and, on his return to that country which had once set an example of commercial industry to all others, he busied himself in speculations consonant to the activity of his nature and his sentiments of patriotism. He projected a port in the marshes of Grossetto, and colonized it at his own expense. He freighted a ship to the Indies, to bring back some of its most precious natural productions; and so far back as 1765, flocks of *Angora* goats were seen grazing on the lawns of his villas. He established also a porcelain manufactory on his own estate, and within the park of his favourite seat, La Doccia*. The son and heir of this clever and excellent person was still in child-

* The late Marchese Ginori has another claim to celebrity, in the world of gallantry and literature, as the friend and *protector* (in the modish sense of the world) of the famous *Corilla*, said to be the original of Madame de Stael's *Corinna*, and the most noted *improvisatrice* of her day. Corilla was a peasant-girl of Pistoja: having discovered a poetical (or rhyming) talent, she was noticed by some gentleman in her neighbourhood, who sent her to Florence, and paid for her schooling. Her youth, beauty, and talents, captivated the heart of the Marchese Ginori: she became his pupil, his protegée, and his mistress. From his taste and liberality she enjoyed every sort of advantage but that which her frailty had forfeited; and her lover, in the vanity of his passion, took her to Rome, where, it is said, his influence, and that of Corilla's beauty on the heart of a certain *Monsignore*, rather than her genius, obtained for her the honour of a triumph denied to Tasso; and she was crowned in the Capitol, as Petrarch was in glory, and as Baraballo was in derision, by that arch mystificateur, Leo the Tenth. The Italians had already learnt to laugh at such exhibitions; and pasquinades and satires, "*comme s'il en pleuvait*," fell on the head of the Sibyl, and of Monsignore, her reverend Protector.† Shortly after, the Marchese Ginori, obliged by his rank and fortune to make a suitable alliance, married the mother of the present Marquis, a Lady of an illustrious house, and *Maggiordoma* to the Archduchess. On this occasion, he settled a handsome income on the *Corilla*, who, for the rest of her life, lived *senza suggezione*. She died in 1798; and General Miollis, who then com-

† One of these epigrams ran as follows:

"Ordina e vuole, Monsignor Mazzei,
Che sia cinta Corilla del alloro,
E non si tirin buccie, e pomidoro
Sotto la pene di baiocchi sei."

hood when the Revolution broke out. Involved in all the inevitable activity and vicissitude of that energizing period, he added to his father's example the benefit of a liberal education; and the results of both were alike favourable to his own and to his country's interests. The present *Marchese Ginori* visited France and England, the manufactories of Wedgwood and Sevres; and the establishment of his father, which was little more at his death than the concern of an amateur, became a successful competitor with the most perfect in Europe. With a large private property, and a noble name, this worthy descendant of the Ginori of the fifteenth century, was not ashamed to present himself as a manufacturer, and to mingle the pursuits of a man of fashion with those of a merchant. While hundreds are maintained by this establishment, a considerable addition is made to the revenue of the proprietor. But though this be a consideration rarely neglected by Florentines of any rank, (who are accused, even by each other, of never suffering the *main chance* to slumber,) still the manufactory of *La Doccia* has nothing of the sordid character of a mere tradesman's speculation. It is evidently the passion of a man of taste—the object of a benevolent citizen, seconded by a liberal fortune, and ennobled by patriotic intentions, and by liberal and philosophical views. This manufactory forms an extensive colony, within the proprietor's own demesne, a few miles from Florence. The families of the workmen are lodged in small and pretty buildings round the establishment, with all the advantages of cleanliness, comfort, and newly introduced accommodations. There is an admirable school for the children—for the youths educated to succeed their fathers; there are also schools for drawing, and other arts connected with the trade. To these a musical academy is added for recreation: concerts are performed twice a week by the pupils, and balls are frequently given, in order to substitute innocent amusement for the dissipations of the wine-house, or the idleness of the city. A handsome gallery occupies the centre of the establishment, which is filled with casts from the antique; and the classical groups executed in the beautiful biscuit of La Doccia, bear evidence of its being frequently consulted.

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manded the French Republican Army in Italy, placed an inscription over the door of her house in the Strada Forche, where future Corinnas may read, in large characters, that

"Qui abito Corilla in Seccolo
Decimo nono."

Of the blessed results, in a moral point of view, of this noble establishment, we had a full opportunity of judging during our visit to *La Doccia*, and our intercourse with its hospitable master. We happened to arrive there on a Sunday, and were forcibly struck, as we approached the manufactory, by the appearance of the groups seated beneath the sheds of their comfortable cottages. There was nothing of the squalor so often visible in manufacturing districts, where confinement and labour are only exchanged for licentiousness and intoxication—all were in gala dresses, the youth of both sexes remarkably healthy and fresh, and the elders respectable, both in their appearance and manner. The Marchese Ginori, who accompanied us, addressed them by name, as we drove slowly along; and as they familiarly walked beside the carriage, with their hands leaning on the windows, he reminded them of the ball which was to be given in the evening at the villa—a reminiscence evidently unnecessary, though kind, as they were all dressed for the occasion; and many asked him if they might come after the benediction (given after sun-set). We had, in fact, scarcely risen from dinner, and were taking coffee in one of the many old-fashioned salons of this very antiquated chateau, when the green before the window was overspread with the eager guests invited to the expected ball. Though the sun still lingered on the Val d'Arno *, Signore Ginori ordered the villa to be lighted, which it was with a profusion of wax-lights; and the peasantry and manufacturers were permitted to enter. They wandered through the various apartments, and chose the amusement which best suited their age and taste. The male elders sat down to cards; many of the youth assembled round the billiard-table; but the greater number of both sexes adjourned to the gran sala or ball-room, where the musical

* This visit was paid to the Doccia in the month of November; and, according to the primitive villa habits of Tuscany, we dined at three o'clock. The evening was intensely cold, and we were struck upon this occasion, as upon many similar ones, by the insensibility of the Italians to the influence of cold. For our accommodation, a wood fire was lighted in one of the few hearths which this large fabrick contained; but no one ventured to approach it, except ourselves. When the Russian Czar, Paul the First, visited Florence, he went shuddering about from sight to sight, observing, "In Russia one sees the cold—in Italy one feels it." The common people of Tuscany only approach fire for culinary purposes, and females of all ranks move about with their *caldanini* † hanging on their arms. When seated, they place it under their petticoats; and this, in the extremest cold, is the only artificial heat they resort to.

† A sort of earthen porringer filled with the hot ashes of charcoal.

pupils of the manufactory (the only band of the evening) were performing some pieces of music, previous to the commencement of the dance. As the evening closed in, guests of higher rank arrived—the nobility who were at the villas in the neighbourhood*, the gentry and opulent farmers of the adjacent *poderi*, that class of rural residents who now lead in their villas a life of great gaiety and hospitality; the true *senza suggezione* — strongly opposed to the monotonous dulness of the old *ultra-villeggiatura* of the high noblesse. It was delightful to observe that almost all the mothers were accompanied by their daughters—some children, and some lovely girls of that beautiful age, which in England gives life and grace to every assembly. As their bright Italian eyes sparkled, and their rich complexions glowed with the pleasure and exercise of the dance, it was impossible not to contrast them with the pale, moping *signorine*, whose heads are seen poking over the high casements of their noble parents' palaces in Florence. The ball opened with the *Trescone*, the national dance of Tuscany, as the *Monferina* is of Piedmont. The nobles, gentry, manufacturers and peasantry, all mingling and dancing promiscuously with the children of all ranks, made a very animated part of this national ballet. Then came French quadrilles, English country-dances, and waltzes—all punctually executed as to the figure, and with an *à plomb*, that made amends for the absence of more airy graces. The refreshments were abundant, and peculiar to the country. They consisted of light

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* The condescension and kindness of the upper classes in Italy to their inferiors and domestics surpasses even that of the French:—the great line of demarkation is drawn between the nobility and the cittadini; because in these ranks refinement and education have left none, but those which *conventional* habits dictate. The term "*caro*," or "*amico mio*," is constantly applied to servants; and it is not unusual to see a lady, when she stops to *prender il fresco* (inhale the air) on the Corso at Florence, conversing familiarly with the footman who leans over the back of her open carriage "*senza suggezione*;" and yet not the slightest impropriety is ever known to ensue. On our own experience, the fidelity, worth, and respectability of the Florentine servants is most remarkable; and we parted with our Tuscan valet, after nearly a year's service, with the same regret we should have parted with a friend. Many persons of respectable line in life, reduced by the vicissitudes of the late rapid changes, seek domestic service as an only resource against poverty. We were recommended to a person at Milan, who accompanied us to Como, and undertook *to cook*, besides various other *scrub-like* occupations. But observing that he paid much attention to some scores of Rossini, which lay always open on the kitchen table, and that cutlets burnt whilst *cantabili* were singing, I one day hinted my suspicion, that we had the *prémices* of his culinary efforts; and as he succeeded equally ill in every other department, I asked candidly what he was—he replied with sang froid, while he tossed a frittura, "Io, Signora! Io son il primo Tenore dell' opera di Bergamo," (I! I am the first tenor singer of the opera of Bergamo.)

wines of all sorts, chesnuts, and sweet cakes: ices, lemonades, and sweetmeats, were served to the higher class of visitants. I observed upon this occasion, as upon every other, where an opportunity of seeing the Tuscan peasantry was afforded, that much of what has been said of their personal beauty, and the elegance of their costume, is extremely exaggerated *. It was in vain that black velvet slippers set off feet, whose breadth and size they could not reduce; that clumsy waists were vested in coloured bodices; that short thick necks were encircled with coral and pearl, or large heads adorned with shining combs; and that gloved hands clenched sparkling fans: still the utmost praise due to their person was, that they were sometimes comely—and to their dresses, that they indicated rural prosperity. Beauty and elegance are, to a certain degree, moral qualities; and though the natural physiognomy of a race may tend towards both, yet hard labour and profound ignorance are strong opponents to them. The Tuscan peasantry are laborious, superstitious, and frequently penurious: they rarely avail themselves of the bounty of their teeming soil †; but exchanging their rich grain for pearl and coral (the property of a degraded people), they deprive themselves of one of the greatest sources of beauty—good living.

* The aspect, dress, morals, and manners of the Tuscan peasantry vary according to the district they inhabit, and depend upon the physical qualities of their geographical position ‡. The inhabitants of the skirts of the Apennines differ much from those of the vallies; and the natives of the sea-coast from both. As far as our experience went, they appeared, generally speaking, brusque and rude, but gay and cheerful—the women resembling Welsh peasants; fresh and chubby, tight in their dress, and universally wearing little round black beaver hats with high crowns, and a stiff plume of black feathers. Their gala dress is principally characterized by a profusion of ribbons floating from their shoulders, their waists, and their sleeves. The beaver hat is then replaced by combs and bodkins; and at all times their necks are encircled with pearl and coral—usually an heir-loom of many generations' descent, but occasionally the purchase of years of labour, and the most rigid economy.

† The Tuscan corn, no less celebrated than the Tuscan grape, and so praised by Pliny, is sold to France at *three times* its home value. The abstemious farmers, who thus dispose of it, make their *polenta* of India corn, mixed up with beans. They rarely taste meat, but in the flavour of their soups, and on Sundays, when they have a sort of *macedoine* of flesh and vegetables. They are fond of potatoes, which, like every thing else, they season with oil. To milk and butter they are strangers. If offered the former to drink, they refuse it, saying "*Non sono ammalato*"—"I am not ill." We could rarely procure either in travelling from Florence to Rome. The cheese and butter used at Florence by the upper classes, come from Modena and Parma.

‡ The *contadini* of the neighbourhood of Florence are said to be corrupt and wealthy, and to abound in pearl and frailties. Those of the mountains of Pistoja, who are frugal, and live upon chesnuts, are robust, handsome, and active. Those of Leghorn are remarkable for their pretty costume, their little straw hats and flowers, recalling something of Mrs. Radcliffe's picture of a Tuscan Peasant.

It is a splendid gratification to be permitted to loiter among the wonders of the gallery of Florence, to visit its superb religious temples, and to tread the ground which Dante, Petrarch, and Boccacio trod before us;—but in the sum of our enjoyments, during our truly delightful residence at Florence, I remember nothing comparable to the impressions received at the rural ball of *La Doccia*.*

During our residence at Florence, society both Italian and foreign was refined, gay, and frequent; several British and some foreign† ladies had

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* In rambling through the grounds of La Doccia and their environs, it is no unusual thing to see groups of English sportsmen with packs of English-bred hounds, giving the view-hollow, or galloping in at the death; the Marchese Ginori having granted permission to Lord Burghersh (the most popular Ambassador in Italy) to hunt on his domains. The Marchese is himself a keen sportsman, and it has happened to us to see him in the morning visit his manufactory in the dress of "*Daddy Hawthorn*," and to have met him at night in his box at the Opera, in his full court costume, in waiting on the Grand Duke as Chamberlain—for the whole of the high nobility of Florence were made *Chamberlains* on the restoration of the Sovereign;—probably as a means of securing their allegiance. In gratefully alluding to the hospitality which we received at the hands of the Marchese Ginori, both in town and country, it may not be mal-à-propos to observe that much of the imputations thrown out against the want of hospitality in Italy, particularly Northern Italy, is unfounded. Foreigners from all parts of the world flock to Italy, and staying just long enough to see the *sights* peculiar to each city, move on. The Italians call this the "*passage of the Swallows*," and demand whether they are called on to ruin themselves by entertaining the "successive flights, which, perching for a moment on their soil, are off before time be allowed to discover their claims to attention." The Florentines are reckoned the least hospitable of any of the Italians (the Romans excepted), and the testimony of some English families long resident among them, who all assured us they never had dined in a Florentine house, seems to give colour to the imputation. To speak, however, *on our own experience*, we received the most substantial proofs of national hospitality in various ways. One gentleman would not hear of our jobbing horses, and obliged us to make use of his; another assigned us a handsome suite of apartments in his house, and would not hear of any remuneration (and this gentleman was of the respectable class of Cittadini): we had the use of boxes at both the Operas, and were supplied with books most liberally, both from private and public libraries, upon subjects which most interested us, and forwarded the object of the present work. I believe few persons properly recommended, and, above all, known to be of liberal principles, and to possess any literary name, will find just grounds of complaint against Italian hospitality—but much depends upon the set, or circle, on which the traveller falls.

† Some of these were Poles, the most charming, and in many instances the most enlightened women of the Continent. Whoever had the happiness of frequenting the circle of the Princess Jablonowska, at Paris, may find in that accomplished Lady an epitome of the graces and the cultivation of her fair countrywomen. The Polish women are all patriots; and if the liberation of their un-

weekly soirées, characterized by an ease and unostentatious enjoyment unknown in their native homes; where the struggles for *bon ton* and the *gêne* of etiquette operate so unfavourably upon true social enjoyment. The diplomatic hotels naturally took the lead; and it is but just to say that, at Florence, the Ministerial doors of Embassy flew open to guests, whose known political principles elsewhere would have barred their entrance. Perhaps it was the air of Tuscany, which permits no bitter feeling to lurk in the mind, and dissipates bile and party prejudice together;—perhaps it was the "*juice of the Tuscan grape,*" that operated with salutary influence on the moral as on the physical constitution, and turned the gall of politics to the "*milk of human kindness.*" But why pause over causes while enjoying effects? It is pleasanter and wiser to detail the social pleasures of Florence, of which all seemed to partake, than to seek for the reason of their existence.

In the diplomatic circles of Tuscany, during our residence there, the society of the British Embassy was pre-eminently brilliant and numerous; and in the splendid salons of Lord and Lady Burghersh, British hospitality found its best representation. There tory met whig in amicable discussion on the merits of the Niobe*—Irish Lords-Lieutenant forgot the state and dignity of office in the ease of the private traveller—French ultras shook hands in temporary truce with jacobin authors—Romanticists and Classicists affected to forget their

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happy country depended upon them, Poland would soon take that rank among nations, of which it has been deprived by the infamous coalition of Russia, Prussia, and Austria.—Among the illustrious Foreigners, who added to the passing groups of Florentine society, while we resided at Florence, were the Duke and Duchess of Alva (and Berwick) a favourable specimen of the Grandees of Spain. The Duke appeared to us as conversant with modern English literature, as if he had been in the habit of haunting the best circles in London or Edinburgh. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Wirtemberg were also then at Florence, affording every where the example of the most perfect domestic happiness and domestic virtue, and surrounded by their children and a little circle of accomplished persons, forming a court to which republicanism itself might be ambitious to belong; among these was Monsieur Matheuson, the popular German author, and a most amiable man. The conversation of the Duchess of Wirtemberg recalls by its brilliancy and vivacity the best days of female wit in France. Her information is extensive, and she shews a feeling and sensibility which render even the *crime* of knowledge pardonable in a pretty woman. It is a pleasant thing to be forced, by the tyranny of truth, to speak well of Sovereigns! such as Henry the Fourth! Joseph! and Leopold! and by the evidence of experience, to be enabled to praise the virtues and acquirements of Princes.

* Casts of the Niobe group decorate the ambassadors' saloon,—they were a present from the Grand Duke.

feuds, and the *Trecentisti* moved in the same quadrille with the *Della-Cruscans*, though *Boccacio* left no precedent for the figure, and *Monti* had not sanctioned the terms of its changes. There good dinners left no difference of opinion in the minds of the guests; and good music, of English composition, was encored most liberally by an Italian audience. In a word, diplomacy lost nothing by the liberality of the minister; and English character gained as much by the kindness and cordiality of the host, as by the graces of the hostess.—We were too frequently guests at the hospitable table of the Swedish Ambassador and his Lady (M. and Madame Laggersward), and too often partook of the intellectual enjoyments of their circle, not to seize on the opportunity afforded us of acknowledging, in these pages, our sense of their kindness, our admiration of their virtues; and of recalling to their recollection (should this work meet their eye) persons whom their society impressed with recollections the most gracious to cherish, and the most gratifying to recall.* But there is a house open in Florence, which has a character and interest peculiarly its own; through which all Europe passes, on its way to various destinations; which is entered with intense curiosity, and left (to speak from the conviction of my own feelings) with infinite regret—I mean the little palace on the Lung-Arno, where, on Saturday evenings, a congress, more strictly European than that of Laybach, assembles, to offer its homage to the only *legitimate Queen*, who unites the suffrages of all parties in her favour—the widow of that *true legitimate*, James the Third of England—Louisa, Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany. This lady has, however, another, and perhaps a deeper claim to interest, than these titles give her, as being the "*mia Donna*" of Alfieri, his destiny and muse; the only woman whose "*aurea catena*" could bind that vagrant heart in eternal fetters, which none before could fix—the woman, without whose friendship, he observes, he never could have effected aught of great or good ("*senza la quella non avrei mai fatto nulla di buono.*") Alfieri's description of his first interview with Madame d'Albany (or, as he terms her, "*quella gentilissima e bella signora*") is feeling and poetical. He describes the fair young German princess as a stranger in the midst of strangers, distinguished above all, attracting all, and served by all, till even his sentimental cynicism and morbid shyness yielded to the

* The French Ambassador had just left Florence as we arrived there. There was likewise no Court held, as the Royal Family only *receive* during the carnival.

spell of her personal and intellectual charms: and the destiny of one *(hitherto his own fate)* became dependant on the will of another, and that other a young and unhappy woman.*

I went to my first interview with this illustrious lady, impressed with the sense of all the respect due to my legitimate Queen, but still more with the recollection of that sweet picture drawn of her by ALFIERI, in colours over which time holds no jurisdiction. "*Un dolce foco negli occhi nerissimi, accopia con candidissima pelle e biondi capelli, davano alla di lei bellezza un risalto, di cui difficile era di non rimanere colpito e conquisto.*"† Time has spared so much of the rudiments of this fair portrait in the original, that it would be neither just nor civil to record the thefts which he may have committed; but enough remains to judge of the fidelity of the drawing. If the "*dolce foco*" of the dark eyes has lost something of its lustre, the "*candidissima pelle*" still remains, and the intellect which gave a charm to all, brightened by time, retains all the force and freshness of youth; while a manner at once energetic and simple, possesses a peculiar charm to those with whom she converses *à demi voix* in the midst of her rather formal circle‡—a charm which is infinitely

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* The Countess D'Albany was driven to seek the asylum of a convent, to escape from the brutality of her husband. Alfieri has immortalized the coarse licentiousness of this legitimate sot, who lived in a perpetual state of inebriety; but lest the evidence of a rival should be doubted, the testimony of some of his contemporaries at Rome and Florence may be taken. His brother, the Cardinal York, was just a degree less contemptible; for he has left a wretched character behind him. He is saidto have been feeble, sordid, and bigoted. So, indeed, was the whole race of Stuarts, from the time of James the First of England, the most degenerating and degenerated royal stock of Europe.

† "A mild fire played in her dark eyes, and, united with her pure complexion and fair hair, gave a relief to her beauty, by which it was difficult not to have been struck and conquered."

‡ It was my good fortune frequently to occupy the place next to Madame D'Albany (who habitually sits at the head of a very court-like circle), and to enjoy her most pleasant conversation, which, besides being replete with acute and humorous observation, sometimes turned on Alfieri. She spoke of him with an unaffected simplicity, the very opposite of the sentimental jargon ascribed to her by many English travellers, some of whom, she assured me, had never even seen her. The story of his death-bed horrors, and his sudden conversion by a celebrated ecclesiastic, she told me, was utterly false: she confessed, that, when he was dying, some devotees got about him to induce him to submit to the rites of the Catholic Church, and *Padre Canovai*, a monk of the order of the Scuole-pie, entered his room without ceremony when he was expiring, and stood at the foot of his bed in all the appalling pomp belonging to the ceremonies of death. At that moment Alfieri raised his glazed eyes—bowed his head—and died. Out of this simple incident, the story of his

delightful in the unceremonious morning receptions of her elegant library. Between this distinguished Lady, this feudal Princess, and legitimate Queen, and the anathematized Author of "*France*," it cannot be supposed much congeniality of opinion could exist: it is therefore the more gracious to add,—that the dissonance did not prevent the existence of some sympathy in sentiment and taste, and that the attention with which Madame D'Albany honoured her from the first day of her arrival to the last of her residence in Florence, was productive of the very greatest advantage in every possible way. Madame D'Albany is the *Queen of Florence*, and her notice or neglect can always influence the character of the stranger's sojourn in that interesting capital, however brief or permanent it may be.

While the whole population of Tuscany has greatly benefited by the reformations of Leopold, and the radical changes effected under the French, that large, that respectable and influential body of the people, which now, for the first time in Italy, takes the title of the *middle class of society*, has been the most essential gainer. This branch of the improved social system, composed of the liberal professions, the agricultural and commercial interests, can never again submit unrepiningly to the abuses in government and perversion of religion, which harassed and debased their immediate ancestors; and if they now appear less prompt and less energetic in the cause of reformation than the Piedmontese, the Milanese, Bolognese, &c. it must be remembered that their stimuli are less, and their causes of complaint fewer. Their delicious climate—their lovely country—their teeming soil—the evident good intentions of their ministers, and the acknowledged mildness and humanity of their amiable but misled sovereign, combine to assuage, though not to obliterate the conviction, that they are living under a pure, unmixed, and bigoted despotism, where the life of the subject is only secured by the humanity of the Prince, and where the absolute will of an *individual* is only guarded against by his constitutional benevolence. But of all the classes of Flo-

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"*vision*," and many other fables, arose. Talking one night with Madame D'Albany on the genius for novel-writing, once so prevalent in Italy, now so lost, she assured me that Alfieri often said to her—"I mean to revive the taste for novels in Italy; but I reserve the pleasure of writing them for my old age." Alfieri, at any age, would never have written a good novel; but he would have composed charming romances!—Madame D'Albany still reads a great deal; and that passion for the fine arts ascribed to her by Alfieri, still exists, to judge by the excellent pictures of her library. She has one talent that is worth twenty others. She knows *how to laugh*, and *at whom*, right well!

rentine population, that which seems the least to have submitted to change in habit and manner (however principles and prejudices may be shaken), and to have retained the genuine tint of the old Medicean regime, is the petty trader, or shopkeeper. From his luxurious indolence, his *laissez-faire* mode of existence, no interest can rouse, no speculation can awaken him. He lounges on from day to day, and sells, or sleeps, as the Destinies decree! At the *Tocco* (as one o'clock *p. m.* is termed in Florence,) he shuts up his shop, which is not always his domicile, and retires to dine and dose for as long a time as appetite or weariness may induce. I remember giving a commission to one of the many goldsmiths who inhabit the *ponte vecchio*, and occupy the same sort of wooden bulks that roofed the ingenious *orefici* of former ages, which, by the manner and tardiness of its execution, illustrates the facts alluded to. Having explained most circumstantially the nature of the ornament I bespoke, sketched it with my pencil, and cut it out with my scissors, I left him with the full conviction that my order was understood, and would be well executed—a conviction impressed by the manner in which it was received; for while I stood before him, in all the eagerness of detail suited to the importance of the subject, he was squatted in an easy chair, in a fine breathing heat after his siesta!—his thumbs twirling, his eyes closing, and his answers laconically confined to "*Sara fatto!*" ("It shall be done!") repeated every second. Calling on the following day to see how "*sara fatto*" was going on; to my inquiries the only answer I could obtain was, "*Veramente non mi ricordo niente, Signora mia,*" ("Truly I remember nothing of all this, my lady.") To stimulate his memory for the future, I wrote down the order in the best Italian I could muster; and the day was fixed for the delivery of the article, with a promise of punctuality, which all the saints were called on to witness; but that day, and many a following one passed, and the answer to all inquiries was, "*Sara fatto,*" and "*Pazienza, Signora cara mia!*" My *patience* and residence at Florence had nearly however expired together, when, a day or two before our departure, "*sara fatto*" entered my room with the long-expected *bandeau* glittering between his finger and thumb; and with a look of the most obvious triumph distending his apoplectic face, he exclaimed, "*Mirate, Signora! che gran bella cosa!! Questa è cosa per far stupire!! veramente è degna di nostro divino Benvenuto Cellini!!!** His self-approbation

* "See, Madam, what a beautiful thing!—a marvellous work! and worthy of our divine Benvenuto Cellini."

had now banished the languor of his habitual indolence; and the naïveté and hyperbole with which he applauded his own work, resembled the very manner, in the self-same dialect, with which "*Nostro divino Benvenuto*" charms his readers, and leads them back to the frank simplicity of the sixteenth century.*

In Florence, as elsewhere in Italy, the French shop is the shop of fashion: here silks and velvets, from Lyons, are sold to the descendants of those Tuscan manufacturers†, whose looms supplied all Europe. The beautiful straw-hat of Leghorn is laid aside, in favour of the *demireps chapeau (si distingué!!)* of the Palais Royal! Here Roman pearls are purchased, fabricated in the *Rue Saint Denis;* and jewelry is cheapened from the *Quai des Orfèvres,* within view of the shop of Cellini. Here English beauties halt and gossip in their lounge on the *Lung-Arno!* and Irish beaux bestow all their Italian on the little *soubrettes* behind the counters, who, "*nées natives de Paris,*" understand nothing but French!

THE THEATRES of Florence are scarcely worth mentioning. The Grand Opera of the Argentino, and the Comic Opera of the Cocomero‡, were both ill appointed, when we were there. At the former, the very tiresome opera of the Ciabatino Medico was played nightly, for two or three months; and the chief attraction was a very indifferent ballet; the principal interest of

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* It is curious to contrast these Italian specimens of the worn-out dynasty of the once important and ingenious goldsmiths, chasers, and jewellers of the sixteenth century, with persons of the same profession in Geneva, who now unite the dignity of the arts with the speculations of trade, and who, from their *Magazins d'Horlogiere,* in some retired court of their ancient *Calvinistical* city, send their precious commodities to all parts of the known world, in spite of the jealous restrictions with which modern policy combats their ingenuity. The Author of this work has spent many an amusing half-hour in the curious ware-rooms of *M. Bautte,* of Geneva, where the various degrees of civilization attained to "*from Indus to the Pole*" may be read, in orders received from Ispahan and Kamtschatka; and where the diplomacy of Europe may be traced through a series of toys, trinkets, and baubles, which form a prominent part of the "*secrets de tous les cabinets,*" and which may serve indifferently to deck a lady's toilet, or decide the fate of nations.

† On some of the ancient palaces in Florence may still be seen, sculptured over the great entrance, the sign of the *Ram,* the usual symbol of the woollen-manufactures of Florence, which was imported with the Italian looms into England.

‡ This word, pronounced by the Florentines *hoghomero,* gives the whole vice of their very ungracious pronunciation, which is as guttural as German. The Tuscan voice is most unmusical, and its inflexions sometimes produce an alto squall (particularly in the men), that sounds most disagreeably to foreign ears. The Roman voice sounds like the music of the spheres, after the Florentine organ. The "Dolce susurro lusingando" of Tasso would be as easily found on the banks of the Shannon as on the banks of the Arno.

which lay in the trotting of some heavy German horses round the stage, and the bloody spectacle of a human heart, presented to the heroine by her butcherly husband, as torn from the breast of her lover. The bad taste of introducing such horrors into ballets and melodrames is evident, and much too frequent. One may soon expect to see maîtres du ballet seeking for subjects in the State Trials, and the corps d'opera dancing through the whole of the Newgate Calendar. Although we heard some charming amateur music in Florence, the art is much fallen, in a city which gave birth to *Cherubini*, whose music, however, has as little popularity there as the immortal Mozart's. But music never was the talent of the Florentines; and it appears to be less so now than ever. Rossini alone commands their attention and applause. The Grand Duke, and his family and court, attend the opera almost nightly; but the moment his Imperial Highness's supper-hour arrives, he departs, though the scene be the most interesting, or the song the best executed of the piece. The young and very amiable Archduchess Louisa submits to this *Cinderella* penalty with great good-humour, and is said scarcely ever to have seen an opera through. The Royal Family arrive and depart without causing the slightest sensation in the house:—not that they are unpopular, quite the contrary; for they are all amiable and conciliating, and exemplary for their domestic virtues: but there is none of that affected and disgusting loyalty to be found in Italy, which evaporates in sycophancy and servility in other countries. The Italians are, in this respect, the most dignified people in Europe.* The Grand Duke frequently visits the boxes of those of the nobility with whom he is intimate; and is received without any of that trepidation of delight, which would give a French Ultra *the ague*, should a Royal Prince leave his box of state to visit him. His Imperial Highness drives through the city with his

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* We were one morning accompanied by the Count *Girolamo di Bardi*, visiting that superb Museum of which he is the very able director. When entering one of the cabinets, we saw a young gentleman deeply occupied with some specimens of natural history, which had just arrived from the Brazils, and pointing out their peculiarities to a person who accompanied him. Count di Bardi left us for a moment to address him, when he returned to conduct us out; which he insisted on doing, with the usual Italian ceremoniousness, even to the door. We begged him to return to the gentleman whom he had left in the cabinet. He said, "he meant to do so immediately; for it was the *Hereditary Prince*, who had come by appointment to see some birds which were just added to the collection. But such (he added) is his Royal Highness's ardour in the pursuit of science, and love of natural history, that, upon such occasions, he always is the first at the place of *rendezvous*." There was in all this a noble simplicity *de part et d'autre*, which I could not help contrasting with a supposed visit of the Heir Apparent of France to one of the *Musées*, or one of the Members of the Institut at Paris!!!

daughter, almost like a private gentleman: he is never surrounded by any of those galloping Lancers with spears poised, or fierce Hussars with swords drawn, who run over old women in the streets of Paris, or precede Monsieur Chateaubriand's* MADEMOISELLE (aged nine months) "in her *white frock and black coach!*"—a sight which he declares has more effect upon the good Parisians than all "Bonaparte's triumphant exhibitions after his greatest victories."†

Law of Florence.

IT is commonly observed, that the Revolution had been effected in Florence from the time of Leopold; and that the Tuscans had little to gain by the changes proposed to them by the French. This, in point of fact, was true: the salutary reforms which had taken place in some of the grosser abuses, the force of opinion, and the spontaneous activity of the system which Leopold had set in motion, and, above all, the gentle and mild manners of the people, had conspired to render the government of this country sufficiently gentle; while the climate, and the terms on which the cultivators of the soil hold their lands, gave an ample supply of first necessaries, to every one not totally averse from habits of industry. The general condition of the people was therefore easy; and if the laws were not calculated to develope the commercial or the intellectual energies of the population, their administration was much better than their intrinsic spirit. This sort of fat and contented ignorance and indolence is not, however, the condition which an enlightened monarch, as a philosopher, would wish for his country; and the following statement will shew that even this low degree of excellence was in close dependance on the character of the sovereign, and was open to destruction with the slightest breathings of a less benevolent ruler.

The Grand Duke Leopold had abolished the torture, the admission of *privileged* or inadequate proofs, in matters between the crown and the subject, the lax construction of treason, and capital punishment. The system of jurisprudence thus established remains, for the most part, in actual vigour, ex-

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* See M. Chateaubriand's eloquent description of MADEMOISELLE, the Duchess de Berri's infant daughter, going to take a drive with her nurse, "*toute vêtue de blanc, dans une grande voiture de deuil.*" Mémoires de S. A. R. Le Duc de Berri—the most amusing book that ever was written upon a tragical subject!

† "Ceux-là (the Parisians) reconnaissent qu'il-y-a quelque chose de plus fort que l'usurpation et a fortune; c'est, la *legitimité et le malheur*,"—*in a white frock and a black coach.*

cept that the punishment of death was re-enacted, in a few special cases, by Ferdinand, the successor of Leopold. The practice of the Law courts of France introduced the publicity of trials, upon the arrival of the French; but the preliminary informations, the most important part of a process, remain in the charge of a Cancelliere, or notary public, who has a discretionary power of punishing a prisoner, if he does not answer to his satisfaction, by secret imprisonment and fasting. At the same time, it is not permitted to print the motives which actuate the judge in his determinations.

In cases not contemplated by the penal code, the President of Police has the power of applying extraordinary punishments. He has likewise the discretion of instituting secret or *œconomic* processes, in which the Grand Duke evokes to himself, and determines arbitrarily; and he exercises a power to fine, whip, or send to the gallies. The President of Police can arrest citizens in their own houses, and during the night; and upon suspicion, or on secret information, he can commit them to a house of correction, or force them into the military service—as in the case of the *discolato*, that is, of abandoned immoral conduct, or abstinence from religious duties; a practice the more dangerous to personal liberty, from its execution being committed to the most subaltern agents of the police.

In ecclesiastical matters, the abolition of the Inquisition, of the nunciature, of the mortmain, the restraints imposed upon the cupidity of the Church, the submission of its property to public burdens, the suppression of nearly all the dues payable to the court of Rome and diminution of convents and confraternities, the limitation of the authority of Bishops to matters purely spiritual or of ecclesiastical discipline, the prohibition of monastic vows before years of discretion and without previous long noviciates, were among the chief reforms introduced by Leopold. The French totally suppressed the monasteries. Since the Restoration they have in part been revived; but as the revenues of these institutions have, for the most part, been sequestered, it is chiefly among the begging orders of Franciscans and Dominicans that these revivals have taken place. The concurrence of these monks with the distressed and miserable lay-beggars, combined with the unequivocal resistance of public opinion, tends powerfully to shorten the duration of that unnatural existence they have received from the juggling spell of legitimacy; and the sooner they return to the annihilation from which they have been so mal-à-propos recalled, the better for all parties. As agents of deception, they are no longer available; and as a part of the political hierarchy, they bring more

scorn and contempt upon the government that upholds them, than can be compensated by any feeble services they may yet retain the power to bestow. For the rest, the Revolution effected by Leopold, and which, it is supposed, eventually cost him his life, yet maintains itself in vigour, and there are few Catholic churches more free from abuse than that of Florence. At Leghorn, almost all religions are tolerated, and Jews are permitted to reside even in Florence, Pisa, and Siena. Individuals who abstain from public worship, and do not profess Catholicism, are, however, excluded from holding profitable places under the state.

A multitude of laws, emanating, within eighty years, from the three Grand Dukes of the Austrian family, were collected in several great volumes. A code of civil procedure has also been published since the Restoration by Ferdinand the Third. The code of Justinian, together with the digest, regulate the interests and right of property of individuals, and of public bodies; the rights of the communes (established as a step towards a representative system, but abolished by the French,) not having been restored.

The delay of the law is very great; and notwithstanding a positive injunction, directing all processes to be concluded in a few months, there are few cases determined under three years. The heaviness of the extra-judicial expenses of the law renders contests for small matters ruinous even to the victor. Not unfrequently, both in matters of grace and of justice, recourse is had immediately to the Prince, when the result is uncertain. The ministers have the power of cutting short such supplications on a plea of informality; but, generally, the Prince replies by a "*Vista*" or a "*Referito agli ordini*," which amounts to a negative, without any reason being assigned to the postulant; and this is the utmost limit of the right of petition.

Foreigners are generally treated, in respect to the right of acquiring property, on a footing of equality with Florentines in the nations to which they belong, independently of any treaty between the two countries.

The Government of Tuscany is purely monarchical. All feudal rights were abolished by the Grand Duke Francis, and all annexed privileges of nobility, and majorats were forbidden. The Florentine Senate (long a mere shadow) was not revived at the Restoration; so that the Grand Duke is amongst the most arbitrary sovereigns of Europe, and has no check to his administration, but that which promises to become the most efficient of all—public opinion.

*Tuscan Statistics.**

After the enactment of Leopold's laws, giving a free circulation to every species of product, &c. &c. the peasant being exempt from oppression and from excessive imposts, Agriculture made a rapid and vigorous stride in Tuscany. The most usual practice in letting land is to divide the produce between landlord and tenant, for the most part, in equal moieties. The proprietor at the same time advances capital for manuring, &c.; and half of this advance is repaid by the cultivator, in kind, at the ensuing harvest. Another sum is also generally advanced for trading in cattle, which is managed by the cultivator; he going halves in profit and in risk. The breed of black cattle thus produced supplies the principal animal food used by the population, and also the requisite number of beasts for the plough and for land carriage.

Sheep, in general, are well managed; but the difficulty of finding pasture sufficient to feed extensive flocks, and consequently of reducing the charge of attendance, exposes the animal to accident and disease, and diminishes the profit upon this branch of industry. In the mountains, however, there are numerous flocks, which, during the winter, are driven to the marshes, where the merino finds a healthy pasturage, and the breed has been extensively increased, since a law of Ferdinand's has permitted the export of wool. There are several breeds of horses in Tuscany; but, except the *royal race*, which sometimes produces good horses, the animals are, in general, of an inferior quality, and quite unfit for purposes of luxury. In the provinces, where woods are extensive, there is carried on a great commerce in pigs, which feed on the mast. Much pork is consumed in the home-market, and no inconsiderable quantity salted for exportation. In the marshes there are herds of buffaloes; and at Pisa, between two and three hundred camels (a race introduced by the Medici from Africa) are employed in the carriage of goods.

In general, the soil is divided into fields; where, (besides the cerealia, leguminosa, and grasses,) vines, olives, and various fruit-trees, are cultivated

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* Some apology may be deemed necessary for the introduction of these imperfect "notes." Independently of a consciousness of habits ill suited to an adequate judgment on matters of rural and commercial œconomy, the Author has been held back from giving greater extent to his remarks, by a conviction that few good libraries are without Monsieur Chateauvieux's admirable work on Italy, in which the subject has been fully and ably treated. At the same time it is hoped that a few facts, obtained from undeniable sources, may be acceptable to the general reader, although neither complete in their series, nor scientifically put together.

to advantage. It is this mixed culture which determines the custom of dividing profits. In some parts of Tuscany, where the agriculture is more simple, other usages subsist. In some of the vallies seventeen different sorts of grain are committed to the earth; but the general favourites are four varieties of wheat, maize, oats, two sorts of *saggina*, rye, vetches, barley, beans, potatoes, and rape and saintfoin.

The vine grows freely in Florence; but the wine has not hitherto figured in commerce, being calculated only for home consumption. Good wines, however, capable of standing a voyage, are now beginning to be made, and will probably become an article of exportation.

Oil is manufactured in its greatest proportion, and affords the richest produce of the Tuscan soil. The best is obtained by pressure, in the simplest machines, of the unfermented olive. A second quantity, which, when care and cleanliness are observed, is tolerably good, is produced by a second pressure of the pulp and stones; and finally, a third quality, fit for soap-boiling, and the wool-trade, is obtained by immersion of the same substances in boiling water, or by long trituration in cold water.

In the neighbourhood of great cities, garden-stuff is cultivated in great variety and abundance. The most barren districts are dedicated to the growth of straw, for the manufactory of hats; and so great is the demand for this article, and such the price of the goods, that the cultivator is amply remunerated for his labour. The produce of the silkworm is also an article of considerable importance, more especially since the silk has been exempted from duties.

Many agricultural institutions exist in Tuscany, of which the most celebrated is that of the Georgofili of Florence. To it the State is indebted for some considerable services; more especially for the culture of saintfoin, for the introduction of the acacia, and for the diffusion of much practical improvement.

All manufactures are conducted by fires of charcoal; mineral coal not having been worked in the States of Tuscany. Attempts, indeed, have been made to dig for both coal, bog-wood, and turf; but the profit has never been sufficient to cover the expense. The woods, therefore, have hitherto supplied the wants of the country; but an increased consumption, combined with neglect in the management of the forests, had, at one period, threatened to exhaust the supply. Fortunately the efforts of a few individuals in directing the cutting of the woods, and an introduction of economy in the expenditure of the manufactories, have again restored the balance.

The middle regions of the mountains produce an abundance of chesnuts; which enter so largely into the consumption of the population, that the quantity of the annual harvest materially affects the price of corn.

The land of Tuscany is various in its quality; every valley and hill having a character of fertility peculiar to itself. In general the soil is argillaceous, or calcareous; but art has almost universally prevailed over local difficulties, and the face of the country is that of a continued garden.

The value of land varies from six to eighty Florentine scudi the stioro.* Corn produces from three to eighteen times its seed; but, like all the products of Tuscan agriculture, it is exposed to great risk from the atmospheric influences of a sky, which abounds in destructive phenomena. Tuscany contains various mineral substances; but the iron mines of Porto Ferrajo alone are in activity; these, however, are perhaps the richest in the world. Native sulphur is found abundantly at Pereta, and is an article of commerce. Sal gemma is found and excavated at Volterra. A great variety of white and coloured marbles, of alabaster, and calcareous stones, are worked in the mountains.

The manufactures of cloth and silk, formerly the staple of Tuscany, are now in total decay. The paper manufactory at Pescia, under the management of Signore Magnani, flourishes, and undersells the foreign goods imported.

The porcelain manufactory of Doccia, founded in 1741 by the Marchese Carlo Genori, has gradually increased, and sustains the rivality resulting from the re-opened commerce of Europe; principally through the activity of the present Marquis, who has visited the most remarkable European manufactories to adopt their improvements. His great furnace he has constructed in four stories, which attain the height of forty-two Florentine braccii. The advantages of this furnace are, a great perfection in the burning, a notable saving of time and of fuel, and an increase in the quantity of work performed. The lowest stage is employed for the porcelain, the second for Wedgewood ware, the third for coarser pottery, and the last for the first burning of biscuit. The furnace is capable of containing twenty thousand pieces; and as the whole

* The stioro is about one hundred and ninety-six square toises.—See Lalande, vol. 3, p. 33.

operation of baking is performed in twenty-one hours, it is more than sufficient for the supply of all demands in the present cramped condition of commerce. The excellent proprietor has not alone confined himself to the mechanical part of his concern; he has instituted a variety of researches to obtain within the Tuscan dominions a supply of earths fitted for the fabrication of porcelains; and in conjunction with the Marchese Redolfi, has, by chemical experiments, verified their qualities and ascertained the defects of the several veins he has discovered. The excellence of the materials, the beauty of the colours, and the elegance of the forms, of the finer pieces of his manufactory, correspond with the science and activity brought to the business; and they sustain an honourable competition with the porcelain of France.

The carriage manufactory thrives, and maintains its ground against foreign rivalry. The prohibition against the importation of foreign iron, however, raises the prices of the carriage trade, and is very injurious to its competition. This monopoly granted to the home-made iron, together with the cost of working it with charcoal, at the same time that it depreciates the quality of the article, raises its price to double the cost of foreign iron. The mines of Elba are farmed by the government to contractors, and their interests stand in the way of any amelioration of the existing order of things.

The manufactures of Tuscany suffer grievously from the wretched fiscal laws, which prevail throughout Italy, and isolate the mercantile industry of the different States. They are further injured by the indolence of the great proprietors, who have little inclination to multiply capital, or to employ it productively. The general policy of the petty despots who rule the subdivided States of this unfortunate country, is no less hostile to its commerce than it is to liberty. But the nullity of Italy is part of the religious and moral system, which, hypocrisy, joined to the force of arms, has imposed on mankind; and for the present the Italians have nothing to do but to obey.

The Finances of Tuscany far exceed the necessary wants of the State, and are chiefly employed for purposes of corruption. Hence, without great territories, magnificent undertakings, or useful expenditure, the taxes, direct and indirect, are daily increased.

Under Leopold, the total revenue was eight millions of Tuscan livres, including the interest of the debt (six hundred thousand livres). At the arrival of Napoleon, this debt had been increased to thirty-two millions; when he discharged the whole by sale of national property.

The Restoration, however, was not marked by either retrenchment or useful expenditure. Eighteen millions of revenue disappeared, without any work of importance being carried on; and the taxation raised during the war is insufficient for the purposes of peace:

Under Leopold the Revenue was	9,100,000	Livres
The Expense	8,400,000	
Leaving an Excess of	700,000	
In 1817 .....The Revenue was	17,200,000	
The Expense	18,000,000	
Leaving a Deficit of	800,000	

The number of troops assigned to Florence by the Austrian government is eight thousand; but not more than half that number are actually maintained.

There has been no marine establishment, since its suppression by Leopold: for though the order of St. Stephen has been revived, the knights do not put to sea for the defence of the coast from the Barbary pirates. Military discipline is chiefly preserved by the cane; and the enrolments are mostly made from persons sentenced to the service by the police.

The ways and means are, a land-tax, *famigliare* or house-tax, customs, registrations, stamp duties, lottery, sale of salt and tobacco, &c. Five millions of debt were incurred during the Neapolitan invasion under Murat, which has lately been charged on the different communes. The land-tax is assessed according to a cadastre, which is about to be renewed. The custom-house duties are oppressive, rather perhaps by their restrictions on commerce, than by their absolute amount.

With the exception of advocates in civil causes, no one can publish without the approbation of censors. The colleges, schools, and universities, are susceptible of much amelioration; but, the zeal of individuals of wealth and influence being awakened, improvements may daily be expected in all these departments, notwithstanding the opposition which is offered by the government; an opposition sufficiently marked by the suppression of the Lycée, and by the known interference of the Austrian cabinet in the affairs of Tuscany.

Literary Disputes in Italy.

LITERARY feuds have long succeeded in Italy to political contests. Romanticists and Classicists have become the Guelphs and Ghibelines of the day; and the factions of the "*Bianchi*" and the "*Neri*," if more sanguinary, were not more fierce than the sects of the Trecentisti, and the Della-Cruscans.

The political condition of the Italians, having excluded all other subjects of intellectual exertion, has cast the mere literati of that country upon a course of verbal criticism, and of metaphysical disquisition, which has too frequently degenerated into idle contest and acrimonious dispute: the discussion of *things* being forbidden, the mind seeks solace in the examination of *words*. This fact will best explain the extraordinary history of Italian literature, from the downfall of the independent Republics, to the awakening epoch of the French Revolution; and it clears up the apparent paradox of an active and subtile national intellect frittered away in nerveless poetry, pedantic research, and puerile debate.* The fantastic fopperies of the *Arcadici*, with their sonnets "to the Virgin," and canzoni "on the Passion," and the "never ending, still beginning discussions" of the *Trecentisti* and Romanticists, display the same physiological fact, of an energy struggling against ennui, in the convulsive restlessness of a forced inactivity.

On the former of these subjects there is little to be said; and that little would be wasted upon an existence so closely verging upon nonentity. The actual condition of the literary academies is that to which all such institutes naturally tend. When called into existence by the spontaneous act of the members, they form the focus of all the pedantry and coxcombry of the land, the centre to which all its mediocrity gravitates. When cherished and fortified by royal favour and pecuniary stipends, they are the marts for intrigue, the engines of servility, and the ready means of oppressing that true literary talent, which follows the open road to eminence, and disdains the by-paths of sycophancy and pliability.

The peculiar feature of the Italian Academy is its intolerable flux of

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* All general propositions admit of exceptions. The Filangieri and Beccarias belong, however, to the reviving epoch of Joseph and Leopold, and are scarcely to be considered as belonging to the lethargic order of things here alluded to.

verse; a circumstance arising, in some measure, from the genius of the language, but still more favoured by that of the ecclesiastical and civil government of the country, which not only punishes the higher exertions of thought, but, by the education it enforces, incapacitates the subject for thinking. Smooth, harmonious, and sounding lines, readily cover poverty of idea and inconclusive reasoning; and the incoherent rambling and misplaced expletives of the improvisatori, listened to with pleasure when embodied in melodious verse, would be rejected with disgust, if reduced to prose. The brevity of the sonnet likewise multiplies bad poets, because such compositions demand nearly as little labour as genius.

Through the operation of these causes, every town in Italy is over-run with poetasters; and births, deaths, and marriages, the reception of a nun in a Convent, or of a doctor in the University, are all and every one celebrated by their especial copy of verses, pasted up on every conspicuous wall in the town; and are all found equally adapted to poetical inspiration. The ridicule and absurdity of such exhibitions of vanity are amusing to the humourist; but the eye of philosophy, in measuring the works of the Italian academicians against the more accustomed prose fopperies of academic eulogists, critics, disquisitionists, &c. in other countries, will be puzzled where to assign the palm of superior pedantry, and more decided inefficiency.

It is, however, but justice to add, that throughout all Italy, these foundling hospitals of the Muse are neglected and laughed at by the eminent literati, who have made themselves European names; and even the stage * has learned to deride the

> "Parson much bemused in beer,
> The maudlin Poetess, and rhiming Peer,"

who usually occupy the principal places in such institutions.

The literary disputes which chiefly employ the activity of the Italian writers of the day, though scarcely less futile, excite a deeper interest, not only as exhibiting a peculiar phasis of the human mind, an aspect of social life to which philosophy may recur with advantage; but they become further impor-

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* In one of the comedies of Notari, a living writer, whose works have great vogue in the repertories of the Italian theatres, and are far superior in interest, and in philosophy, to those of Goldoni.

tant, from the connexion of the disputes and the disputants with the political history of the day, and the effects they are calculated to produce on the future destinies of the country.

The history of Italian literature presents the phænomenon of a language suddenly starting into existence, and hurrying forward to a precocious perfection, at the bidding of a people, as suddenly called into political being, and as hastily arriving at an high degree of social activity.

The connexion between society and language is inherent in the nature of things: a rich vocabulary presupposes an extensive stock of ideas; and polish as necessarily implies the friction of use. But the epoch of the formation of the Italian language, connected with actual interests, and entering into the existing system of social civilization, while it forcibly attracts our attention, is more perfectly preserved in authentic documents, than that of the origin either of Greek or of Roman literature. The facts being thus brought forward into view, acquire a vivacity of colour, which imposes upon the mind the notion that they are unique; but the same connexion must have subsisted at the origin and developement of every tongue that has ever been spoken or written by man.

The epoch of Italian liberty, as transient as it was splendid and invigorating, left behind it a long night of slumber and inefficiency; and to the degenerate children of despotism and of superstition, the heroes and the writers of former times became as giants, whom it was difficult to imitate, and impossible to surpass. While the eyes of the younger nations of Europe were strenuously turned towards the future, anticipating improvement, and provoking reform, those of the harassed and enslaved Italians were as fixedly attached to the past, and memory and genius clung with an equal fondness and fidelity to the glories and the triumphs, the literature and the arts, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Coincident with this period of evanescent splendour, was the revival of Greek literature; and when its stores of poetry and criticism were laid open to the genius of Italy, they could not fail to overpower by their perfection, and to dazzle by their riches. While, therefore, the efforts of the opulent were directed to securing and multiplying the records of the ancient system of civilization, the literati were busied in studying its philosophy and imitating its graces. This circumstance has, doubtless, operated in no inconsiderable degree, in refining, polishing, and harmonizing, not only the Italian

language, but all the other tongues of Europe which have been placed within the sphere of its influence. But the reasonable imitation of the ancients rapidly degenerated into a servile copying, or rather an adoption of their ideas and their phraseology, their mythology, their amatory notions, and the forms of their favourite compositions: and still, as the fortunes of the country declined, an unnatural and unnational model was more closely pursued, and the literature became more unreal and factitious, till at last, divested of all sentiment and of all passion in which the world could sympathise, it had dwindled into a mere harmonious arrangement of words, and a jingle of sounds, without energy and without interest.

But while Jupiter thus reigned a second time in the Capitol, and Venus and Cupid dallied, through the mazes of many a sonnet, with the Corydons and the Menalcas's of Italian academies, the rest of Europe were busied in thinking and in acting. The Reformation, the Baconian philosophy, the wars of the league and Fronde in France, and the English Commonwealth and Revolution, had expanded the range of ideas, and had forced upon nations an extensive vocabulary, and a richness of expression, which far surpassed the utmost stretch of Greek and Latin civilization. When, therefore, the Italians awoke from their long slumber, and commenced their operation on European subjects, they found themselves embarrassed by the poverty of their language, and compelled at every turn to burst the chain which the Purists had thrown round them, and to invent, or to embody from other languages, such terms as, though absolutely necessary for their use, had no existence in the writings of their best and most approved models.

In every innovation (since it must commence with the younger, most enterprising, and least prejudiced part of the community) there must be created contemporaneously a certain body of resistance in the worn-out prejudiced part of mankind, whose ideas, having submitted to a given arrangement, and having been combined according to given associations, must be hostile to whatever tends to combine them according to another law, and to necessitate the labour of a renewed study. The hostility thus generated will rarely want that food for its exertion, which arises out of the mistakes and false calculations of its adversaries. Thus a war is kindled, in which both parties may lay a certain claim to reason; and it is only when time shall have decided the question, that victory can be safely assigned to either of the disputants.

Such is the history of the literary quarrels which at present occupy the learned leisure of Italy, and divide its scholars into the factions of Purists and Innovators, and those of Romanticists and Classicists: the first occupying themselves on the language, the other upon the ideas, of literary composition.

It is not difficult to conceive that these two questions should have gradually amalgamated themselves with the great debatable subjects of Europe; that the advocates for an innovation in literature should be found among that description of persons who are zealous for political reform; or that those who are guilty of renovating a worn-out language, should feel disgust at the evils arising in the debility of worn-out institutions. The close connexion between these ideas is sufficient to render them parcel of the same mind; but there is, perhaps, something still more in this *liaison*. The government of Austria, though sufficiently tyrannical, is not remarkable among European despotisms for perspicacity, or promptitude. It may exhibit a laudable activity in imprisoning a democrat, banishing a jacobin, or persecuting a carbonaro; but it is more than probable that its censors would let a vast many heterodox opinions pass unmolested, that offered themselves under the disguise of a literary contest.* Those, therefore, who dislike subservience to a bare-footed capuchin, or are disgusted with seeing their country a conquered province, attached to a government, which, with every possible opposition in manners and feelings, has not the common sense to amalgamate its interests with their own, have instinctively sought security for their persons, and currency for their patriotic sentiments, under the semblance of disputes, foreign to the intellect and jealousies of their detested masters. But, however this may have been in theory, in fact there are very few instances in which the political and literary enthusiasm are not found together, and in which the friend of the Pagan mythology is not also attached to a feudal aristocracy and a domineering priesthood.

The quarrel of the *Trecentisti* is not one of recent date: it is connected with another question, which has long been a subject of contestation; namely, whether the language itself should be called Italian or Tuscan. This, though

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* In the various journals which fell under our eyes in the course of our residence in Italy, it has repeatedly occurred to us to find doctrines and propositions the most proscribed both by Church and State, disseminated by literary disputants, and escaping, unsuspected, from the unintellectual scrutiny of the censors.

perhaps the most futile and empty part of the debate, is one which, by exciting municipal jealousies, has been the most acrimoniously discussed. It is difficult for a foreigner to enter in detail into the merits of this dispute; but there are certain general propositions of a philological nature which elucidate the discussion, and upon which even a foreigner may speak without presumption. The literati of the towns of Italy not comprised within the Tuscan states, disgusted perhaps at the literary dandyism, and pedantic pretension of the Florentine Purists, have appealed from the *Della-Cruscan* autocracy, and have attacked with great vigour the claims of the Tuscans to the parentage of their common language. In maintaining that, to which they have an undoubted claim—their inherent right of adopting, at Milan, at Bologna, or at Naples, whatever style or expression may seem good, they have sought to prove that the written language of Italy is not the product of any particular dialect, but a selection of the nobler parts of the dialects of all. "*Quando l'Alighieri scrisse il poema* (says Perticari) *con parole illustre tolte a tutti i dialetti d'Italia, allora diremo ch' ei fondasse la favella Italiana.*" * This proposition is supported upon the authority of Dante himself, in his treatise "*De vulgari eloquentia;*" but upon an extension of the meaning of his words, which places them in contradiction with physical possibility. The history of languages proves, that, as long as society is in its simplest state of aggregation, there can be no general rule of speech. Each village will speak as it can; and consequently will not be understood at a small distance, where another dialect will prevail. But upon the establishment of a powerful government, and the aggregation of the people into large cities, language will become a matter of study; the necessity for written documents will induce a perception of the analogies of grammar; and the upper classes of society, especially where there is a court, will acquire a manner of speech for themselves, distinct from that of the common people, more regular, more smooth, and more harmonious. The early writers in any language, having no previous models to follow, and being intent upon pleasing those who are capable of rewarding and honouring them, will naturally adopt the language of the class they address; and thus there will arise a distinction of the noble and the ignoble

* L. 1, c. viii.—"When Dante wrote his poem in a noble dialect, taken from those of all Italy, then, we say, he founded the Italian language."

in style. There is nothing in the abstract nature of any phrase or word which should render it intrinsically either noble or vulgar. It is by use that it acquires its character; and thus terms which have figured in high life, as manners become refined, descend to the people, and are banished from good society.

Any written style which is not founded on a dialect spoken by some class of persons, must be purely conventional, and must rapidly degenerate into a pedantic jargon, which, being unfit for business, and unintelligible to those uneducated in its mysteries, will cease to be employed; since the object of writing is to be read. Of this we have an example in the writings of Dr. Johnson, which, though nervous and imposing, are not English, and therefore have made but a very transient impression on the language of the country.*

Italy, having been subdivided into many independent States, must have offered as many *foci* for selected or noble dialects, each of which might have become a written language; as the Venetian in part did, owing to the custom of the senators of Venice using their own dialect in their public discussions, and thus giving it at the same time polish and currency. As these dialects all sprang from a common origin, it was doubtless possible for Dante, in struggling against the difficulty of writing in an uncultivated, and as it were nascent language, to adopt, from time to time, a single expression from any of the surrounding dialects, which struck him as more sounding, significant, appropriate, or elegant, than that of the spoken dialect of his own country. In these cases the intercourse between the different States, analogy, or the context of the passage, would be sufficient to render him intelligible, without translating himself, as the early English writers did in introducing from the Latin the words terminating in *abilis*.†

But there must have been a grammatical substructure of conjugations and

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* Such, likewise, was the fate of the *Euphuism* of Queen Elizabeth's day, a compound of folly and affectation scarcely conceivable in so vigorous an age.

† In such phrases as this:—

"I do thankingis to God upon the *unenarrable*, or *that may not be told, gifte of hym.*"

"That which is not maid up the lawe of fleshly maundement: but up vertu of lyf *insolible*, or *that may not be undon.*"

These phrases occur in a translation of the New Testament supposed to have been done about Edward the Third's time.—See Tooke's Diversions of Purley, vol. II. p. 480.

declensions known and intelligible to the people whom Dante addressed, upon which he raised his new edifice; or he must have written a jargon which could not have been understood without a grammar and dictionary composed expressly for a key. If, therefore, the general construction of the language adopted by Dante, and the other fathers of the written Italian, was that in use amongst the people of Florence, and among none other of the population of Italy, that is sufficient to justify the claims of the Florentines. How this dialect became the general language of good company, and the written medium of communication, is not difficult to explain.*

The Court of Rome, the only State in a condition to compete in literature with Florence, had adopted the Latin language; the public service of the church, and the diplomacy, were conducted exclusively in that tongue; and the Florentines being forced by the popular nature of their government to adopt a different course, their language became naturally more polished and regular; and that popular form of government having called into activity an immense quantity of genius, authors sprang up in all the departments of literature, who set the tone in other States less happily situated for literary developement. For a very long series of years Florence was the centre of public opinion, and the great mart for the arts, for talent, and for genius. It was natural that poets and historians should have adopted as the language of their choice the dialect most refined by use, most ready for their purpose, and which promised the greatest chance of a diffused and universal perusal.

Thus far the claims of the Florentines seem founded in reason, and upon the nature of things, concerning which there is little danger of mistake. But here the justice of their cause appears to end.†

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* There exists, however, a difficulty not explicable upon general positions; and that is the great similarity of the Provençal, Sicilian, and Tuscan dialects. This could neither be the result of accident, nor of mere imitation. If it be admitted that there was a court and poetic language common to all the polished and educated classes of Italy, (a proposition that appears untenable, from the broken up condition of the Continent,) how came this to be the language of the common people of Florence? If Dante, as it is pretended, had imported it, his book, unintelligible to the common people, would never have become popular:—but the contrary is the known fact; and however much Dante might have refined his native tongue, it demonstrably subsisted as a popular dialect before he was born.

† With respect to the origin of the several spoken dialects of Italy, it may be regarded as certain that, whether the Italian arose from the corruption of Latin, or, as Cardinal Bembo and other respectable authorities maintain, existed contemporaneously with that language, it must have taken a dis-

The first absurdity into which they have fallen, is that of attempting to force into currency, and to incorporate into the language of Italy, all the low vulgarisms of the lowest populace of Florence; which, having been introduced into the productions of some licentious or humorous tale-writers of Florence, are considered as having received the stamp of authenticity. But the greatest mistake is that of supposing it possible to tie down and render permanent a living language, and to take from the people who use it, the *jus et norma loquendi*.

When the Tuscan dialect took the precedence as the language of literature, the Florentines were the most active and the most literary people of Italy; at present the reverse is the case, and literature resides preponderantly in the North. If the writers of Milan and of Bologna are doomed to confine themselves to the pure *Tuscisms* of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century, they will inevitably become cold, formal, and even difficult to those who speak only modern Italian; and they must abandon a large vocabulary of modern terms essentially necessary to their subject. The course of events, it is true, has brought inventions in philosophy and in physics from France, and consequently has infected the spoken Italian with Gallicisms; but that is inevitable, and the Italians must consent to Gallicise, or to abstain from discussing modern subjects. It is not therefore for any district or city, and much less for any academy or individual, to declare, *ex cathedra*, what is purity and what is license. It is the public at large, whose approbation or neglect of an author must decide on his style. If he cram his pages with useless neologisms, or write affectedly with an excessive or unnecessary use of provincial or colloquial phrases, he will not be relished by the nation at large, and his bookseller will soon set him right. But language, like life, is a current; and the pure dialect of the thirteenth century, applied to the purposes of modern discussion, is as ill suited as steel armour to modern warfare.

In point of fact, there is no master-model for Italian; and the best writers,

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tinct form in every different district, according to the various peculiarities imported by the barbarous tribes who colonized it. This is the case even in the county dialects of England, which still savour of their respective Saxon or Danish invasions. One of the strongest arguments in favour of the antiquity of the Italian is founded on its smoothness and harmony, which are greater even than those of the Latin, in all its purity. But it is irrational to suppose that the union of two comparatively rough and inharmonious tongues should produce a *tertium quid* remarkable for opposite qualities.

even among the Tuscans, differ from each other so much, that a scholar has always a fresh difficulty to encounter in changing his author; while all are too verbose and surcharged with phrases and circumlocutions to satisfy a taste formed on the elegant terseness of the French or English style. It is undoubtedly true, that the best models to *study* are those of the noble and free spirits who wrote in the best days of the Florentine Republic, and that, since its extinction, the vigour of the language has been more and more impaired; but there is a wide difference between a generous emulation, and that servile *imitation* which hesitates to use an appropriate phrase, or an easy turn of expression, because it is not sanctioned by a Tuscan authority.*

If the pretence of the modern Florentines to dogmatise upon the Italian be measured by the relative number and importance of their recent authors, it is slight indeed. Monti and Perticari (his son-in-law), Pindemonti, Parini, Alfieri, Giordani, Ugo Foscolo, are none of them natives of the Tuscan States. Words sanctioned by their example, and expressions consecrated by their use, must inevitably pass current, however abhorrent to the ear of a mere Tuscan.

But while this is an inevitable result of the actual state of Italian society, it is not to be concealed that the circumstance is far from advantageous; on the contrary, it is in itself a very probable cause of the decline of Italian literature. For while the writers of the rest of Italy maintain, 'dente et ungue,' their right to legislate for the common language, they almost uniformly neglect to use it as their mother tongue. The wretched jargons of the different provinces are not confined to the vulgar, but are spoken in the daily intercourse of life by all classes; and many a Milanese and Piedmontese lady of rank and fashion can write French with much greater facility and purity than Italian. While this absurdity prevails, the written dialect will daily lose something of its currency, and become gradually converted into a dead language, less and less adapted to modern purposes. The several writers adopting a standard of their own, will want the touchstone of popular

* Of this faulty system we may quote an instance in the style of the truly patriotic Italian Angeloni, who, (while he fulminates his indignation against the promise-breakers of the British Cabinet, and successfully demonstrates the falsehood and deceit of which his country is the victim,) is too good a *Trecentist* to give to his personages their actual titles, and betrays his reader into an involuntary and misplaced smile by such whimsical incongruities as "*Messer* Castlereagh." Thus also the historian Botta calls a congress of the inhabitants of St. Domingo "il convento de' Dominicani." See some other pleasant instances of this ridicule in the Count de Stendhal's "Rome, Naples, and Florence."

use to try the quality of their metal; they will write with the same labour as if composing in a foreign tongue; and as they become correct, they will grow cold. Should the present system of political division (*"par l'impossible"*) become permanent in Italy, the national language must follow the fate of the national independence. The Italian people will then have little to communicate either among themselves, or to Europe; and their regrets will not be of very long duration. But if human nature be any thing but an idle abstraction; if cause and effect have any operation in human affairs, other opportunities will soon occur to give the Italians a chance of consolidation and of freedom:—when the moment occurs, may they strike with vigour, and repose in triumph! *

When, upon the revival of literature, the treasures of antiquity were opened to the contemplation of the learned, the charm of novelty was added to the intrinsic merits of the compositions; and it is neither surprising nor unreasonable that the scholars of that time should have measured their forces in an attempted imitation of the chefs-d'œuvre they had studied. The extreme rudeness of the works of imagination which had preceded this epoch, was little calculated to delight those who had drunk at a purer spring; and it was but a natural effort in him, who aspired to please the elevated part of society, to address his auditors in the language, sentiment, and forms of which they were so justly enamoured. It was a natural and a pardonable error, in studying models thus superior to aught which the then existing system of civilization could produce, to imagine that they were the absolute types of all possible perfection; and that whatever differed from them must necessarily be deteriorated by the deviation. Hence arose that abject respect for the past, that blind admiration of the dicta of antiquity, which, though at first it advanced the progress of intellect, in the succeeding ages became the greatest obstacle to ulterior improvement.

It would be difficult to unravel the causes, which, in various countries, and in different branches of literature, have given a different degree of developement to this principle. The Germans and the English have been the

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* Among the best works of the present day on this subject, is an essay of Signore J. B. Niccolini, of Florence, on the part "che aver possa il popolo nella formazione d' una lingua," in which the question is more philosophically considered than is usual among the other disputants. Monti and Perticari are the chiefs of the anti-Cruscan writers; and in the writings of Signore Lampredi, a Florentine, residing at Naples, are to be found some very curious observations on the origin of the Italian language, in which he comes to conclusions very opposite to the received opinions.

least infected with the pedantry of learning, in their imaginative combinations. The French, who are its slaves in all that respects tragic composition, possess a comic theatre perfectly and entirely national. The Italians, notwithstanding the example of Dante, Ariosto, and their followers, have been compelled to renounce the idea of a national literature; and have confined their poetic efforts for a long series of years, to reproducing, in an endless succession, the mythology and sentiments of antiquity; to the entire neglect of all those noble and spirit-stirring subjects, which were offered in the history of the middle ages, when Italy had a political existence.

The English, who, in their earlier poesy, had exhibited a strong vein of originality and independence, both as to form and to matter, had subsequently been led by an imitation of the French into the adoption of their regularity and classic *tournure*, and under this influence had gradually sunk into insipidity. The reign of the Georges had not been favourable to poetic composition, and its fountains seemed to be drained to their last drops, when a new and more vigorous source was opened, and the wildest career was given to the most brilliant imaginations, to embody in the boldest numbers, the profoundest sentiments of the human breast, and the most scrutinizing philosophy concerning human action. All this, however, passed as a mere affair of practice; and did not give rise to any alembicated systems, or to any theoretic investigations of the principles of art.

When, however, an impulse towards regeneration excited the Italians to a similar innovation, there was kindled perhaps the most acrimonious literary dispute of modern times, and a degree of passion was excited, which, it must be owned, seems utterly misplaced, to those who have arrived at the proposed ends without the adoption of such means. The theoretic possibility of a poetic system, founded upon other manners than those of the ancients, flashed like a sudden light on the Italian imagination; and, dazzled by its lustre, the writers of that country turned their attention to a criticism of the doctrine, rather than towards a trial of its validity by practical application. The smallness of the arena gave personality to the dispute, and the asperity of rival jealousy was added to the fervour of polemic zeal.

The German critics had divided poetry into two classes: that which belonged to the Greek and Latin system of civilization, and borrowed its sentiments and machinery from antique sources; and that which, in the words of a distinguished writer, "tient de quelque manière aux traditions che-

valeresques*;" and from this division has sprung the epithets of Classicist and Romanticist.

The position thus taken is evidently false, since the question ought not to stand between any two systems of machinery in poetic composition; but between the absurdity of confining genius within the bounds of one epoch of civilization, (or the still greater ridicule of giving one colouring to all ages,) and the propriety of leaving talent unfettered in its range, and of forcing it only to give to every subject the costume, manners, and ideas which in reality belong to it.

The romance of chivalry and faery is as foreign from the existing public opinions and sympathies, as Mount Olympus and the gloomy Dis; and though from the newness of the former subject, and the picturesque, though often grotesque, forms to which it lends itself, it has a charm which the worn-out pagan mythology no longer possesses, its popularity has been but short-lived in France and England, and, its first novelty over, it has rarely found its way beyond the nursery, or the melodrame of a minor theatre.

The age in which we live is too calculating, too philosophical, to take pleasure for any length of time in any system of thaumaturgy. The interest of poetry must therefore be sought rather in the intensity of passion, and the developement of social combinations, than in agencies more fanciful, and in supernatural events. The strong hold of the Romanticists is not the superior excellence of the machinery, but the superior interest of the subjects they propose. "The middle ages and modern story belong exclusively to ourselves. Romantic arguments may be therefore taken from feudality, the chivalry of the Normans, the Crusades and religious wars, the atrocious punishments of the Inquisition, the nautical discoveries, the wars of the Portuguese, English, and Dutch, in the East, the conquest of America, the circumnavigation of the globe, the manners of the Native Indians, Negro slavery, and that of the Europeans on the Barbary coast, the ecclesiastical governments of Rome and of Mecca, the transient civilization under the Califs, the wars of the Turks, the commercial industry of the Italians, &c. &c."† All these various subjects belong to social combinations, of which we have, more or less, perfect notions, and cause the developement of situations and sentiments

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* L'Allemagne, T. 1. p. 71.

† Conciliatore, No. 25.—To these may be added the portraiture of national manners peculiar to the literature of Great Britain.

in which we can sympathize. The Greeks and Romans are to us too much ideal abstractions; and in throwing them into action, the poet is compelled to deal in generalities, which have not the smack and flavour of humanity. Hence the separation of tragic acting into distinct characters, the *père noble*, the tyrant, the *premier amoureux*, &c. &c. The poetry of real life is not susceptible of such analysis. It paints not a lover in general, nor an abstract tyrant; but a Greek, a Turk, a Christian, with all the peculiarities of his cast; and if the personage be historic, with all the individualities of his birth, education, and idiosyncrasy. Between these systems, there is all the difference to be found between an anatomical preparation and a living man.

It is not necessary to give a greater developement to this literary question, in order to shew the causes of that hostility which it has encountered, from those who do not usually trouble themselves with scholastic disputes. Any attempt to awaken the Italians from the inertness or despair in which circumstances had involved them, would readily excite suspicion, in those who hold the fertile provinces of Italy by the tenure of its intellectual annihilation. To hold up the transactions of the middle ages as subjects for literary composition, is to turn the public attention upon those virtues and those glories which remind the Italians that they had an ancestry. It is placing before their eyes the blessings of independence, and the substantial comforts which accompany liberty. It is to remind them of the baseness, the treachery, and the intrigue which subjected them to their masters, and to demonstrate the great qualities which kept those masters so long at bay. It is impossible to imagine a system more opposed to the soporific, benumbing despotism of the reigning order; mild but persevering, timid yet unrelenting. Yet the system itself is less offensive than the persons who have espoused it. The little band of patriots who contributed to the conduct of the "*Conciliatore*," the élite of the Milanese youth who had seized upon this subject as a means of energizing their countrymen, were distinguished among their fellow-citizens no less by their honest zeal than their eminent talents; and they formed a sort of corporate opposition to the anti-national and uncivilizing efforts of those who, in succeeding to the despotism* of Bonaparte, have not inherited either

* The Conciliatore was a daily Journal published in Milan, under the editorship of Silvio Pellico, and by the co-operation of whatever talent and spirit reside in that capital. It was a purely literary work, and the only one in Italy whose fidelity and independence could be trusted; but it

his manliness or his wisdom. The noblemen who gave the weight of their patronage and their purse to the conduct of this journal, were marked by the government for their zeal to preserve the national independence, and for their ceaseless efforts to introduce every improvement in the interior œconomy of their countrymen. But to promote commerce, to exalt the intellect, to build steam-boats, to erect gas-engines, in the eyes of the despots who would feign sway the destinies of Europe, is not to increase the power of the master by increasing the efficiency of his people:—it is to weaken his means of domestic interference and malevolence; it is to confine his energies where they promote not the happiness of the subject. It may, indeed, strengthen him to do good, but it likewise disarms him in the career of folly, of vice, and of wickedness; and *therefore* it is odious, intolerable, and to be resisted with the whole influence of the throne, the altar, and the bayonet.

The vehemence with which the question of Romanticism has been debated, will have a favourable influence upon the Italians, by rousing their literati, and turning them from the frivolous and almost childish subjects, which too frequently have employed their pen. But there is one point of view in which it is sincerely to be deprecated; and that is, in the aliment it affords for municipal hatred and national division. The Italians are, in general, too prone to entertain prejudices against the natives of every State but their own; and a foreigner is much more at home, more esteemed, and less jealously watched, in an Italian city, than the native of an adjoining district. At the present moment, when a co-operation of head and heart is wanted between Italians of all denominations, it is deplorable to see them not only geographically, but factiously divided. It is mortifying to behold the few writers of eminence who are not beaten down by the rod of power, postponing their duty to their country to the vanity of debate; and when they have so little power to consolidate, expending their energies in unprofitable irritation.*

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injured its reputation by taking too active a part in the quarrel of Romanticism, whose acrimony extended but little beyond Lombardy. The editor, being a Piedmontese, was threatened with expulsion from the States of the Emperor, and compelled to abandon the work at the 118th number; but within that short compass, he has contrived to disseminate a greater quantity perhaps of literary and philosophical truth, than will be found in any contemporary journal that has appeared since the Restoration.

* The contributors to the Conciliatore were not insensible to this ill consequence; but the literary

Of the present state of Italian literature, much is already before the public: indeed, whatever is best worthy the attention of a foreigner is now printed in London; the *obscurantism* of the sovereign tyrants of Italy not tolerating any work that is not dedicated to the propagation of falsehood, and the retrogradation of intellect. The principal movement of mind exists in Lombardy; in Florence it still struggles to advance*; in Rome it sleeps. In this last devoted city†, which for more than two thousand years has forged chains for the whole civilized world, there reigns a brutal and entire ignorance of whatever passes without its own walls. The city of Bologna, although within the censorship of the Papal government, makes a noble stand against the dark spirit of the day; and Naples, if it maintains its independence, will become a focus of light, which no human power can shut out of the rest of Italy.

One of the very powerful causes which repress the literary exertions of the Italians, is the total insecurity of copyright. A work printed at Milan, is immediately pirated at Lugano, at Genoa, at Bologna, or Naples. It is impossible for a bookseller to make any advance to an author: whatever therefore is printed, is published for the mere love of glory, or hope of benefiting humanity. Authorship is no trade; and there is no public to support the writer against the influence or the power of a jealous government. In one word, it is impossible to conceive a greater combination of hostile accidents, operating more successfully against the best interests of civilization, or more perfectly paralyzing all intellectual exertion.

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dispute was the only shelter for liberal opinions, or for any opinions that are not false; and they had but the choice between incurring a contingent evil, or sinking into a certain inefficiency.

* Since we have left Italy, a new Journal has been projected, under the patronage, and by the active co-operation of a patriotic nobleman (for the nobles are in Italy foremost in the cause of mankind), whose object is to import all the improvements which are making abroad, and to raise Florence to the European level. Whether any matter purely literary will be introduced, I know not; but think the genius of the government will effectually prevent it.

† Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande, &c. &c.

Petrarch, Sonnetto 105.

CHAP. XVIII.

ROUTE TO ROME.

*Departure from Florence.—Rural Aspect of Tuscany.—Incisa.—*VALLOMBROSA. *—Levane.—*AREZZO.*—La Loggia di Vasari.—Duomo.—Abbey.—" The Convito" of Vasari.—(Anecdotes.)—Site of Petrarch's Nativity.—The Miracle of the Madonna.—Insurrection.—Cammucia.—*CORTONA.*—Accademia Etrusca. —Lake of Perugia.—Peasantry.—*PERUGIA.*—Hill and Fortress.—Convent of San Giuliano.—Expedition of* FORTEBRACCIO.*—Aspect of the Town.— Church of San Pietro.—Convent of Olivetans, &c.—Works of* PERUGINO.*— Collegio del Cambio.—Anecdotes of Perugino and of Raphael.—Restoration of Church Property in Perugia.—*FRA PERILLA.*—Government.—Departure from Perugia.—La Vallata di Perugia.—The Tiber.—The Church of La Madonna degli Angeli.—Assise.—*ST. FRANCIS.*—*FOLIGNO.*—Raphael's Madonna.—*SPOLETI.*—Scenery and Antiquities.—*TERNI.*—Vallata di Terni. —*NARNI.*—Otricoli.—Inn.—Desert Scenery.—*CIVITA CASTELLANA.*— Campagna.—Baccano.—Mal-aria.—Rome.*

THE character of feeling with which each great city in Italy is sought, must depend on the taste, the pursuit, or the views of the traveller, who visits them. To one whose historical associations belong to the middle ages, Florence becomes all that Rome is to the classic tourist, or Loretto to the devout Pilgrim! By the author of these pages it was approached with emotions of deep and long-cherished interest—it was quitted with sentiments of profound regret, associated with all that makes remembrance pleasant, and connects the links of memory with the ties of the heart. The scene, the air, the site of Florence—the liberty it once cherished, the worth it still inclosed, the genius it had produced, the patriotism it recalled, the friendship personally experienced from some of its natives, and the refinement, cordiality, and urbanity of the foreign society congregated within its walls,

from all parts of the world *, left impressions behind them, at once gracious and sad.

It required all the changeful beauty of the scene through which we were passing on our route to Rome, to soften down that reluctance with which we left the confines of Tuscany, where it has been but too truly said that Italian civilization seems to stop †. The high road to Rome, by PERUGIA, which for many reasons we preferred to that by SIENA, lies for a considerable way through the VAL D'ARNO *(superiore o di sopra)*: the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the landscape, the villas, romantic ruins, and rustic dwellings, scattered over its undulating surface, well merit that splendid and poetical picture of its topography, which Ariosto has painted in deathless colours.

> " A veder pien di tante ville i colli
> Par che il terren ve le germogli come
> Vermene germogliar suole e rampolli," &c. &c. &c.

The scenery from Florence to *Incisa* is that of an English garden; and some of the many villas, viewed at a little distance, resemble the old mansion-seats of Queen Anne's time; but the resemblance dissipates as they are approached. Many of the *poderi*, or small farms, are extremely pretty. We visited that of *Monte-Alfa*, and loitered on its acclivities for nearly an hour. We found all the opulence, but nothing of the neatness and order of an English farm; to which the farms and cottages of the Bolognese alone in Italy bear any resemblance. This farm-house and its rustic offices were a cluster of distinct and disorderly buildings, surrounded by olive-grounds and vineyards. A little church, with hell and purgatory painted on its walls, rose in the midst of rural objects and implements: its bell was tolling, and a sturdy wench, who was driving some oxen into a field, suddenly

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* It is a curious fact, that we had near fifty Irish names alone on our visiting-book, with as many English, mingled with those of Russians, Prussians, Poles, Swedes, Germans, French, Italians, Greeks, and Americans. In visiting Italy one is afforded glimpses of the society of all Europe.

† Though the month of December was far advanced, and we left the streets of Florence deep in snow, we travelled with our carriage open to the gates of Rome. The nights, however, were very cold; and the few chimneys we found at the inns, seemed ingeniously constructed to let in the smoke, and keep out the heat.

dropped on her knees, and remained kneeling until the knell had ceased to vibrate. The valley beneath was a paradise. The Apennines, which rose in the distance, were covered with snow, that had fallen heavily on the night before; yet the trees had scarcely lost their foliage, as if the parting Autumn

"Its lingering bloom delay'd,"

and the mid-day sun fell in rays of gold on the dark and distant fir-forests of Vallombrosa. From the poor little village of *Incisa*, (the patrimonial residence of the family of Petrarch,) to *Levane*, another wretched post-town, the beauty of the road continues; and to the classical traveller presents the site where HANNIBAL halted his army, previous to his engagement at Thrasymenus with the Roman legions under the Consul Flaminius. The fossil-bones of elephants are said to have been found there, and are considered as being the remains of those animals slain in the engagement; but it is more probable that they are the remnants of some conflict of the elements.

The hamlets, or little districts, called by the Tuscans *Terra* or *Paese*, which crown remote acclivities, or appeared nestled in the vallies, are rich and beautiful. That of *St. Giovanni* and *Montevarchi* are remarkable for their fertility and the opulence of their proprietors, which is most conspicuous on their market-days. The *Val de Chiana* succeeds; bathed with the river, from which it takes its name, and which fertilizes a soil whose productive power warrants its being called the Granary of Tuscany. Commanding this beautiful vale, rise the woods of Vallombrosa, with all that magnificence of scenery which left on the mind of Milton images of nature, never effaced; images which recurred to cheer his spirit, to freshen his fancy, and enrich his page *, when blindness shut out nature from his view; and the persecution of despotism had left him lonely and unhonoured, in solitude, and in neglect †.

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* The impression which Italian scenery made on the imagination of Milton, is traceable through the whole of the Paradise Lost. It was the Italian Muse, too, that first awakened his poetical vein: he had probably given his divine genius (for it was divine) another direction, had he not early imbued his fancy and his taste with the epic effusions of Dante, and his own beloved Tasso.

† Milton's "*Defence of the People of England*," which afterwards brought on him the persecution of Charles the Second, was burnt at Paris by order of the Bourbons. It drew round him, at the time of its publication, all that was most eminent and illustrious in England, and procured him eulogiums from the learned and liberal of all Europe. Even Christina of Sweden praised him, till her protegé, and his adversary, Salmasius, died of envy. But, revered and followed as Milton was in England,

The scenery of Vallombrosa, caught even in the mistiness of distance, still has the character, which, in Milton's days, distinguished its "*Etrurian shades;*" and which, in far remoter times, lured the hermit's steps to its profound solitudes, and gave it its melodious name*. Three of the most powerful monastic institutions of Italy rose near the banks of the Arno, and on sites commanding those rich vales, which in ancient times rendered Etruria the granary of Italy, and the saviour of Rome. These were, the Monastery of Vallombrosa, that of the Camaldules, and that of Alvernia. The former was founded by Benedictine monks, in the eleventh century; the second by the famous St. Romualdo; and the third was originally the humble retreat of St. Francis; ere time had glorified that reputation to which temples of gorgeous magnificence were afterwards raised.

The revenues of the monks of Vallombrosa, previous to the Revolution, were estimated at six thousand per annum (British money), an enormous sum for Tuscany; and the influence of the fraternity over the people was commensurate to its wealth. When all the other monastic institutions of Tuscany were suppressed, it was still debated in a council of state, where Bonaparte was present, whether the monks of Vallombrosa should not remain. The cause of this hesitation in their favour was, the circumstance that the depths of the forests, which darken this chain of the Apennines, were known only to them (a part of their income arising from selling the wood); and that the bustle of their convent, and constant residence of the monks, tended to destroy the wolves, which might multiply and infest the vallies.

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ere he "*fell upon evil days and evil men,*" his reception, and his position, in Italy was still more brilliant. He became almost naturalized in Florence and Naples; and even at Rome he was so honoured, in spite of the persecution of the English Jesuits there (who threatened his liberty and life, on account of his religious principles), that when he arrived at the Cardinal Barberini's palace, at a concert of music, his eminence stood in waiting at the door to receive him: a ceremony then only paid by the haughty Princes of the Church to Royal visitants. Yet the Cardinal assured him he would have given him many more proofs of his high esteem, "but that he dared not, on account of the great freedom which he had used in all his discourses on religion.†" It is singular that Milton, narrowly escaping from the persecutors of the Roman Church abroad, should return to be persecuted alternately by the Church of England and of Calvin at home.

* Vallombrosa, from *Vallis* and *Umbra*. The monks of Vallombrosa, though embracing the Benedictine rules, took their name from the magnificent site, which was the cradle of their order.

† Newton's Life of Milton.

Should Vallombrosa be sold as national property to the peasantry, such proprietors would work there at certain seasons; but monks only, whose interest it was to avail themselves of sites and solitudes so imposing, so capable of giving effect to their seclusion, would inhabit the woods all the year through. The debate was long, and so unsatisfactory and disputatious, that at last one of the council rose abruptly, and cried in an angry impatience—"*Signori, o Monaci, o Lupi?*" "Lupi" was the general cry; and the wolves carried it. Ere, however, time and the lay tenants of Vallombrosa permitted the order of the Wolf to revive and triumph over the order of the Benedictines — that respecter of all orders, but the order of Humanity, the Holy Alliance, replaced the monachology of Italy; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany more particularly interested himself in the fate of the monks of Vallombrosa, who are now restored to their Abbey, and once more "toll the vesper bell," and chaunt the "*qui habitat*," to the delight of all picturesque and pious travellers, and to the consolation and triumph of that High Church publication—

"*My Grandmother's Review—the British.*"*

Every step taken from Florence to Rome deepens the Italian character of the scenery. The *Sun* and the *Church* are felt in sensible impressions and obvious forms, as the *South* and *St. Peter's* are approached. The wretched inns are much what they were when Horace shivered before the smoky

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* The British Review, like all the Ultra Royal and Ultra Protestant periodical publications of England, though unrelenting in its aversion to Irish friars, is amazingly fond of Italian monks: and while it opposes every liberal effort in favour of the long-suffering Catholic of Ireland, considers Catholicism on the *Continent* as a material part of the social edifice; and triumphs in the restoration of its powers and forms. The British Review, (No. X. p. 383) takes occasion, in reviewing Mr. Eustace's book on Italy, to vent its rage and indignation against "*those blasts from Hell*," (to use its own high church language) which suppressed the Abbey of Vallombrosa; over the silence of whose "*church-going bell*" it laments in bitter regrets. It may however be some consolation to "*my grandmother*" to learn, that part of her lamentations were wholly unfounded; and that all that she has said on "*the wide-spreading cedar, the darksome pines, the mournful cypress, no longer waving their aged boughs to the embalmed air, on the Paradisino, and the sylvan scenes having disappeared*," is the imposition of some travelling Munchausen on her credulity. The fact is, that the forests remain rooted as firmly as ever in their ancient soil; and that the *sylvan scene* still exists, and commands its superb views to the shores of the Mediterranean. One of the reasons assignable for this is, that "*sylvan scenes*" are not so easily overturned as political despotisms—and that the lovely site of the *Paradisino* will still keep its ground, when even the system which the British Review, and its worthy compeers, still struggle to support, shall no longer exist.

blaze of the damp room of his host of *Terracina;* or when Mr. Evelyn met a cardinal travelling like an Arab chief, with bed, kitchen, and household furniture, on the backs of sumpter mules.

At the *Locanda* of *Levane,* we found all within and without its walls the very picturesque of dreariness; and the boisterous manners of our young and handsome female attendants curiously contrasted with their dilatory movements; for though all our requests were answered with *Subito, subito*—nothing could be less *subito* than their services, notwithstanding the remonstrances of our Florentine servant, who seemed to know how to deal with them.

Arezzo is the first considerable town which succeeds to Florence. Its subtile air has been asserted to be peculiarly favourable to genius; and in fact, under many moral disadvantages, it has produced men of eminent talent from Mæcenas to Petrarch.

Arezzo is more remarkable for its antiquity, than for its actual existence or consideration; and the beauty of its position at the brow of a fertile hill renders its dreary and dismantled interior still more obvious. We found its narrow and dirty streets crowded with beggars, chequered by petty venders of fruit and maccaroni; and there was little to induce the most inquiring traveller to pause beyond the time necessarily given to its few and neglected historical buildings.

The Piazza or public square is remarkable for an antique edifice, which is called *La Loggia.* It was erected after a design of *Vasari,* who was a native of this city. It is now converted to the purposes of the theatre; and of the never-failing *Dogana.* The Church of La Pieve is supposed to be the remains of an ancient temple: the Cathedral is only striking from its vastness and Gothic architecture. There is a modern and handsome chapel adjoining, raised by that party which effected a temporary counter-revolution, under the inspiration of *Mr. Wyndham**, and of the *Madonna.* Its walls are decorated by some of the disciples of the modern school of Lombardy, and depicted with tempting Abigails and tempted Davids, with too much fidelity to the frailty of both, for the walls of a church.

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* I regret that a name so respectable should be found in these pages, coupled with transactions of so dark a character; but the facts were subjects of common conversation, even in the highest circles of Florence. They are known to all the English, who mix in Italian society; and belong so entirely to history, that to pass them over in silence, would be a delicacy equally misplaced and unavailing. In such cases, all that the traveller or historian can do, is to keep out of sight anecdotes of a purely private or personal nature; and that has been carefully done on the present occasion.

We found the canons celebrating mass in the Duomo, wrapped in their rich cloth robes and tippets, and cuffs of ermine, and nestled in their warm stalls: a striking contrast to the shivering devotees, who strewed the damp pavement of the nave; for the day was chill and dreary, both from sleet and rain.

The Badia, or Abbey of the Cassinensi, in Arezzo, was, in the middle ages, one of the richest and most splendid convents belonging to that order. It was suppressed at the Revolution, to the great annoyance of the rabble, and of the nobles, as well as of the monks; but a strong effort is now making to fill its cells, and rekindle the fires of its *ample kitchen*—one of the most complete in the Christian world, save that of the most Christian King in the Tuileries! When we visited this very fine old Abbey, only five of its aged monks had returned to their ancient cloisters—the rest were dead, or had lost their vocations; and no new candidates for the cowl had appeared to people its deserted aisles—for, notwithstanding that governments restore the order, and re-open the cloister, few of any party in Italy are led to resume a habit, to which no worldly influence nor monastic wealth is attached; and this is the case with the *Badia* of Arezzo. The ruined abbey is again given to the order, but its forfeited lands now make the wealth of many an industrious landed proprietor.

The edifice itself, in its best days, must have been superb, though now most desolate. Its cloisters are high and spacious. The refectory was also the library, and many of the empty and worm-eaten book-shelves still remain. It is the principal attraction which leads strangers and artists to visit the abbey. Its wall, painted in fresco, still exhibits, in spite of time and damp, the chef-d'œuvre of Vasari. The subject is the feast of Ahasuerus, called, in the list of that painter's works, "Il Convito d'Assuero." Vasari, according to the fashion of the day, has introduced himself among the courtly group of the Persian king. His handsome face is distinguishable by a long auburn beard. He has also preserved the portrait of one of the brothers of the order, whom tradition reports to have annoyed him much with idle questions, while he was painting. His manner of drawing the monk, a short, fat, apoplectic figure, is very ingenious. He had just painted a crystal vase of water, when this *padre seccatore* entered the refectory. As he waddled towards *Vasari*, brim-full of new impertinences, the arch-painter sketched his bulky reflection on the vase; and there it remains; for the monks, who loved a joke, (as well they might, the jolly rogues!) would not suffer it to be defaced, in spite of the complaints of their caricatured brother!

The refectory is only separated from the kitchen by the *Lavatojo*, the

dressing-room, where the monks made their toilette, that is, washed their hands before dinner; and the sort of fare furnished by the abbey cooks to the monks' table, is still illustrated by the notable comments of stew-holes, hot hearths, ovens, boilers, &c. &c. and by the proximity of a most commodious dairy and poultry-yard, both bearing evident symptoms of their destination. As we passed through the kitchen, led by a ragged guide, we observed one of the poor old monks in a russet habit, munching an apple, and seated on a stone near the chill and empty hearth! The contrast between the past and the present was striking; and the folly of forcing these gone-by institutions was obvious, even in Arezzo,—twenty years back notorious for the ignorance and superstition of its inhabitants. Still the ultra party, aided by the supreme authority, have contrived to re-establish there three convents of nuns, and six of friars.

We left the Abbey for a shrine of at least equal interest—the house of Petrarch's nativity, the house to which, in his visit to Arezzo, he was carried in triumph, amidst the acclamations of his proud compatriots. But when we arrived at the spot where we were assured the *Casa Petrarca* still stood, we found, instead of its venerable and antiquated walls, a spick and span new pert-looking building, which very much resembled a Brighton lodging-house. We scarcely waited to read the inscription over the door, which indicated that there had stood the *Casa Petrarca*, &c. &c.

The conspicuous part played by the people of this town during the Revolution, and the fierce re-action to which they were instigated, not by the noble feeling of love of country, but by the arts of a designing faction, have already been alluded to. The local details, however, as related to us during our very short stay there, in part belong to the topography of the city. Arezzo, famous for the number of its convents, and the bigotry of its inhabitants, lent a ready agency to those who sought for ignorance to mislead, and zeal to inflame; and an accident, illustrative of both, soon furnished the ministers of the counter-revolution with a pretext for animating the people in a cause which (as it was pretended) had the safety of the Church for its object. Some men of the lowest class having got drunk at a *Cantina*, or wine-house, opposite a very ancient shrine of the Madonna stuck in the walls of a house, fell out with the landlady on the subject of the reckoning, and applied to her such epithets of abuse as she was extremely reluctant to appropriate to herself: she handed them over, therefore, without ceremony to her neighbour, the Madonna, swearing to the sacrilege committed by her customers, and even to each

specific epithet of outrage, applied to one who had long superseded even the Deity himself, in the devotion of the good people of the city. The pious listened appalled to her tale! and the abused Madonna, from being the blackest-visaged Virgin in Tuscany, was found, the morning following, with a face like a bleached almond. The people cried, "Al Miracolo!" The priests surrounded the shrine; and even the archbishop, affecting to believe in the transformation, had the Madonna taken down from her street residence, and carried processionally to the Cathedral, where she was installed, and a chapel raised to her honour. The Church declared that miracles were not without meaning; that the Virgin did not change colour for nothing, and that some great event was about to take place in Arezzo, under the special protection of the *Madre Beata* herself. The original cause of her supposed interference was forgotten. The expected event was declared to be a resistance to the French, the arch-enemies of the Church; and leaden images of the Madonna were distributed, to be fixed in the hats, and worn as the cockade that should distinguish the armament which was to fight her battles. The "*Mot d'ordre*" was "*No quarter to a Frenchman.*" It was obeyed to the letter; and the sackage of Arezzo, in 1800, was the result.

The route continues from Arezzo, through scenes of increasing luxury and beauty. The barrier mountains are covered with woods of oaks and chesnut—when we saw them, still diversified by all the richest tints of Autumn; on the lesser acclivities, the gray and sober olive spread its reserved hues; while the fertile flats were draped with vines, whose leafless tendrils looked like a delicate network. As we approached what our servant called *il Paesaccio* of *Cammucia*, (a post-house and cluster of poor cottages on the confines of Tuscany,) a singular phenomenon belonging to the scene and the hour presented itself. The sun was setting on a drizzling rain, which fell like coloured gems. The dense vapour of the atmosphere obscured the distant prospect, until, suddenly rising above the clouds, appeared the forms of towers and cupolas hanging suspended in mid-air—the vision of a city. As the mists rolled down upon the valley, more definite and salient forms became visible—domes, and turrets, and forts, and ponderous walls, resting on clouds, which, as they melted into mists, gradually revealed the steep and rocky basis upon which these shadowy edifices seemed to hover, till the whole dark mass was reddened in the crimson light of the horizon, and the most ancient of Etruscan cities, Cortona, stood full in view, crowning the summit.

Among the cities which remain of the twelve Etruscan states, (VOLTERRA, CORTONA, AREZZO, PERUGIA, and VALSINIO,*) Cortona (the Corytum of antiquity) was pre-eminent; and it still exhibits curious traces of its superiority. The whole of this region is pregnant with interest, for it was once studied for its antiquities by those who themselves are now *ancients* —by LIVY, by VARRO, and by PLINY! who loitered amidst its ruins, and examined its fragments, as the antiquary of the present day ponders on the sites to which *their* classic names have given a value and dignity.

Etruria, placed between the Arno and the Tiber, exclusively contained, for a long period, the rudiments of that knowledge which has since spread to distant worlds, and was once the centre of all that was known of civilization in Europe, when Athens was still rude, and Rome did not exist. Within that narrow boundary flourished commerce and the arts, and all that raises man above his brutal instincts and mere animal existence. The secret of this precocity of civilization was a tendency to independence: its basis lay in the unity of the people; and when at length the petty principalities loosened the bonds of their federative alliance, and provincial rivalry separated their interests, they fell, and were enslaved. Still they struggled to the last for their independence, and were conquered, not because they were deficient in courage, but because they were DIVIDED.† Their example, and their fate, should in all ages be the word of the people of Italy.

Few travellers ascend the heights of Cortona: their almost perpendicular steepness renders the effort arduous; and the inn and post-house at the foot of its rocks tempt the traveller to repose, or to proceed, and to rest satisfied with contemplating the most venerable city in Italy from the lovely Valle di Chiana, above which it forms so fine a feature. Its walls however, impressed with the traces of thousands of years, with their huge masses of stone adhering without cement, are well worth seeing; for though, perhaps, the most ancient in Europe, they are in some places in wonderful preservation. The gloomy and dilapidated interior of Cortona contrasts, like all the old cities of the south of Italy, with the lovely luxury of the surrounding

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* Now Bolsena. When this city was taken by Marcus Flavius Flaccus, two thousand statues were sent from thence to Rome.

† "Gli sforsi prodigiosi di valore e gli spedienti immensi, messi in opera dai Toscani per salvare una libertà vaccilante, potranno meglio di qualunque elogio far conoscere li fermi basi del loro edifizio sociale." Micale, L'Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani.

scenery. It contains a few churches worth seeing for their paintings; for it has produced Pietro da Cortona, and some other artists of eminence. Among its relics, profane and sacred, the tomb of Flaminius, and the body of the fair Saint Margarita, are the most celebrated. What however appears most extraordinary is, that so remote, ideal-looking a city, should be inhabited at all; and that it should have an academy, where probably *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, and *Trecentisti* and *Della-Cruscans*, fight their battle of words with all the virulence displayed in the living cities of the plains of Tuscany and Lombardy *.

The road from Camuccia, under the fine and cultivated heights of the *Spelonca*, and along the lake of Perugia (Hannibal's Thrasymenus), is picturesque and beautiful, beyond all description. Here the classical traveller, in every step, finds an interest, and disputes or doubts on the pretensions of Sanguinetta and Ossaja to be the spot of Flaminius's defeat. The sepulchre of ten thousand brave men may occupy the mind of the scholar or the *schoolboy;* but those deeply touched by the fate of living Italy, turn alternately from the Paradise of the natural scenery, to the wretched, ragged groups, who stretching forth their squalid forms from the black dens of Passignano, give the first specimens of the condition of the subjects of the Papal dominions.† Yet here we found a friar begging from beggars!

When the noxious lane of this frontier-pass is traversed, the beautiful lake again cheers the eye; and its surrounding hills, crowned with the convent domes of *St. Zabione*, the fortresses of *Mazione* and the *Rocca dei Monaldi*, present a striking contrast to the thin population, which seems to increase in wretchedness and misery, as nature becomes more beautiful. A poor building rises on the road-side with the sign of the Mitre and Keys, and the inscription of *Dogana Pontifica*, which, with the police and uniform of the Holy See, the groups of monks and beggars, duly notified our entrance into that State, for ages supposed to be under the immediate dominion of the Deity, and governed by the Vicegerent of "Christ on Earth." Nature was still the same, bountiful and beautiful!—but there was a visible change in the physiognomy of the people. The Tuscan freshness, as well as the Tuscan compe-

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* The Accademia Etrusca di Cortona was founded in 1726. It has a library, a cabinet of antiquities, of medals, engravings, natural history, and gems.

† This miserable village has a page in Polybius, as being the site of a fierce contest between the Carthaginians and the Roman forces: the heights above it were occupied by Hannibal and his forces.

tency, had wholly disappeared. A few haggard-looking women were performing the field-labours of men;—the men (and there were but few visible) were loitering listlessly, muffled to their chins in dark and ragged mantles;—and both so closely resembled the Irish peasantry, in form, expression, and all the exterior of poverty and wretchedness, that Irish eyes might well weep in gazing on them; and Irish hearts might feel, that human misery, seen where it may, has a constant type in the home of their affections.* As we passed along, all held out their hands, in silent supplication, for charity; a habit so universally prevailing in the Roman States, even where want does not prevail, that it seems as if it were an instinct of Nature.

As PERUGIA was approached, the condition of the population appeared to improve; but partial patches of rural prosperity are not unusual in the Roman States, though the prevailing aspect of the people is that of great indigence and want of civilization. Perugia, like all the Etruscan capitals, crowns the summit of a seemingly inaccessible rock, and commands an enchanting view, in which the Lake Thrasymenus is one of the finest features. There is something extremely novel in ascending to these Etruscan cities, to which the carriage is drawn by teams of fine oxen, that come slowly forward, as the traveller's carriage halts at the foot of the acclivity, and are as slowly yoked to the horses and mules they are called on to assist.† The ascent to Perugia is so steep and precipitous, that apprehensions of danger are only to be diverted by the scenery which skirts the mountain, on either side the winding and perilous road. Every where church-spires and convent-domes rise amidst luxuriant gardens, rich olive-grounds, and abundant vineyards; for, says the Tuscan proverb,

> "*Dove abitano i frati, è grassa la terra.*"
> "Where the monk dwells, the earth teems."

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* It is remarkable that some of the women in this district wear a head-kerchief precisely like that worn in the remote parts of Ireland; and that others had on the Irish mantle, a piece of bias-cut cloth drawn over the head, almost always of a dingy red. The Irish mantle is, in fact, the Roman cloak, so universally worn by all ranks. Another point of resemblance was, that almost all the women were bare-legged, and frequently bare-footed.

† The sylvan dress of the drivers often struck us; their manners, however, are by no means sylvan. The youth, whose oxen drew us up to Perugia, had a large bunch of beautiful autumnal flowers in his smart straw-hat, and a nosegay in his breast. I asked him to sell me one of these bouquets; he answered, "When I bought them myself, it was not to sell them to the first stranger that wanted them."

At every question demanded "To whom do those vineyards, or to whom do those olives belong?" the answer was, "To the monks of San Giuliano! to the Church of San Pietro!" &c. &c. But to the delicious domains of St. Julian and Saint Peter succeeds that dark and terrible fortress, which ascends with the heights, and guards every rock, and fortifies every cliff. This citadel was commenced by one of the most despotic of the Popes, Paul the Third, under pretext of building an hospital; and it was considerably advanced before his turbulent subjects discovered that the work of charity was one of power; and was destined to fortify those heights, which Hannibal found impregnable;—to control those spirits, among which the Pontiff feared might still be found a Forte Braccio!* But heights and citadels have proved no insurmountable barriers to the tactics of modern times; and since the occupation of Perugia by the French, this most romantically situated fortress is partly abandoned to ruin, partly occupied by prisoners, whose yells, through the iron bars, met our ears as we ascended, with a very scaring and melancholy effect—while the wind bore to us distinctly the sounds of "*Forestieri, carità!*" ("Charity, strangers!") This was an ominous entrance into the first city of the patrimony of St. Peter.†

In the general view of Perugia, it resembles all the very ancient cities from Florence to Naples:—one or two piazzas; a number of narrow, dirty, gloomy streets; high, dismantled, and dreary palaces; churches beyond count, and convents falling to ruin, or newly refitted, with a dash of white-wash on the walls, and some new wooden screens before the little windows. Previously to the Revolution, Perugia contained forty-eight of these establishments for both sexes, and a suitable number of churches. Many of the former are restored; of the latter, we visited only those most recommended to our notice, as containing the chief works of Pietro Perugino, and the first efforts of his young disciple, Raphael. These are, the Church of San Pietro, of the black Benedictines; the Church and Convent of the Olive-

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* The Perugians made war on the Holy See in 1392, and were subdued; but, in 1416, weary of the Papal sway, they again took up arms; and, led by the famous Capitano Forte Braccio, marched to Rome, and remained for some time masters of the city. Perugia again fell to the Pope in 1442; but the memory of Forte Braccio is even still revered there.

† The same permission is given to the prisoners at Bologna: their cry resembles the yell of a pack of hounds. This is a most disgraceful license, and would be well commuted by giving them better cells, or a larger gaol-allowance;—for the state of Italian prisons is dreadful.

tans, where the University now has its establishment; *Santa Maria Nuova, San Agostino, San Francesco,* and *San Juliano.* But nearly all the churches contain more or less of the works of Perugino and his school; for his poverty rendered him as laborious as he was ingenious; and a note of his is still extant at Perugia, in which he begs a small loan from the monks of St. Augustine, whose choir and sacristy are adorned with his immortal works.

But there is one little edifice in Perugia, where not a square inch is left uncovered by the pencil of Perugino, and which he seems to have bequeathed to his native city, as a monument of the perfection of his genius, and the devotedness of his patriotism. It is called La Loggia, or Collegio del Cambio, a sort of change, or mercantile rendezvous, where the commercial inhabitants of the city met to transact business. This little Gothic fabric, with its beautiful chapel, is a perfect toy, a relic of times and manners, which it is always curious and amusing to review. So intent was Perugino on perfecting this Loggia, that even the gilding of the cornices is said to be his work; and it retains, as well as the frescos, all its original brightness. The centre of the ceiling represents the Almighty as a delicate and aged man, (for that Divine essence which can know no change, is always painted by the Italian artists as fallen into decrepitude); a glory of seraphs encircles the beautifully venerable head. Different compartments represent St. Matthew dictating to St. Mark; the eager look of the apostolic amanuensis, as he catches the inspirations he is about to trace, is life itself. *St. John* and *St. Luke,* exquisitely pourtrayed, form very curious companions to two most comely Sibyls, draped more becomingly for a seraglio than for such holy society. The picture of Perugino, by himself, is not among the least interesting objects of this precious monument of the arts and manners of the fifteenth century.

I know nothing more simply touching in biographic story, than *Vasari's* account of Raphael setting out with his aged father to Perugia, for the purpose of being placed in the school of Pietro Vannucci or Perugino. Old Giovanni Sanzio was himself a painter, one of those humble artists who worked by the foot, and drove a hard bargain for the quantity of gold he was to put into the robe of a Madonna, or the size of drapery he was to measure out for a saint.* It was in his own shop at Urbino that he first tried the talents of his

* It is, however, supposed that one of the figures of Raphael's *Sposalizio di Nostra Signora,* in the gallery of the Brera at Milan, is copied from his father's picture of St. Sebastiano, preserved in

immortal son, by giving him some of the coarse porcelaine to paint, which was then manufactured at Urbino :—but Raphael Sanzio, though a child, soon left the parent artist far behind; and Giovanni resolved on taking him to his friend Pietro Perugino.* The departure of the old man, with that handsome ardent boy, whose beautiful sun-burnt countenance still draws the eye from better portraits in the Borghese gallery at Rome†— the tears shed at parting, by Madonna Sanzio, who so tenderly loved this distinguished son—their arrival at Perugia, and the presentation of Raphael to the master he was so soon to surpass, all belong to the simplicity of the manners of that day. Vasari beautifully adds, in speaking of the graces, the sweetness, the elegance of the character of Raphael, that these were partly due to his having been "*nurtured at the maternal bosom.*" May this charming prejudice (if, indeed, *it is one*) be revived in Italy, and may future Raphaels reward, by their genius and their virtues, the happy mothers from whose bosoms they first draw the tide of life!

Of all the cities under the special influence of St. Peter, Perugia, next to Rome, seems to be that which has most largely partaken of his benefits and interference, since the restoration of all saints by the Holy Alliance.

The Church property of Perugia having fallen at the Revolution to the State, the Pope, on his return, made it a matter of conscience not to avail himself of this revolutionary disposition in his favour; and his desire of returning the Church her own, even to the last paolo, was only retarded in its execution by the remonstrances of ministers, more wise, and less conscientious. An event unforeseen frustrated, however, the diplomatic policy, and *Peter* was very literally robbed to pay *Paul.* When his present Holiness, Pope Pius the Seventh, was a Benedictine Monk in the cloisters of the little convent of "*La Madonna del Fuoco,*" he formed a friendship with a brother of the order, remarkable for his zeal and piety. Nothing could be more differ-

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Urbino, with some others of his rude works, out of respect to him as the father of one of the greatest geniuses that Italy ever produced.

* "Onde Giovanni andatosene tutto lieto da Urbino, e preso il putto, non senza molte lagrime della Madre, che teneramente l'amava, lo meno a Perugia, la dove Pietro, veduto la maniera del disegnare di Raffaello, e costui ne fe quel giudizio che poi il tempo dimostra verissimo con gli effetti."—*Vasari.*

† A portrait of Raphael at the age of fourteen is to be seen at the Borghese—I believe by his master Perugino.

ent than the fate of the monastic friends. *Chiaramonti* was called to that throne which, by representing the divine majesty, rises above all temporal powers. His friend Frà Perilla remained true to his original vocation; and when driven from his convent, retired to an hermitage. There he long lived, and when he at last quitted his cell, it was by a divine inspiration, which commanded him to take up the cross, and preach the Restoration of the Church, even beneath the sumptuous domes of the Quirinal, where the apostolic fisherman was now once more enthroned.

Perilla obeyed the call, and presented himself to his ancient friend, in the pontifical closet, invoked him with a prophet's voice and martyr's energy, to raise his prostrate Church, and abandon the tempter, who, in the guise of a cabinet-minister, was fixing all his views on temporal interests. The Pope thus worked on, by the zeal of a friend and the eloquence of an inspired missionary, gave Frà Perilla a brief, *(una facoltà)* empowering him to command a restitution to the Church of all her spoliated property in the patrimony of St. Peter; freely giving up his own share of the spoil, and requiring of him to gather under the consecrated banner of their common mother, all her faithful adherents disbanded by revolutionary force.

Perilla went forth another Peter the Hermit. He preached—he threatened—he solicited—he denounced:—he did more,—he seized on vineyards and olive-grounds, and corn-fields, and chesnut-groves; he opened and filled convents, and drove out lay-tenants from holy monasteries; and Perugia, like Spoleto, Foligno, and all the principal towns within the mission, resumed their former character of monastic influence. The effects of his zeal were, however, less miraculous than was at first supposed, although the worthless, the idle, and the indigent, were readily touched by that grace which brought ease and property along with it; and cloisters which commanded the rich grounds of St. Giuliano and St. Pietro, were rapidly filled with devotees, whose vocation had "*views on this side Paradise.*" The great work done to the extent of his diploma, Perilla again presented himself at the gates of the Quirinal, resting on that pastoral staff which had collected so large a flock to the fold. But it was long ere he could penetrate further; and he who had opened the gates of Heaven to so many, could not now defeat the diplomatic vigilance which shut the gates of his master's palace upon himself. The cardinals, however, more favourable to the views of Perilla than to those of the minister, are said to have forwarded his second interview with his Holiness; and Cardinal Braschi, the nephew of

the late Pope, conveyed him to the pontifical closet, where he was received with the consolatory welcome of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Recompensed only by the success of his mission, sincere in his mistaken zeal, and disinterested as sincerity is usually found to be, Perilla returned from the marble chambers of the pontifical palace to his own humble cell, leaving the abbots and priors he has restored to power and wealth, to the enjoyment of their vineyards, and the ease of their monastic leisure.*

Under the late French regime, the city of Perugia was governed by a military prefect, who introduced much of the order and discipline of his profession into its society. He gave gay entertainments, held assemblies, and obliged the old murky, time-worn nobles, to throw off their dusty great coats,

"And to live cleanly as noblemen should do."

Perugia is now under the jurisdiction of a priest, the Prelato Spinola, with the title of Governor. There are of course no balls—no assemblies; and the nobles are at liberty to resume their great coats, in which (by the by) we saw some of them perform that weary pilgrimage, the Corso, in coaches which seemed to have existed since the time of Forte-Braccio, whose bones in the church of San Francesco are not more mouldy.

We left Perugia as the dawn broke upon the towers of its horrible fortress; but yet not so early but misery was awake; and the same cries which ushered us into its gloomy walls, now followed us out. The descent looked so fearful and rapid, and the morning, though in December, was so lovely, that we walked down the heights, and had thus an opportunity of chatting to some peasantry, who were ascending in crowds from the fertile valleys, laden with fruit, flowers, poultry, oil, and vegetables—some carried in hand-baskets, and some in panniers on the back of a mule or an ass. While we stopped to purchase some grapes of an old man, several of these

* For this detail we are indebted to a monk, who holds a place under the papal government, and who had known both the Pope and Perilla in early life. Our narrator was in such admiration of the zeal and talent of the latter, that he always named him "Quel grande e sant' uomo;"—this great and holy man. It is, however, evident that Perilla did but hasten the execution of the Pope's intention; who was bent on restoring the Church its own, contrary, it is said, to the wise and liberal councils of Cardinal Gonsalvi. At Perugia we were told that the restored monks were all strangers. The inhabitants knew not from whence they had come.

country people gathered round us, and were as ready to answer questions as we were to ask them. We found they were each bound to some particular convent; and all declared their satisfaction at the return of the monks;—for they had raised the prices of every thing; they were *brava gente*, who kept a number of servants*, and fed them well. To the Begging order, however, they objected—"*Non vogliamo niente i Mendicanti*," † said an old woman, who carried a wicker cage full of live turtles, bespoken by a Frà somebody, whose name I forget. In states more enlightened than that of Perugia, the judgment of society on events and institutions is often no less false, when thus warped by particular interests.

The whole of this scene was delicious; its freshness seems even now to breathe on me, as I thus feebly trace its features; and the costume and colouring of the groupings, the Isis-like head-dress of the women, and pastoral mantle of the men, their cages of doves, and panniers of glowing fruit, recur to the memory, like the brilliant pictures which the market-groups of Flemish painters leave upon the imagination. If ever there was one region blessed beyond all others, and made by nature for the special enjoyment of the most favoured of her creatures, that region is Italy! Let her fortresses and her cells, her despots and her monks, tell her sad story, and explain how suns may shine, and soils may teem—in vain! ‡

The route to Rome continues through the beautiful valley called *La Vallata di Perugia*, increasing in fertility as Foligno is approached. At a short distance from Perugia, the TIBER (which might be here mistaken for a muddy village stream) is passed by the bridge of San Giovanni; and at two posts distance, the church of LA MADONNA DEGLI ANGELI, near the pious city of *Assise*, induces the most impatient traveller to pause, and make the offering of his curiosity, if not of his homage, to *our Lady of the Angels* and the oratory of *St. Francis*.

THE Church and convent of the Madonna degli Angeli forms a stupendous

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* These servants are called Canterini (literally *Singing Boys.*) A person in Perugia assured us that one convent which he named had two of the best cooks in Italy; the head one a Frenchman.

† "We want no Mendicants."

‡ All this part of the Pope's dominions is tenanted in small farms, and contrasts most forcibly with the wild desolate regions of the Campagna, where the large proprietors have banished cultivation, and yielded the soil up to the *mal-aria* and the wild boars.

pile of building, elegant and shewy;—the work of Vignola. We were accompanied to both by a lay-brother, a sturdy red-headed youth, grinning from ear to ear, and much fitter for the plough than the cloister. As he drew aside a mysterious curtain, and called our attention to a picture of the Virgin and Angel (an Annunciation), he observed that it was drawn from the life *(al naturale)*. "What! (I said) *Angel* and all?" "*Tutti, tutti,*" was his emphatic answer; "*è molto somigliante,*" (and a great likeness it is!) In shewing us the cell and the garden of St. Francis (a melancholy little walled spot between the church and the convent, where every thing was, however, most theatrically and *newly* arranged), he pointed to a bed of rose-trees, some still in bloom; and observed, that it was the *bed of nettles and thorns*, on which St. Francis rolled himself till his body was a mass of wounds, *to please God*, ("*Messere Dio*" was his word.) It did not, however, please God; for the bed of thorns, stained with the Saint's blood at night, was found in the morning changed into a bed of roses, sweet and fresh as Love ever nestled in: whether the Saint enjoyed this luxury, he could not venture to say; but the roses, he said, *remained* ever since, a proof of the miracle. I observed that St. Francis flourished in the twelfth century, and these were China roses; but he only shrugged his shoulders, "Non fa niente; c'è un miracolo!—(that's nothing, 'tis a miracle."

In the centre of the church is an old Gothic cottage, with a beautiful little spire, the oratory of St. Francis; and to preserve this cottage, the magnificent church was raised round it. It is an imitation of the church and house of Loretto.*

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* It is worth observing, that, on taking leave of our lay-brother and his miracles, our Italian servant, who had followed us, eyeing him with contempt, shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed "Che bestia!" *(what a beast!)* As this was partly addressed to our driver (for we had now taken Vetturino mules), he burst into a sarcastic laugh, and replied—"Why should I work night and day, be scolded by my master at home, and by travellers abroad, for a few scudi?—I'll turn monk now.—Why not?—No longer *Povero Andrea*, the Vetturino driver, but *Frà Andrea!* or *Padre Andrea!* with nothing to do but count my beads, tell my aves, and live like a bishop.—'Eccomi dunque frate;'" and he burst again into a violent fit of laughter. The fact is, that the attempt at reviving old impositions in Catholic Italy, is as much laughed at by the people, as a similar effort would be in Protestant England. The mere rabble and the old nobility alone are imposed on by them; the former by their ignorance—the latter by their interests. Both owe them to the Holy Alliance.

In the delicious valley of the Spoletana, which is watered by the *Clitumnus* (that name so melodious to classic ears), and abounds in the richest pasturage, reposes the ancient city of Foligno; looking rather old than ancient, and bearing all the generic features of a provincial city in the Roman States—neglect, sadness, and desolation. Foligno has its show-churches and show-palaces; its monasteries and its convents; its canons and cathedral, its nuns and nobility. But that which gave it the greatest value in the eyes of the *virtuoso* traveller, the *Madonna di Foligno* of Raphael, so long the treasure of the convent "Delle Contesse," is now no longer there. Having been carried off to Paris, it was returned with the other Italian pictures; but the Madonna, instead of stopping at her ancient residence in the convent of *Foligno*, sooner than part company with some of her distinguished brother exiles, travelled on to Rome, where she forms one of the most precious treasures of the Vatican. To hear the complaints of the poor nuns of the Convent delle Contesse, who are now no longer exclusively Countesses (for we found the daughter of our host of the inn there), the loss of their picture is beyond compensation in this world; and they imagine that all Europe must take an interest in their misfortune. But though they respect Raphael much, and the Madonna more, the strangers whom this sublime picture brought to their convent, and the donations they left behind them, are among the most substantial causes of their regrets and indignation.

The garden-vales of Foligno *, and the shores of the Clitumnus, where the fat white victims of heathen altars *(grandes victimæ)* were nurtured, lead to

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* Between Foligno and Spoleto, on the edge of the river, moulders the ruin of an ancient temple: the peasantry call it "*Tempio di* Clitunno:" they said it was now "*Ad uso dei Cristiani*"—*employed for Christian rites.* It is mentioned by all classic travellers, both ancient and modern; but the best account of its dilapidations will be found in the historical illustrations of *Childe Harold.* Notwithstanding the richness of the soil, mendicity here assumes its most degrading form: as our carriage appeared, women and children threw themselves on the earth, which they kissed; then springing up, they ran along the road-side in a sort of frantic attitude, crying "Qualche cosa, per i morti vostri, carità, carità," Give something for your departed friends. Stunned by their cries and touched by their misery, we stopped the carriage, and ordered the servant who was on the coach-box, to give them a trifle: he took out a silver piece, and asked a miserable old woman who was on her knees if she could give him change. She coolly answered "Si Signore," took out a purse and gave him small money; he gave her a few baiocchi. While he was counting out some copper to a little girl, he asked the young mendicant

the very walls, the terrible walls of SPOLETO. We entered them at night; and as we wound slowly between the high dark double vallum, or caught glimpses of the lofty, black, and ruinous houses, (made visible by the lighted shrines of the Madonna,) it appeared to us a mass of prisons; the air seemed close, and all looked fearful. The proposal of our servant, not to stop in this city of sadness, but proceed to what he called *the pretty Inn of Giovannini,* at the foot of the hill on the other side of the town, was a welcome proposition; and we had every reason to rejoice in our acceptance of it. With Giovannini we found cleanliness and accommodation (now becoming rare); and the view which the morning light discovered from our windows, might almost have compensated for the loss of either. Here, in scenes full of natural wildness and natural beauty, appeared some symptoms of those ancient monuments, for which classic travellers go so far, and find so few.

The MONTE LUCCO, broken into gentle undulations, is crowned with the sites of ancient temples, now covered with Christian churches. The Church of the Crucifix rises above the Temple of Concord, and is constructed with part of its materials; and the altars of San Juliano and St. Andrea, replace those of Mars and Jupiter. Over an abrupt and narrow chasm were flung the tall narrow arches of a Roman aqueduct *; and high above all frowned the Gothic fortress of La Rocca, once the defence, and now the prison of the district. A prison in a country where there are no laws, and where all depends upon the will of the powerful, is a fearful image—that of La Rocca deforms the paradise it dominates. There is nothing new or fresh about the town of SPOLETO but the handsome convent of the Benedictines, and its beautiful colonnade. The interior of the town is steep, gloomy, and desolate. It has a little manufacture of hats; but the trade scarcely extends beyond its own district. The Church

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carelessly how much she had given for a coral necklace, which we now perceived she wore: she answered as carelessly "*ten scudi.*" He looked significantly at us, and we were effectually cured of suffering

"*Pity to give, ere Charity began.*"

As mendicity is a virtue in the Roman code of morals, it is never a disgrace; and as religion itself has assumed the badge of beggary as a distinction, it has become an "*état*" in the Papal States, and none are ashamed to profess it. This has been one of the means taken by Church and State of the good old times to degrade the people; and it has succeeded.

* Modern sceptics have discovered, however, that this Roman aqueduct is not a Roman aqueduct at all, as the arches are found to have a touch of the Gothic in them, and to be *sesto acuto.*

alone thrives here: all its unalienated lands have been restored by the Pope, and seventeen male monasteries, and half that number for females, have been re-established in a town, that looks as if it had been swept by the plague. Many of the palaces were shut up—others were half empty, half in ruins; the principal families having left their native city, and become scattered over Italy. The Cathedral is extremely antiquated, but has nothing worth describing, except a monument of Leppi the painter, an epitaph by Poliziano, and a picture by Annibal Caracci.

The scenery from Spoleto to Terni heightens into beauty, as that magnificent branch of the Apennines is passed, called the *Sommo*. As it is ascended, a sweep of hill rises from the deep defile, in which a rapid torrent flows, and which has long been celebrated for its hermits, and its truffles; both of which still abound. The Cenobite cells (little white-washed huts) are scattered round the chapel and residence of the Prior of the order. These hermits were now, as we passed them, thirteen in number; though under the French regime but one remained, a very aged man,

"Who ne'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place."

These recluses affect to live on such herbage as their hill produces—"*come le bestie*," said the steward of a noble of Spoleto, who rode beside us up the mountain. "Not," he added, "but the good Christians of the town supply them abundantly with food; but this they reserve for the *poor*." A more secluded site could easily have been found for devotional penance to retire to, than this lovely neighbourhood of a great town; but a more delicious, or a more fruitful one, the epicurism of seclusion could scarcely have selected.

In winding through the wooded heights of the Sommo *, we still found the trees rich in foliage, like the English forest scenery of an English October; firs and juniper mingled with oaks and elms; and the earth was embossed with the herbs and autumnal flowers known in more northern climes. The scene, though wild and solitary, was not savage: and the ruins of the old feudal fortress of Castello Strittaro, once the guardian of the mountain-pass, and a *Maesta*, or chapel raised to the Virgin, added to the beauty of the scenery; while they alone gave evidence that man and his passions had penetrated this deep and sublime solitude.

* Said to take its name from a temple raised here to Summus Jupiter.

In approaching the town of TERNI, so celebrated for its cascade, the population seems to thicken, and rural prosperity to begin. The olive-grounds of the *patronati* (as they here call the land proprietors) succeed to mountain-woods. The *pollaroli* (or pedlars in poultry) are seen driving their mules and horses laden with panniers of live fowl, on their way to Rome; while the female peasantry, dressed in their singular *cuffa*, (a veil of embroidered linen, projected like a shade over the eyes, by a piece of whale-bone,) in their shewy scarlet jackets, and coloured petticoats, enlivened the scene, and gave a gaiety to the suburbs of Terni, rarely distinguishing a Roman town.

The falls of Terni *(La Cascata delle Marmore)* have become an object of European curiosity; and though the town has little to recommend it, except being the birth-place of TACITUS *, none pass through it without resting on the day of their arrival, to visit that "*matchless cataract*," which recalls in its depth, boldness, and brilliancy, the genius of him who has best celebrated its wonders †.

An impediment to our enjoying this splendid *spectacle* was, however, thrown in our way. The mules and carriages hired out to visit it, were all occupied by some other travellers, who had got the start of us from Spoleto. We ordered therefore our Vetturino mules, after they had rested for an hour, to be got ready to take us to the waterfall; an order which created a general smile on the faces of those who heard it. Our Vetturino-driver following us in, observed that the mules which carried strangers to the waterfall were a monopoly of government; that none could go there but the POPE's hacks; and that, if any one attempted it, he would be lodged in the *Rocca* for some months. As to have waited another day would have been extremely inconvenient, we were forced to give up the *Cascata delle Marmore;* and in place of a natural wonder, so often and so beautifully described ‡, we

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* Some faint remains of an amphitheatre and baths exist in the gardens of the archbishop, and at a neighbouring villa.

† See the magnificent description of the *Cascata delle Marmore*, in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold.*—P. 37, stanza 71.

‡ Lord Byron says of this cataract, that it is worth all the *cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together.*

have here to record one of those petty extortions of despotism, which press upon the every-day enjoyments of humanity, and the annoyances given to society by its lesser, as by its more flagrant, acts of injustice and power.

The burst of scenery which succeeds to Terni, as the "woody Apennines" are again ascended, belongs not to the tameness of sober prose description. The high-poised road, hewn from a rocky ledge! the over-hanging cliff, fringed with pendant woods, or hollowed into murky caverns! the precipitous descent, sweeping to the broad, spacious, undulating valley! the lower, ruder pathway, hung but half way down, and yet appearing fathoms deep, and paced only by the venturous muleteer! the white-foaming and turbulent flood* bursting like a cataract through shores which yield perpetual harvests! and again, beyond all, the circling swelling heights of the "infant Alps," broken by shadows into countless forms, coloured by sun-lights with a thousand hues! with many a ruined dome and spire, or osier bridge of temporary construction, giving their touches of human existence to nature's wildest solitudes! are combinations belonging to the poetry of landscape, and demand a Byron's pen, or a Salvator's pencil! That nothing might be wanting to complete the splendour of our first view of the *Vallata di Terni*, (and we saw it again with undiminished admiration,) we beheld it at sunset, diversified by every tint which

"In the colours of the rainbow lives,"

bathed in crimson hues, mingling with those emerald lights of the horizon, so peculiar to Italian skies, and still marking its shadowy outline through a veil of saffron mists, the vision of a poet's paradise!

The high arched portals of NARNI, all dank and black, and dripping, shut out this scene beneath. Its fortress (the *Roccacia*) frowns on its embattled rocks above, and a dark lane of dens conducts to the *Piazza* and Cathedral of this truly feudal and papal little town, where gloom and poverty tell their tale

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* The "Nar of Virgil," the Nera of modern dialect. The valley through which it flows (or foams,) was esteemed one of the richest in Italy. Pliny says that the peasant mowed here four times a year. The banks of the Nar are still cultivated, and sprinkled with vines, olives, and fruit-trees; yet the population of this district appeared to us miserably poor and wretched. The aqueducts, constructed for the irrigation of the land by the Romans, remain, and lend a fine feature to the scenery.

amidst forts and churches, while Nature laughs in the vallies beneath, and plenty loads the carrier's team with corn and wine for distant lands.

NARNI, sad and desolate as it moulders, seems just to remain as the Venetians left it, when, having devastated the dwellings of its brave inhabitants in the sixteenth century, they proceeded on to join Charles the Fifth, then besieging the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome. Venice had then lost her own freedom, and sold her services to the Imperial Despot, whose object was the subjugation of all that remained of Italian liberty. The Venetians found it still combating even on the fearful heights of *Narni*, and carried desolation to the hearths of its champions.

A by-road from Narni, along the river, leads towards the Abruzzi. The direct highway by *Otricoli* goes to Rome. The ruins of the ancient *Otriculum* (if a mere mass of rubbish, and some formless walls can merit the name,) lie at a short distance from the post-road, on the banks of the Tiber; but in the cluster of black and slimy hovels, or ruinous and sashless houses of the modern *Otricoli*, there is nothing resembling the elegant capital of Umbria, that served as a vestibule to the splendid colonnade of palaces and temples, which, from thence to the Imperial City, formed an avenue worthy of the metropolis of the world. The inn, and hostess of Otricoli, were alike beyond description; and both had taken such hold of the imagination of the author of these pages, that she found it, on her return, impossible not to pause before the ruinous shed, and renew her acquaintance with a person and a scene which combined the highest burlesque with the very picturesque of desolation and discomfort. Happy are they who can brave old habits in favour of new views of society; who for once can pass an evening in the old smoky-raftered SALA of the locanda of Otricoli, without repining; and who can listen to the *Padrona* while she endeavours (with an eloquence well worth a better theme) to prove that the shank of an old ewe is a tender leg of lamb, and that maccaroni, steeped in greasy water, *a stupendous soup!*—" is *una minestra stupenda*."

The passage over the Tiber by a fine bridge of three arches, originally constructed by Augustus, and re-built (as many a gorgeous inscription indicates) by Sixtus the Fifth, marks the boundary between the *Umbrian* and *Sabine territories;* names so formidable in history, yet mastering but a space which looks like a village district. Still the history of the SABINES, however small the region they lorded, is noble. They were the first and last of the surrounding states to defend their liberties and their homes! their *lares* and *penates;*

though they only abandoned that obscure felicity which prudence and industry had insured to them, to take up arms against the increasing influence of the Roman bandits. All that is known of this little state attests its moral worth and political independence; and the soil which cherished such virtues, may be passed over with an interest better founded than that which arises exclusively from classical associations. But this tract, once the home of domestic worth and public spirit, and again the site of all that was possible to wealth, and splendid in power, where imperial temples and triumphal arches lined the broad *Flaminian* way, is now awfully desolate, and dangerously depopulated. The high road was lately skirted by a forest of Cimmerian gloom, the asylum of those modern *Masnadieri*, the *professional robbers* of the Roman territories. The French cleared these forests, and in many places burnt them up, as the most efficient means of getting rid of the bands they sheltered; and during their government this evil, which, with many others, had so long infested the devoted land, was nearly done away; but it reappeared almost instantaneously on their expulsion. Notwithstanding the destruction of forests, (the growth of ages,) a rich and vigorous brush-wood now skirts the road, and the mountains are partially clothed with trees to their very summit. In the midst of this dreariness stands the ruined village of Borghetto; but we only saw its desolate street enlivened by the presence of a beggar, a pilgrim, and a Roman carabineer, belonging to the little garrison of Civita Castelana. From thence increasing desolation prepares the way for the Campagna; and one of those terrible ruins called by the natives "*Casaccia de' Assassini*," is pointed out as the head-quarters of a famous band of banditti, which were taken and executed in 1815. At a little distance from its dark wall, was planted a newly erected cross, to commemorate the site of a recent murder! a crime, however, not so frequent, even here, as in England. But the scenery seems more appropriate to its commission, and throws a deeper horror on the deed, than in those populous neighbourhoods so often described in English newspapers as the scenes of the darkest atrocities. Of the thousands of foreigners who have passed, and continue to pass, this awe-inspiring road, not one has been attacked or injured; though the lawless government of Rome tempts its miserable subjects by a neglect in its police, which seems almost systematic.

The dreary half-inhabited town of Civita Castelana is guarded by a citadel, though there is nothing to defend but the poor, and their hovels,

who rarely give temptation to attack. Every hand is stretched for charity, as its steep street is ascended. The churches and the women exhibit the same appearance of tawdriness and filth; and degradation and debasement are more obvious even to the passing eye than indigence itself, though many a sashless window and shattered wall give striking indication of the comfortless penury that dwells within.

We observed between the posts of Civita Castelana and Neppi, a poor swollen jaundiced boy, whom the mal-aria had blasted with its pestilential breath, and who was returning from his mortal labours in the Campagna "to die at home," as he told our servant, who stopped to offer him a trifle—his dress was simply of sheep-skin. A little further we overtook a prisoner in the hands of some Roman sbirri; he was young and most miserable-looking. Whatever was his crime, crime was not his habit, for he coloured deeply as we looked intently at him, and hung his head. All else was still and solitary—not a hut—not a symptom of human existence; for none dwell where none can live. Still the country was not the less lovely for being the tomb of those who might venture to inhabit it; for that which is fatal to man, gives vigour to vegetation; and the undulating surface of this once volcanic region was embossed with spontaneous shrubs, with masses of rich and bushy underwood, furze still in blossom, "unprofitably gay"—juniper and sloe-berries still hanging in dusky clusters on their leafless branches, while, high above all, retreating towards the horizon, rose woods of oak and cork, planted and cherished by Nature's own hand, as if she still struggled for prerogative, in spite of the potent efforts which man had made, by bigotry and despotism, to dispossess her of her ancient and favourite domains.

Neppi, the town of the Desert, rises upon heights which command a view of the far-spreading waste. We stopped at the poor inn, less in want of the refreshment we demanded, than from curiosity to know what this blank mass of ruins could afford; but, turning fastidiously from stale bad bread, which was brought us, the person who served us observed, "Che volete? non c'è quì che roba di maremma!" "What would you have?—there is nothing here but the produce of the desert!" The town seemed almost empty. The inn-keeper said, that those of its squalid population who could labour, went to Civita Castelana (a degree less wretched), or to the Campagna in the season, to work, for fifteen baiocchi (about six-pence) a day. The few whom we saw

were of a cadaverous hue, wretched and ragged. When the season of the Mal-aria arrives, the inn-keeper and his family, and all who can shut up their houses and depart, leave this sad abode to the old and the feeble, who stay to die, or to survive a little longer, the victims of this annual plague.—From Neppi the Desert opens in all its heart-chilling sadness: trees dwindle and disappear—shrubs diminish!—and the Campagna begins from its extremest verge in striking dreariness, and fades into the remote horizon in unvaried desolation. Here rises no monastic palace; here wanders no mendicant Monk. The Church has long withdrawn from the traveller's view; she is left in the delicious valley of Perugia and Spoleto, amidst her own

> " Vaghe colle—ameni prati
> Di riposo, alberghi veri."—

She is found again at Rome, under gilded domes and velvet canopies. But here all that is known of her existence appears in the *waste* she has made. For these deserts, the work of her hands, and of the despotism she has succoured and supported, were once the luxurious gardens of Roman epicures. Here stood the patrician villa, and rose the imperial palace; here Lucullus enjoyed—and Horace sung his *Soracte*, which now alone remains unchanged of all that then existed,

> ——— " And from out the plain,
> Heaves like a long-swept wave, about to break,
> And on the curl hangs pausing."—*

Nothing bearing the stamp of humanity chequers this wide waste, save the dreary *Casale*, seen in the distance—a shed for the cattle, who fatten where man perishes. No human apparition meets the eye for miles, save the gaunt *Massaro* †, mounted on his steed, his gun slung at his side, wrapped to the

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* Childe Harold, 4th canto.

† These Massari, though acting as herdsmen, are a species of rural stewards to the Roman Princes, and superintend those immense droves of cattle, which feed during the winter months on the rank pasturage of the Campagna. They dwell in the *Casale*, a bleak and massive building of stone; and appear by their air and countenances to be brutal as the flocks they govern. There is, however, something extremely picturesque and appropriate in their appearance: the Roman

scowling eyes in his dark mantle, and poising a kind of huntsman's spear, with which he governs his drove of buffaloes. Such images well belong to such scenes; but even they are few and far between; and the feelings become so saddened by their contemplation, that even the lone and solitary fabric of *Baccano*, the caravansera of the desert, is first seen (a dark spot on the horizon) with something like pleasure! Here the depressed traveller may, during the winter months, halt, and sleep in *safety*, if not in luxury*, for the accommodation is poor, and coarse; or he may take post-horses and proceed to Rome—and thus, in the increasing darkness of the evening, lose much of the fearful and continuous waste, which reaches to the gates of the Imperial City: but he loses also impressions which belong peculiarly to this journey—and the reflections they give rise to are comments well worth preserving on the history of man. From Baccano, the sameness of the preceding scene changes into a terrible variety: something like population is visible, in the swollen, squalid, sallow figures, who steal from straw sheds, or appear at work in the pestilential marshes; many of them were ghastly spectres, with nothing of humanity but its sensibility to suffering. Their life is a malady, and

"*Fever* and *ague* all their passions are."

None of the movement which belongs to the approach of a great city, distinguishes the proximity of that once greater than all; and the *barozza*, a sort of hearse for the dying, which we passed on the road, exhibiting the plague-struck victim it was carrying to a Roman hospital, was the only vehicle we observed in approaching that "*Seven-hill'd City*," whose avenues were once

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ferraiuolo, or mantle, is thrown over their gaunt figures with great effect; their broad hats are flapped over their eyes, which are dark and scowling; they bear their spear with an air rather military than pastoral. One, to whom we spoke, said he belonged to the *Prince Rospiglioso* of Florence, who is a Roman Prince.

* When the season of *the Mal-aria* arrives, the innkeeper of Baccano shuts up his house, and goes to some neighbouring town for the summer and autumn. Some two or three wretches are found, so pressed by poverty as to remain at the post, for the accommodation of the travellers whom necessity may urge to cross the *Campagna* during that mortal season. To sleep a night at Baccano is fatal, as an English physician found, who, with his wife, most imprudently staid there, contrary to the advice of their Roman friends. He died within a few days, shortly after his arrival at Florence, and the lady escaped with great difficulty.

thronged with triumphal chariots and consular litters. A gibbet hung with human limbs; the ruinous osteria of *Fossaccio* (so called, from its neighbourhood to a putrid ditch); the solitary post-house of *La Storta;* the mouldering, isolated Villa Giustiniani*, and the rude tomb, called Nero's, follow in fearful succession, till the walls of suburban villas, now uninhabited and cheerless ruins, shut out the desolate view from the narrowing road. The Tiber is crossed over the Ponte Milvio—the Porta del Popolo is reached at the termination of the Via Flaminia—and Rome is entered. The heart of the classic traveller throbs high with raptures—the heart of humanity throbs too, but with a far different emotion.

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* On his return to Rome, after the Restoration, the Pope stopped at this Villa to take refreshments, and bless the land. He stood on the flight of marble steps, and spreading forth his arms, solemnly pronounced a benediction on the pestilential soil, which remains as blasted and pestiferous as before he hallowed it with his prayers.

CHAP. XIX.

ROME.

Preliminary Observations.—The CAPITOL.—*Modern Edifices.—Collections.—Tarpeian Rock.*—PANTHEON.—FORUM.—*Carcer Mamertinus.—Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans.—Arch of Severus.—Column of Phocas.—Arch of Titus.—Arch of Constantine.*—COLISEUM.—*Baths of Titus.—Church and Palace of* ST. JOHN LATERAN.—*Obelisk.—Baptistery of Constantine.—Scala Santa.*—VATICAN.—*Church of St. Peter's.—Avenues.—Tomb of the Countess Mathilda—of James III.—Paoline and Sistine Chapels.—Sacristy.—The Loggia of Raphael.—Gallery.—Library.*—QUIRINAL.—PRIVATE PALACES.—*Palazzo Corsini.—P. Borghese.*—VILLAS.—*Borghese Villas.—Villa Albuno.*—STUDII.—ACADEMIES.—THEATRES.

ROME, says Signor Vasi, in his exquisite Itinerario, (written partly to do the honours by his "Civitas septicollis," partly to recommend his own chalcographia, the shop of his father "of blessed memory")—Rome is *a celebrated* city, founded by Romulus, 3251 years before Christ!! The event, concerning which Sallust* and Livy disagree, which some of the learned ascribe to the Celts, and others to the Jews †, is thus settled by Signore Vasi, at a word, to

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* Sallust makes Æneas the founder of Rome; Livy votes for Romulus, but confesses that little can be relied upon in the story of the city previous to its sack by the Gauls, whose barbarous fires consumed the annals of the Pontiffs, and all other public documents. He seems to think that this was no great loss, as he owns that few of the Roman heroes could read or write.—"Combien des fables ont dus se repandre dans cette intervalle, lorsque l'ignorance aveugloit tous les esprits, lorsque l'écriture étoit rare, et que les monumens des Pontiffs étoient les archives du merveilleux. Encore ces monumens, au rapport de Tite Live, periroient ils tous dans une incendie qu'allumoient les Gaulois." Millot.—According to the prevailing account, the Romans were obliged to send to Athens for a *rechauffé* of Solon's laws; though it is more probable that this was only a trick to make a bad and tyrannous code pass upon the people.

† This last opinion is offered by one of the most luminous writers of the age, Melchiore Delfico, of Naples—an inference to which he is led by the cruelty, superstition, dislike of strangers, and pertinacious attachment to ancient habits, the common attributes of both nations.

the consolation of the very many modern Anacharses and Corinnas, who trade upon his book, "fancy raptures which they never knew," and affect to revive recollections which they never cherished. Happy are they, who, undisturbed by historic doubts, unseduced by novel views, remain fixed in the orthodoxy of history, as of religion; and led by the Vasi's of various ages, tread the beaten track, with self-complacent pride, heedless of that scepticism, without which

> "The dust of antique time would be unswept,
> And mountains be too highly heap'd for truth
> To overpeer."--- SHAKSPEARE.

Yet even the most Gothic traveller, with a mind steeped deepest in Romanticism, and a judgment least imbued with "the vulgar prejudices of the learned," comes to Rome influenced by associations imbibed with early lore, incorporated with youthful prepossession, and connected with childhood's first dream of something which existed beyond its own sunny sphere and span of being. Remembrances of fancied virtue and imaginary heroism, with all the false impressions to which they gave rise, will recur to the least classic taste; and names early learned by rote, and conned in pages never forgotten, will recur to the memory, in spite of the "prejudices against prejudices," which render Rome a subject of suspicion to all who dread the infection of pedantry, the epidemia of pretension. Mutius Scævola*, and his burning hand; Quintus Curtius, and his headlong leap†; Clœlia, and her aquatic venture‡; Virginius, and his ferocious independence; Brutus§, and his patriot steel;—rise on the imagination, together with the Scipios, and the Catos, Pompey, Antony, Cæsar, and Cicero, and hover over the dreams of

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* This story is more than apocryphal. Plutarch asserts, that Porsenna beat the Romans a second time, in contradiction to his supposed retreat after this affair. If, however, the fact were true, the conduct of Mutius, in burning his hand, is no more than Bishop Cranmer, and other enthusiasts, have done. But the attempted murder of Porsenna is the act of an assassin. The brave Andrè was condemned to death in modern times for a much less heinous crime.

† A manifest falsehood, on its own evidence.

‡ A breach of faith, which it is absurd to hold up to young masters and misses as an example. Valerius, very properly, sent her back.

§ Modern scepticism looks also on the character of Brutus with distrust. His murder of his sons was an act of pure and simple barbarism, which could not be required by the exigencies of any state of society. A modern and philosophical historian has well described Brutus, "un furbo orribilemente ambizioso, e non un eroe."

antiquarian anticipation. Of these men, however, no trace in stone or tower, not a wreck, remains, except some formless masses and disputed sites, to commemorate the fact of their existence. Nothing in Rome recalls the days of her barbarous freedom or splendid independence: her antiquities are all of comparatively modern date; and her few imperfect ruins rise amidst mounds of rubbish—the monuments of her crimes and her corruption, of her degradation and slavery—the structures of her worst days under the empire of her tyrants! Even sites have changed their aspects. The paradise of Latium (the Latium of Virgil and of Pliny,) is an infected desert; Lavinium is the tomb of its famished inhabitants*; and the port of Ostium, a nest of pestilential caverns, the dens of galley-slaves, and the asylum of murderers.

Livy exhibits the Romans up to the second Punic war, as a brutal, ignorant, and uncivilized people, without those arts and letters which they afterwards bought or borrowed; and the fact is confirmed by the remaining monuments of the language of that epoch, which was rude and unformed †. Even

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* "Après une promenade de plus d'une heure, j'aperçus quelques ouvriers occupés à sarcler un champ de blé. Ils étoient tous étrangers. Comme j'étois à causer avec le maître du camp, une jeune femme s'évanouit; c'étoit de faim, comme je l'appris dans la suite. Les ouvriers continuèrent leurs ouvrages, comme si de rien n'étoit; seulement la mère de la malade détacha son tablier pour en couvrir sa fille, et retourna à l'ouvrage. Je lui dis qu'il falloit porter la malade à la ville, et ne pas la laisser sur la terre humide à l'ardeur du soleil; mais elle ne me repondit rien. Je courus au maître du champ implorer sa pitié pour la pauvre malade. Il me fit entendre que c'étoit beaucoup de lui payer sa journée, qu'elle étoit hors d'état de gagner. Nous sommes tous pauvres, me dit-il, et nous n'avons aucun lit de reste.—La paille suffiroit.—Ils n'en avoient point. *Que la plus pauvre cabane de la Suisse me parut riche alors.* Je jettai les yeux tout autour de moi, et n'aperçevant aucun abri, aucun secours, je fus pour la première fois effrayé de l'abandon et de la solitude de ce pays, si plein de souvenirs et si vide de realité; je me sentois descendu vivant dans la demeure des morts. J'allai porter quelqu'argent à la mère de la malade, qui, sans daigner me parler, me regarda d'un air à me dire, la mort seule peut nous secourir." Such are the pictures which the Baron Bonstetten gives of the misery of this devoted country, in the pages of his work on Latium—a work, which, for the philosophy and benevolence in which it is conceived, and for the unaffected naïveté of its narration, is singularly attractive. It is impossible to conceive any thing more heart-rending than the details which he has given of the inhabitants of this district, in the simple language of truth and of nature: they cannot be perused without a copious tribute of tears. The temptation to cite more largely from this author is difficultly resisted; but the work itself should find its place in our libraries, as one of the most authentic and graphic illustrations of that portion of Italy, which is the most replete with interests and recollections to the general scholar.

† Vico observes of the ancient Romans, that they had but two arts, "quello di zappare, e scannare i suoi simili,"—digging the earth, and beating out the brains of their fellow creatures.

in their brightest deeds of heroism, their seeming virtue is too frequently but a splendid crime; and their patriotism rests more on the sacrifice of natural affections, than upon a generous and disinterested abandonment of personal and ambitious views. For love of country, they could readily stab a child, or murder a friend *; but few were found willing to sacrifice an aristocratic prejudice †, the hope of a dictatorship, or an avaricious desire of starving the citizens: and those few whom a natural sensibility led to sympathize with the people, were persecuted as traitors, and condemned as criminals.

The inherent principle of the Roman government, from the arch impostor Numa (if such a person ever existed) to Cæsar, was power, privilege, and knowledge for the few—slavery the most abject for the many. To talk of plebeian rights, was loss of cast to a patrician; and to plead for the people, was to incur the suspicion of a desire to reign. In the dreadful famine which drove the lower classes to madness, and induced many to throw themselves into the Tiber, when Spurius Melius devoted his fortune to alleviate the sufferings of his countrymen, he attracted the barbarous suspicion of the unfeeling patricians, and perished the victim of his humanity.

The death of Spurius Cassius, the proposer of an agrarian law, affords another trait by which to judge of the morals and the illumination of the Ro-

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* In our modern systems of education, we give the story of Brutus as a theme to college boys, and hang the man who should in real life attempt to imitate the example; as if the actions of great men were, indeed, what the satirist represents them, the subjects merely of declamation! When, however, the pedants have considered the death of Cæsar in a moral point of view, it has generally been to favour high tory principles. Every political assassination, like every private murder, is, in its naked abstraction, an horror; the redeeming circumstances lie in the history of the time, and the ascertainable motives of the assassin: posterity will never very vehemently accuse the man who has removed a tyrant by subtlety, when not otherwise attackable. There is, consequently, no standard of measurement for such actions, and all discussion of their character is idle and vague. The philosophical deductions to be extracted from such histories are, that *where* force alone rules, and there is no law save the will of a despot, *there* force will oppose itself to force, and fraud to fraud; and that the personal insecurity of the tyrant is a necessary consequence of a necessary law of man's moral nature.

† The life of Coriolanus is a complete tissue of sham virtues, affected patriotism, and real selfishness. The history of Rome, under the dictators, and under the successive triumvirates, exhibits an opener and more avowed contempt of public virtue. Haughty and tyrannical as masters—mean, contemptible, and vicious to the utmost stretch of sensual extravagance, as the slaves of the Cæsars—the boasted patricians of Rome were, in all epochs of their history, a scourge to their country, and the enemies of humanity.

man Republicans, exhibiting the same heartless contempt of humanity in the patricians, and the same desperate struggles for existence, rather than for liberty, in the lower classes, who were starved by the usuries and oppressions of their masters. In such a condition of society it is vain to look for arts or monuments. Indeed, the bigoted opposition of Cato the Censor to Grecian civilization, should have been sufficient of itself to have checked the unreasonable expectation of tracing the Capitoline heroes upon the site of their glories. Yet it is impossible to ascend the flight of steps terminating the Corso, and leading to three modern edifices—to contemplate the Capitoline hill, the nucleus of Roman glory, the centre of the universe, and to find it without one fragment, one stone, to tell of its early glories—without a sensation of the deepest disappointment.

The Capitol, from Virgil to the last learned school-boy, or travelled school-girl, who has visited it, has been a theme of description, of wonder, and reminiscence; and never fails to present images of stupendous edifices, inaccessible precipices, of an immense and elevated space, covered with fortresses, temples, oracular fanes, and glittering shrines — triumphal arches, and deified statues. Yet the site of all these miracles, of the Temple of Jupiter with its hundred steps and hundred pillars, rich with the plunder of a world, the throne of the Thunderer, the accumulated produce of power, wealth, and art, is scarcely larger than the usual space allotted for the lantern-house and dusty garden of a London citizen.

The size and appearance of this spot, consecrated by so many events, quadrates well with the age in which Tarquin, driven from the Roman throne, drew foreign potentates from the distance of a day-and-a-half's journey to his support, and when, in despair of recovering his empire, he at last retired to the security of a foreign state from Roman vengeance, and took shelter in Tusculum, not quite the distance of from London to Windsor: but it affords no basis for those airy visions of splendour with which time, the magnifier of events, has clothed it in the imagination; and truth, in her search for facts, finds a gentle acclivity, a few roods in circumference, the retreat of the petty chief of a predatory village band; where prejudice had placed the inaccessible fortress of the masters of the world.

The modern edifices which cover the Capitoline hill, consist of three isolated buildings, forming three sides of a square. Those on the sides were erected by Paul the Third, after the designs of Michael Angelo. But it

would be vain to seek here for the genius which raised the Pantheon on the summit of St. Peter's. Their elevation is mean, and their façades broken and encumbered by pilasters, exhibiting no architectural beauty to detain the spectator from the treasures they contain. The central building, the *Palazzo Senatorio**, erected by Pope Boniface the Ninth on the ruins of the ancient TABULARIUM, is little more than a large hall on a ground-floor. When we visited it, it was dirty and dreary, though still exhibiting some flaunting symptoms of the adulatory festivities given to the Emperor of Austria, in his visit to the Pope—an event that plunged that State in debt, which Napoleon left so clear. Behind this hall, narrow steep stone stairs lead to the Campanile, the great belfry, from whence the view is sublime and splendid.

The lateral building to the right of the Palazzo Senatorio contains the Museo Capitolino, a splendid and most precious collection of antiquities, well worth a pilgrimage to Rome, though that alone existed there.† This museum is one of the many evidences how much the ancient Romans borrowed, and how little they originated. The spoils of Egypt and Greece still fill these galleries, as the *spolia opima* enriched the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, nearly on the same site; for plunder was ever the principle of the Romans, from Sylla rebuilding the Temple of Jove with the columns stolen from Jupiter Olympus in Athens, down to the last of the plundering Cardinals, whose palace rises with the *débris* of heathen temples, monuments which taste, if not principle, should have left on the site they consecrated. Of this collection it is sufficient to say, that it contains the FAUN!—the GLADIATOR! and the ANTINOUS!!! If an intimate familiarity with all its objects

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* This Mr. Eustace calls "the residence of the Senator." It is nobody's residence, and is a mere public hall. It was used for judicial purposes, and the Senator, assisted by three assessors, administered in it criminal and civil justice; but the senatorial palace (says Mr. Hobhouse, and all that he says upon Rome is worth quoting) "has probably seen the last tribunal of the expiring magistrates."

† The busts of the Emperors and Empresses form a most interesting part of this collection. The greatest diversity of physiognomy prevails in these heads. There are Emperors with snub noses, and Empresses that might be mistaken for petites maîtresses of Paris. Caligula, when a hat was placed on his head, resembled the vulgarest ruffian that ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. It is however notable, that nobility of countenance becomes rare as we descend in the series: the mixed blood and vicious habits of the lower empire having evidently debased the countenances of the wretches whom chance called to the throne from the seraglio of the palatine, or from the ranks of a dissolute and barbarian army.

from constant and reiterated visits, could authorise their detailed description in these unpretending pages, the task would be delightful, from the pleasant impressions it would revive; but the wonders of the *Museo Capitolino* call for, and have employed superior pens; and in spite of the learned controversies which some of its objects now excite in the polemics of virtù, nothing new can be said on their subject, though nothing adequate to their excellence ever has been, or perhaps ever will be written.

The lateral edifice to the left of the Palazzo Senatorio, is called the *Palazzo de' Conservatori*, taking its name from the three Mr. *Wiggins's*, the *Conservators* of Rome, the "*shadows of a shade*," whose highest privilege is to carry the sacramental vessels between the high altar and the Pope on Easter Sundays, and who here (says Signore Vasi) "*tengono le loro adunanza*:"—but what *these assemblies* were which they held here, I never inquired. I had seen them in their melo-drame dresses standing on the second step of the Papal throne, day after day, through the successive ceremonies; and the impression of their images was so complete, that I never sought to replace or combine it with relations more important and solemn. This fabric, like that of the *Museo Capitolino*, is devoted to the arts, and consists of a series of apartments, and galleries, filled with antiquities, and a stupendous collection of pictures. This is the temple of the Caracci, the Guercino, the Guido, the Veronese, and the Palma; but it is nothing less than what it has been pompously asserted to be—"the palace of the Roman people, the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates:"*—The power of the Roman people!!!

The statues and antiquities which adorn the Campidoglio, its basaltic lions of Egyptian workmanship, its colossal statues of Pollux and Castor, &c. &c. are to be found accurately described in every tablet, and printed in every Italian tour. Some of the most curious associations belonging to the Capitoline Mount are connected with the singular fate and fortunes of Rome's "*latest tribune*," Petrarch's "*spirto gentile*," Cola di Rienzi. It was here he gave his feast on the occasion of his "*vitiosa buffoneria*;" it was from the nostrils of Aurelian's superb charger†, which still adorns the centre of the place of the Campidoglio, that streams of wine poured forth in honour of that day

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* Eustace.

† This is said to be the only antique equestrian statue extant in bronze.

of burlesque pomposity. Other *ridicules* have since been enacted here with less imposing effect; the *last* was the coronation of Corilla!*

We were one day returning from visiting the galleries of the *Palazzo dei Conservatori,* and were issuing from its portico, when a dirty stable-boy, a sieve of oats in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, asked us, as he passed, if we wanted to see the Tarpeian Rock, (or, as he familiarly called it, "*Nostra Rupe Tarpeja,*") which is said to lie behind the palace of the Conservators, commanding the Piazza della Consolazione. Although I had no greater desire to see this Tyburn, or Place de Grève of antiquity, than any other place of execution, yet there was something in a *stable-boy* Cicerone leading the way to this great shrine of classic homage, which was irresistible; and we accepted his invitation. As he led us through a dirty yard over piles of rubbish and heaps of manure, I could scarcely help exclaiming with the Manlius of an Irish tragedy, when at the brink of this precipice, "Oh! Jasus, where am I going to?" We leaned over a broken wall, and our *virtuoso* of the stables pointing to a projecting clump of rock, exclaimed, "Ecco nostra Rupe Tarpeja!" He then held out his hand for a paolo, and whistled us out of the *Sanctuary,* to the tune of "*Fra tanti palpiti.*"

It were vain, under such unfavourable circumstances, to conjure up one classical association, to affect one of those *thrills* which vibrate in the hearts of all true Corinnas, when the very sound of the *Tarpeian Rock* meets their ear; but even had it been seen under the consecrated authority of those arch-mystagogues of all classic lore, *Signori Fea* and *Nebbi,* to the heart of an unlearned woman it could bring no throb of pleasure; nor could its view increase the sum of interest or respect which the Capitoline heroes still awaken in the minds of the most erudite. One of the most prominent landmarks of human civilization, is the mode of punishment ordained by judicial laws. Public executions are not acts of vengeance—they are at best but fatal necessities; intended more to admonish the survivors, than to torture the criminal. In general they are the remains of great barbarism not yet reformed; and they are found even in that country where they are most frequent (England), to be

* Those who have already read the fine sketches of Rienzi's life in the pages of Gibbon and Sismondi, may refresh their recollections in the "Historical Illustrations;" and those who have not will find enough in the above work, on the subject, to give an additional interest to their view of the Campidoglio.

sources of crime, rather than its retributions or preventatives. The heart of him who returns from witnessing an execution is rarely the better for the spectacle. But the English gallows, terrible as it is, (and infinitely less humane than the French guillotine) is still a merciful refinement, compared to the wild horses, wheels, thumb-screws, holes dug for living burials, and all the horrible devices of tortures which Christian governments and Christian sects * have invented or employed to agonize that dupe and victim of all systems—*man!*

Notwithstanding these modern improvements, the *Tarpeian Rock* of the Romans holds a distinguished pre-eminence in the fasti of atrocious punishments; and it is the more horrible to reflect upon, because its tortures were not reserved for the guilty, but for the pre-eminent in virtue! Such was Marcus Manlius! The people were laden with the chains of their cruel and inexorable creditors, the patricians! Manlius proposed that some of the plunder of nations, rusting in the temples of the Capitol, should be distributed to the people. This was enough! and within view of that Capitol his arm had saved, he was flung from the Tarpeian Rock! The people, in whose cause he suffered—the always slavish and degraded people of Rome, put on mourning, and—delivered him to his and their enemies; who hurled him from above, while the passive multitude stood below, and saw the hero of many a battle flung down a craggy precipice of an hundred feet, and dashed from rock to rock, until at last that form, a moment before so vital and noble, lay at their feet a breathless, shapeless mass. Such are the classical recollections of the Tarpeian Rock! Away from every true woman's heart be the throb of pleasure excited by such an object. Let such affected raptures be left to those in whom exhibiting pretension takes place of all the finer and nobler feelings instilled by nature. But should one British female be induced by classic taste to visit this scene of guilt and woe, let her at least, as she views it, bless the accidents of fortune, which made her the native of a

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* Such were the unexampled horrors of the death of Damiens (torn to pieces by wild horses) under the paternal government of the Bourbons, and in the mild reign of Louis the Fifteenth. The wretched creature had not accomplished the crime he meditated—the assassination of the King. The horrors of this execution well belonged to the reign of the hero of the Parc aux Cerfs. Voltaire has named the French of *that day*, and *he* knew them well, "*des tigres singes.*" It was then that the toilette of the King's mistresses was openly attended by bishops and cardinals; and two youths were ordered *to be burnt alive* for not taking off their hats to a procession of capuchins. One of them suffered the horrible death; the other was saved by flight.

land, where gallant sons and patriot husbands have successfully advocated a people's rights; and let her there learn to regard as the deadliest enemy of her children, and of her children's children, the man who, whether clothed in ermine or dignified by place, would convert the judgment-seat into an engine of political power; who would pollute those fountains of justice, which for an hundred years have flowed pure and unclouded; and who in the lust for arbitrary misrule, would teach the British patriot to dread a lawless sentence, and a Tarpeian Rock!

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA (now the church of *Stª. Maria ad Martyres)* belongs to the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Like all the other remains of antiquity in Rome, it is an imperial monument! It is also the only perfect one existing. Though once the temple of all the gods! it is a small edifice, compared to that raised in modern times, by modern piety, to the honour of St. Peter: and yet it brings in its contemplation a feeling to the soul, never inspired by St. Peter's, even in all that mighty vastness

"To which Diana's marvel was a cell,"——

a feeling that reposes on the completeness of simplicity, that great source of the sublime in art, which the Greeks so soon discovered. Centred within the circle of the Pantheon, the eye at a glance takes in its perfect beauty and harmonious whole, lighted by its "sole aperture," that excludes all outward objects, save the bright blue heavens which shine above it.

Such is the antique merit of this

"Sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon—pride of Rome."

Its modern deformities and disfigurement begin without its hallowed circle, in the Piazza della Rotunda. One clear inoffensive spot is vainly sought, from whence the exquisite and unrivalled edifice may be viewed at leisure. The senses are every where assailed; and the pavement, sprinkled with blood and filth, exhibits the entrails of pigs, or piles of stale fish, sold almost within the pale of that miracle of art, which Phidias might have gloried to have raised, and which Michael Angelo was proud to copy. Over the cornice of the portico still stands the original inscription, which Roman Emperors have paused to gaze on*; and close beside it glares that reiterated inscription of

* M. Agrippa L. F. Tertium Fecit.

modern Rome and of modern times—Immondezzaio *. For Rome herself seems now the immondezzaio of that world, of which she was once the mistress.

Down to the time of Pope Eugene the Fourth all around the Pantheon was a mass of ruins, probably only less precious than itself; and from the midst of these it rose still perfect and sublime, like some lofty spirit, superior to those strokes of fate which crush less nobler objects to the earth. In clearing away these venerable masses, (for here stood the Thermes of Agrippa,) plunder was tempted to repletion; and all but the walls of the Pantheon itself, were carried off by spoliating Popes and pilfering Cardinals; the true Goths, who displaced the monuments and robbed the temples of Rome. The superb bronze of the portico was taken by Urban the Eighth, for the baldacchino of St. Peter's; the basaltic lions, which guarded its entrance, were transported to do the honours of the fountain of Pope Sixtus the Fifth's Acqua felice; the beautiful urn of porphyry, which decorated its portico, was seized on by the Corsini, and placed in their gorgeous chapel in St. John Lateran, where it holds the worthless ashes of the worthless Clement the Twelfth †. All its other trophies of art and genius, in bronze and marble, were successively carried off by others of these ostentatious and holy ravagers, to commemorate their own greatness, to fill their sumptuous salons, or decorate their fantastic monuments; while other sites of antiquity, not less precious than that where stands the Pantheon itself, were plundered in their turn, to replace those depredations: and the spoils of Isis and Serapis were carried off from the spots where Roman conquerors had placed them, to ornament the Piazza del Rotunda, where they now mingle with cobblers' bulks, and fruiterers' stalls.

A factitious taste for the arts in Rome became the deadliest foe to the

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* This inscription appears at the corners and by-places of the Roman streets, and signifies a spot where dirt may *lawfully* be left—*till called for*. However, the Romans are not particular in this respect, and follow their own notions of convenience, full as much as these mural invitations.

† Guicciardini accuses the imperial troops of Charles the Fifth of having greatly contributed to the destruction of the monuments of Rome; and compares their barbarous ravages to the savagery of the Turks in Hungary. The sacrilegious spoliation of the Pantheon began with that imperial impostor (whom Dante has accused of all the frauds that followed), Constantine the Great, who robbed it of its bronze roof. The monster Phocas, the friend and favourite of Pope Boniface the Fourth, made a present of this temple to the Roman Pontiff in 609, throwing in as a make-weight with the gift, the bones and relics of many martyrs.

preservation of their monuments *; and they who pelted their enemies with the statues of Adrian's mole in one age, were succeeded in another by men perhaps less fierce, but, with respect to the arts, scarcely less barbarous. The Pantheon, (its own perfect structure, its Corinthian columns, its pilasters of precious marbles, its frieze of porphyry, its Parian cornices excepted,) is now the very comble of bad taste. The darkest superstition likewise prevails in all its ornaments and decorations; and the temple of all the gods seems, at the first glance, to serve the purposes of an old-clothes-shop. The six tawdry chapels, with their colossal virgins and Patagonian saints, which rise between the beautiful pilasters, are covered with offerings that indicate, in very disgusting signs, the moral and physical infirmity of the votarists; and tin noses and wooden legs, old wigs and woollen petticoats, while they disfigure some of the most beautiful proportions of art, indicate a state of society the most degraded by ignorance and bigotry; and illustrate the falsity of the assertion that modern Rome ever has been the "instrument of communicating to Europe those greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—civilization, science, and religion†." Let those who have visited her Pantheon on a Christmas Eve, or read her INDEX, judge.

As there was anciently a *confraternity* of artists attached to this Church, monuments to the memory of departed genius are raised around its marble walls; and the Pantheon successively dedicated to all the *Gods!* and *all the Saints!*"‡ by Roman patricians and Roman pontiffs, is now dedicated *to all the Talents.* All the talents, indeed, seem to have contributed to enrich it. Here are the busts of Raphael and Annibal Caracci, erected by the enthusiasm and at the expense of Carlo Maratti! and those of Corregio and Palladio, the work and gift of CANOVA. Poets and mathematicians have here their place with saints and painters, musicians and composers; and the busts of

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* Ce ne furent ni Genseric, ni Bourbon, ni Masena, qui détruisirent les édifices de Rome, mais les Romains, plus barbares que les Vandales. Les ruines modernes de cette ville ne sont point l'ouvrage des Français, mais celui des habitans de Rome, qui tantôt par avarice, et tantôt par fanatisme, ont dans tous les siècles détruit ou défiguré les monumens, qu'avaient respectés les envahisseurs.—Latium, p. 77. par Bonstetten.

† Eustace.

‡ Gregory the Fourth dedicated the Pantheon to *all the Saints*, in whose honour he instituted a feast, 830.

Metastasio and Pessuti, of Sacchini and Corelli, share the devotion once given here to Jupiter Ultor, and to our Lady of the Martyrs."*

In descending from the Capitoline hill, by the line of the ancient *Clivus Asyli*, to the right of the Senators' Palace, the antiquities of Rome seem concentrated, as in a cabinet; and the Roman Forum, in all its majesty of desolation, starts upon the view, fills the mind, and saturates the imagination even to surfeit. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus stands at one extremity; with the broken columns of the temples of doubtful deities † to the right, the Carcere Mamertino, the terrible prisons of antiquity, on the left, and, at the further extremity‡, the ruins of the Coliseum. In the interval, on either side, stand the fragments of past grandeur; arches and colonnades, and heathen temples converted into Christian Churches, with their convert deities transmuted into Catholic Saints. The site of the Palace of the Cæsars, of Genseric's camp, and the Farnese pavilion, are successive evidences of undue power, and anti-social force. Here every thing is formed to charm the antiquary's eye, and feast the poet's fancy; but it is no less calculated to sicken the heart of mere humanity, and to dissipate the philanthropic dream of benevolent philosophy. Here is no resting-place for hope of man's amendment, of

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* The image of our Lady of the Martyrs now usurps the place of the colossal statue of Jupiter Ultor, to whom the temple was originally dedicated. We saw her on Christmas-day, dressed in a pink sash and wreath of roses, surmounted with a tin crown—a *coiffure* to which she is particularly attached. The Bambino had on a new red silk petticoat, trimmed with silver fringe. This Virgin performs more miracles than all the Virgins in Rome put together. We observed upon this, and many other occasions, that both the Irish and English Catholics, who occasionally accompanied us in such visitations, turned away in disgust, and, I am well convinced, saw these objects with no greater veneration than they would be viewed by the sternest Calvinist of Geneva or Edinburgh.

† Could the Evelyns, the Addisons, or even the Lalandes, revisit these classic haunts of their learned research, they would find that the nomenclature of modern chemistry is not more variable than that of Roman antiquities; that the temples of Jupiter, of Concord, and of Peace, were but vulgar falsehoods (vulgaremente detto); and they would be sent back with snubbed noses, like schoolboys, to con their lesson anew.

‡ I should have read my Vasi and Fea, and associated with young ladies communicative and learned as either, to very little purpose, if I were not perfectly aware that the Coliseum makes no part of the Forum, though it now so superbly terminates its view: but if I do not enter into antiquarian lore, it is because I am well aware that my labour would be anticipated, and that many a classical journal will have offered its contents to the public attention, before these pages can be got ready to solicit its notice.

the diminution of his sum of suffering, his mass of error—all here is monumental of his folly or his crime, his credulity or his imposture. The temples of Romulus and Remus now serve the turn of St. Cosimo and Theodore; and the games celebrated in the Coliseum in one age, to reduce the people to their original ferocity, are succeeded by rites instituted in another, to enfeeble and degrade them.

Did no monument exist of the barbarous punishments of the Romans, except the Carcer Mamertinus, that alone would suffice: it still stands in all its horrible majesty of strength and terror. The dungeons of the Inquisition are not more fearful than its stony dens; the "bridge of sighs," of Venetian story, brings not to the imagination an image more saddening than the remembrance of its "stairs of groans."* This terrible engine of power is now consecrated to St. Peter the Apostle, as having been his prison during his (somewhat apocryphal) visit to Rome. Here he is said to have baptized his gaolers, Processus and Martinianus (the name is an anachronism), with water, which he commanded to flow from its stony walls. This dungeon, deep and dark, but now glittering with shrines and offerings, and artificially lighted with blazing tapers, is daily thronged with votarists; but the combinations of the present and the past give impressions, which hurry away the few who, on these classic and holy sites, dare to think and feel for themselves.

Above these prisons rises the Church of St. Joseph of the Carpenters (San Giuseppe dei Falegnami), an homely but consoling image after the Den of Tullius and the Dungeon of St. Peter.

The three beautiful columns, which (for the present) bear the name of Jupiter Tonans, preserve the wreck of a monument of the bigotry or duplicity of Augustus Cæsar. On his journey into Spain, in the Cantabrian wars, a thunderbolt fell on his litter, and killed his attendants. He commemorated the miracle by founding this temple. The other temples or columns, which stand near them (let antiquarian casuists name them as they may) have a similar origin, and tended to the same end.

The Arch of Septimius Severus recalls the triumphs of Imperial ambition, and the existence of the "brood of monsters," to whom this conqueror

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* The bodies of culprits put to death within the Mamertine dungeons, were flung down these steps to the people in the Forum. This, which was meant to intimidate, must also have brutified them.

of the East gave birth. It was the Roman people who inscribed the names of Caracalla and Geta on its marble frieze, in honour of their virtues. It was Caracalla who effaced his brother's name, after having—murdered him.

Near to this arch stands a solitary and isolated column, which the *spooney* antiquarians of other times took for a fragment of the Temple of Jove, or a bridge of Caligula (for they were not particular). In 1813, the fidgety French, in the course of their excavations, discovered that it was but a column raised by Smaragdus, an Italian exarch, and prefect of the sacred palace, in the seventh century, to the honour of the sanguinary usurper, Phocas. This emperor was originally a centurion, and his most notable deed was the murder of the Emperor Maurice, with his wife, three daughters, and five sons, whose bodies he threw into the sea. Each day of his reign was marked by human slaughter; and bands of wretches, in chains, were brought weekly to Constantinople, to be immolated for his amusement. Having thus maddened the people, they abandoned him to his enemies, the Persians (whose envoy he had burned alive), by whom he was taken and put to death. While emperor, this column was devoted to his glory; being raised, as the inscription tells—"To the most clement and felicitous Prince Phocas, Emperor, the adored and crowned conqueror, always august, &c." So much for triumphal arches and laudatory columns.*

The Arch of Titus stands an anomaly in the capital of the Christian world, to commemorate the destruction of the city of the Christian God by heathen arms. Its basso-relievos represent the emperor's apotheosis—the canonization of antiquity. All that follows indicates the vain-gloriousness of the deified chief—the servility of the slavish people. The triumphal procession is made up of soldiers, drunk with blood and victory, and Jews conquered

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* Although the French began the excavation round the Column of Phocas, its completion, and the discovery of many facts connected with its history, are due to the taste and liberality of the Duchess of Devonshire. While Ciceroni dispute and Virtuosi stare, and Roman Princes and Cardinals boast of the past glories of the "eterna città," the Duchess of Devonshire is more effectually doing the honours of Rome, ancient and modern, by illustrating Horace†, reprinting Virgil, making excavations, giving countenance and patronage to living talent, and bringing forward modest professors into the distinguished circles of her own society.

† Her Grace has edited the Journey to Brundusium with a series of engravings of the sites he notices, as they now stand. Both this work and her Virgil are splendid and beautiful, and are done entirely at her own expense.

and led captive. The spoils are, the golden table, the silver trumpet, the golden candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem;—the votarists of Jupiter triumphant over the followers of Moses!

A little further stands forth the Arch of Constantine, with his Christian triumphs over both Jew and Gentile. He too had a Roman senate and a Roman people to raise him an arch and deify his person—though in the degeneracy of those times, the flatterers were driven to plunder the Arch of Trajan to patch out their adulatory monument. Such is the state of sad humanity, that great monuments only rise to commemorate the faults or the follies of men, their wars or their errors.

THERE is, however, in this wide sweep of splendid ruins, one monument, great above all, and beautiful as great, which it would be gracious to ascribe to other causes than human turpitude and human error. Even now as it moulders, it seems some visionary fabric raised by the magic of sweet sounds, by the vibrations of some Amphion's lyre; and falling, as it rose, in harmony. It is so beautiful in ruin, that taste and feeling can send back no regrets for its former state of perfectness. This is the Coliseum—the last and noblest monument of Roman grandeur, and Roman crime—erected by the sweat and labour of millions of captives, for the purpose of giving the last touch of degradation to a people, whose flagging spirit policy sought to replace by brutal ferocity. The first day's games given in this sumptuous butchery cost the nation eleven millions of gold. The blood of five thousand animals bathed its arena. Man and his natural enemy the beast of the desert, the conqueror and conquered, writhed in agony together on its ensanguined floor; and eighty-seven thousand spectators raised their horrid plaudits, while captive warriors were slain

*"To make a Roman holiday."**

Here was waged the double war against human life and human sensibility; and men were brutified while men were butchered. All the recollections of

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* One may speak of one's own feelings of the Coliseum; but as a monument of antiquity, there is nothing left to be said, even by those whose antiquarian lore might enable them to say or to *repeat* much. The philosophy, the poetry of these ruins, after ages of pure description, have at last been touched by a master's hand †. Be it hoped that the Coliseum may now repose in undisturbed sublimity, thus doubly consecrated by TIME and GENIUS.

† See Childe Harold, canto iv. p. 67.

this unrivalled edifice are terrible; and its beauty and its purport recall some richly wrought urn of precious ore, destined to enshrine the putrid remnants of mortality. We saw the Coliseum in various seasons of the day and night. We first saw it bathed in the mellow flush of sunset, when the whole forum and all its ruins seemed as if they were etched on bronze. Then the Coliseum looked most beautiful, as if, when time had wrecked, some CLAUDE had painted it—every hue of mouldering matter or living vegetation came out in tones of richest depth and colouring; the grey lichens, the dark stain of vapoury exhalations, the deep brown burnt by the suns of ages, tinging every arch and frieze, and the rich luxuriant tresses of new-sprung foliage, flaunting and draping the whole variegated mass! Meantime, as we stood like atoms in its mighty centre, a group of pilgrims were performing their via-crucis *at its altars**, and the *hermit of the Coliseum* stood before his chapel, watching the lowering of our strained and dazzled eyes, and soliciting our attention to his claims by the rattling of his alms-box!—We have seen it in the deep shadows of moonless nights, when not

"A star twinkled through the loops of time,"

and when its black colossal mass was dimly marked upon the vague of space. All then was dreary, and still, and formless; or if a sound was heard, it added to the awfulness of the moment. Once, as we stood, a bird of prey, flitting from its topmost arch, brushed down the huge loose stones, which had stood the brunt of ages; the echoes of the fall from gallery to gallery, startled the slumbers of the galley slave who slept beneath. He rattled his chains, and roused the sentinel at his post, who thought of murdered martyrs, shouldered his arms, drew the sign of the cross, and muttered a protecting ave.—We have seen it also, when

"The rising moon began to climb its topmost arch,"

and its silvered floor was chequered by such dancing sprites, as Cellini's

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* This "*Pilgrim* band" consisted of two ladies, their femme de chambre, and a little boy, who, with their eyes turned on us, and their fingers telling their beads, paraded from altar to altar, until they had completed the rounds of those fourteen consecrated stations, which look like the gaudy buffets of a *sal de bal* at Paris—whose joyous inscription intimates, that

"*Ici on dance tous les jours.*"

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that these votive altars were raised round the interior of the Coliseum by Pope Clement the Eleventh, 1714—for the purpose of banishing the robbers and murderers, who (previous to its consecration) sought an asylum in its ruinous passages.

necromancer could not conjure to its circle,*—by English dandies, and by groups whose gladiatorial efforts went no further than a " pirouette," or " chaine des dames."—Here, long after the midnight hour, we have seen the twinkling of beauty's fairy-foot treading its maze where martyrs bled, and heroes fell; and beheld the vestals of antiquity succeeded by the high priestesses of modern fashion, who, though pure and fair as their predecessors, had probably no ambition to become ancient vestals.

The Coliseum, since its original destination, has been the scene of many strange events; the fortress of the free, the citadel of the despotic, the scaffold of the martyr, the stage of the buffoon, the asylum of the assassin! the shrine of the devout, and the rendezvous of the dissipated and the gay from all parts of the modern world. The French, who left nothing as they found it, not even the Coliseum, in order to revive the Roman admiration for its sublime ruins, or to give them a taste for fresh air and exercise, opened near its walls a beautiful public garden. But they seem to have failed in both intentions. The modern Romans neither visit ruins, nor walk in gardens, and appear to have as little taste for fresh air as for the Coliseum. The gardens are running to ruin, and the ruin was refitting (when we were at Rome) by the " *munificenza del*

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* It has occasionally happened to us, on a moonlight night, to accompany parties from the gay salons of the Princess Borghese, of the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Earl of Charlemont, (the three most hospitable houses then open in Rome) to the Coliseum, and to see a quadrille, begun under the gilded roof of an illuminated palace, finish beneath the blue vault of Heaven, and within the hallowed ruin of that pile, to which

" The palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp."—

The contrast of the past and the present, upon these occasions, was exquisite! and it was a pleasant incident in this midnight frolic, that it frequently occurred that the dancers beneath were applauded by spectators from the galleries and vomitories above, who had previously arrived. The life led by foreigners at Rome is extremely delightful for the time they stay; and the *senza suggezione* of the Italians seems to be insensibly adopted, in spite of the measured habits of the most systematic English. This is happily alluded to in a poem, which reached the author's hands as she was adding this note to a proof-sheet:

" In short, such climbings, topplings, doings,
Among the new and ancient ruins,
Manners so playful, wild, and skittish,
And pranks at Rome, so truly British,
Should seem," &c. &c. &c. St. George and St. Denis.

regnante Pontefice," who employs an hundred of galley-slaves and superintending workmen, in saving what yet may be saved of the amphitheatre—all that has escaped from the spoliation of time and the Barberini.

The indisputable remnants of antiquity bearing any tangible evidence of their original destination, are in Rome few and precious. But there are *sites* innumerable, consecrated by classic research, and

" Hillocks heap'd o'er what were chambers."

Cells of mystery and dens of darkness, deep buried under mountainous fragments of their own ruins, present themselves on every side. Into these subterraneous labyrinths, all who visit Rome descend; and tottering over mounds of earth or tessellated pavements, by the murky light of flaring flambeaux, the votarists of Virtù follow the high-priests of their religion through suites of mouldering vaults. Here, decided by the fresco of a faded Bacchus, or mildewed Nymph, they discover where *Titus* banqueted, or Nero bathed: for the doubt of the learned is the faith of the ignorant; and *hippodromes* and *sudatories* are clearly seen by the disciple, where the master has only found walls and rubbish.

The most interesting, and I believe the most perfect, of these subterraneous ruins, are the Baths of Titus, occupying that part of the Esquiline where Nero "*played while Rome burnt*. Many of the excavated chambers exhibit on their frescoed walls some exceedingly beautiful forms, gods, nymphs, vases, &c. &c.; but they are rapidly perishing, as the air is admitted, and the damp increases. Here the Laocoon was found in the time of Julio the Second; and here, it is said, Raphael studied the models of his arabesque ornaments for the Vatican. He had proposed to Leo the Tenth the excavation of the whole of ancient Rome—a splendid enterprise! worthy the genius of the counsellor; but which the Pontiff was so far from complying with, that shortly after, the Baths of Titus were filled up.

The French caused a new excavation to be made, in 1812-13; and a new corridor, ornamented with frescos, was discovered, not known before to exist. It was Bonaparte's intention to have followed up, to some extent, the proposal of Raphael, rejected by Leo; and it is a fact, now agreed to by all, that Rome, ancient and modern, has lost much by those changes which deprived her of precisely the only man and government which could have redeemed her from her sloth, filth, and inertness; and have prepared the way for her future liberty and civilization. The site of

the Baths of Titus has an interest beyond what they may themselves excite. They are in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of Horace, Virgil, Propertius, and of Mæcenas—that elegant projector who first introduced baths in Rome, with many other refinements unknown to the Romans before his day. But of these haunts of the Muses and the Graces not a wreck remains! The Esquiline Hill is dreary and uninhabited. A monk hurrying home to his convent of *San Pietro in Vincolis,* a wretch swollen and sallowed by the mal-aria, begging on the road-side—are all the traces of humanity or life which animate the desert, where Lydia may have loitered with Horace, in bowers which promised to be immortal as their loves.

Among the other ruins of Rome, the most remarkable, either for permanence or beauty, are the façade of the Custom-house (a fragment of the temple of Antoninus Pius), the Thermæ of Diocletian (at present the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli), the colonnade of the Temple of Antonine and Faustina in the Forum, the two columns of Trajan* and Antonine, the theatre of Marcellus, the pyramid of Cestius, the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, &c. To the artist, every fragment of a column, or a frieze, is an object of value: to the professed antiquarian, every ruined wall, and shapeless mound of fragments, is a source of delight, and a subject for dispute. But to the general observer, uninfected by virtù, and unsolicited by a factitious enthusiasm, the quantity of relics in Rome, really worth the time and expense of examining, is extremely small. The great majority of nameless, formless piles, dignified with the epithet of "remains," are in fact the ruins of ruins—the remnants of repeated desolations, and incessant injury.

> Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire. POPE.

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* The column of Trajan is the site of one of the greatest excavations made by the French, who pulled down several edifices, and cleared the pavement of the Forum Trajani, for something more than one half of its entire surface. In this operation many architectural remains were discovered, and the broken shafts of columns, still standing, cover a large part of the whole space. The pavement is in compartments of giallo antico and white marble. The whole excavation is walled and fenced in; and the inscriptions, capitals, friezes, &c. are ranged along its sides. It was in contemplation to remove the buildings which are raised above the other half of the forum, and lay the whole open to day: but as this must be attended with the sacrifice of two more churches, it is not probable that it will be effected under the present regime.

By far the greater number of antiquarian expeditions terminate in the extremest disappointment. The cicerone descants, the valet-de-place harangues, the visitor stares and wonders; doubts and difficulties multiply as they proceed; and the dilettante returns to his home at the end of a weary day, fatigued and chilled, with his head full of confused and ill-connected scraps of learned inutilities, and obliged, in his own defence, to assert the dignity and importance of his labours to the novices whom he meets in the evening.

Of these no-monuments, and of many other relics of more importance, the catalogues are numerous, and are to be found in the best-known works at home, and on the continent. To copy their pages would be as little edifying to the reader, as it would be tedious to the author, whose remarks have professedly extended rather to moral than material objects in her journey through Italy.

To follow the series of chronological topography, the ruins of antiquity should be succeeded by the palaces and temples of the Popes, those true successors and representatives of the Cæsar; and St. John de Lateran comes in order after the fragments of the Palatine and the buried alcoves of the Thermes of Titus. There was first developed the nucleus of that power, founded by Constantine, which he intended to use only as an agent of his own aggrandizement*; there began the temporal interests of the Bishops of

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* "Ahi! Costantino, di quanto mal fu matre,
Non la tua conversion, ma quella DOTE
Che da te prese il primo ricco Patre." DANTE.

This was bold writing, at a time when Popes were all-powerful, both as *spiritual* and *temporal* Lords. But the hatred of Dante to Church power was superior to all disguise; as, indeed, was Petrarch's, though both were eminently pious men. In his ninth Book, Dante openly attacks Nicholas the Third, whose intrigues eventually produced the horrible re-action of the *Sicilian Vespers*. For Cardinal Ubaldino, and the Emperor Frederick the Second, he can find no place hot enough in his Inferno! It may be observed, *en passant*, that many of the present forms of religion, even in Protestant countries, are due to the half-heathen, half-catholic, but most unchristian Constantine. It was by one of his imperial decrees (anno 321) that Sunday was first made holy by an abstinence from civil affairs.† The Scriptures have commanded no such abstinence; and the manner of the Jews observing their sabbath (Saturday) was thought to be so "*righteous-over-much*," by HIM who looked more to the *spirit* than the form, that he publicly rebuked it.

† Vie de Constantine, vol. 4.

Rome, which gave the first potency to their spiritual dominion; and to that spot, dreary and desolate as it now is, may be traced the origin of Church property, and all the paid hierarchy of Christendom.

The avenues which lead to St. John de Lateran have no parallel in the history of desolation. A long and spacious street presents itself, uninhabited*; or, if here and there a worn and squalid visage exhibits its sharp and shrivelled features through the shattered frame-work of a sashless window, it does but add a trait of moral desolation to the material dreariness, and prove that these high and mouldering edifices, once the abode of the powerful and the luxurious, now serve as dens to house the lowest and most abject.

In this spot the mal-aria reigns undisputed by human population (its most efficient opponent), whose ranks, thinned by the institutes of the Church, are daily lessening; and yet, but a very few centuries back, it was chosen for its salubrity, as the residence of Popes and Cardinals, who had more reason to live, than inducements to die. This desert of walls terminates in a spacious, silent, moss-grown square; in the centre of which towers that mass of sumptuous and ponderous architecture, the *Church and Palace* of the *Lateran.* Before it, not inappropriately, stands another land-mark of power and desolation, the *Obelisk* of Thebes, raised there, some thirty centuries back, in honour of the sun. It was drawn from the ruins of that once powerful city, now but a word—by Cambyses, the Cæsar of his day; and it has successively glorified the grandeur of Constantine and of his son, in the Circus Maximus at Rome: having lain buried in its ruins for ages, it was again unearthed by the vanity of man, and placed by Pope Sixtus the Fifth in the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano.

The Pontifical Palace of the Lateran, now ruinous and uninhabited†, is vast and imposing; and though little of the original building remains, it is still sufficiently antiquated to recall its ancient destination. The Lateran palace was the scene of much of the licentious dissipation and fierce feuds of Popes and Anti-Popes in the dark ages of the church: but the early

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* "En parlant d'une ville, l'on se représente des rues, des maisons, des familles; mais à Rome il faut se dépouiller de toutes ces idées vulgaires."—Le Latium, Bonstetten.

† The palace of the early Popes was consumed by fire. Pope Sixtus the Fifth rebuilt the present palace on the designs of Fontana.

Pontiffs, though guilty of many crimes, had more force of character, more energy, and infinitely more genius, in spite of their barbarous habits, than their wily, aged, and political successors in after-ages. From the time of the Medicean Popes, the policy of the Pontifical cabinet changed; and feebleness and caducity, and corruption, became the probationary requisites for a station once filled by the activity and talents of the Gregories, the Nicholas's, the Julio's, and the Leo's.*

The palace of the Lateran commands the sublimest view of the waste its lords have made;—of the Campagna, stretching to the base of the blue Albanian hills; its desert here and there spotted with ancient ruins of the tombs of heroes, or imperial aqueducts, with the walls of villas, and wrecks of monuments which skirted the noble road from the gates of the Lateran to the suburbs of Naples.

The CHURCH, or *basilica* of St. Giovanni Laterano, is the principal, and I believe the oldest, in Rome. It is said to have been founded by Constantine the Great. The number and variety of the epithets bestowed on it, attest its holiness and antiquity; and in fact the *orbis mater et caput*, the *basilica aurea*, well images the power, wealth, and genius of the system to which it belonged. Submitting to the touch of time, it was falling to ruin; but it was indeed too considerable an image of the Pontifical influence not to claim the attention of the Popes. The *Cattedrale del Sommo Pontefice*, as the Romans call it, has in consequence been re-edified, adorned, and enriched by every Pontiff, from St. Sylvester (who consecrated it) downward. It now wears a character of antique splendour, of barbarous magnificence, and Gothic gloom infinitely more imposing to the imagination, than all the light and lustre of St. Peter's. The sumptuous, but dismal chapels look as if they were decked with the plunder, and raised by the taste, of new-converted Huns. The canons were performing service when we first visited it; but their voices died away in faint echoes through its vastness, which was wholly unoccupied,

* Neither piety nor talent were necessary to fill the Papal throne from the time of the Medicean Popes. On the death of the infallible lover of Donna Olimpia (the Pompadour of the Vatican), the election of Cardinal *Chigi* was only opposed by Cardinal Trivulzio, "because (he said) Chigi was a bigot, and would object to the mode of life then enjoyed by the Princes of the Conclave;" which "*à la verité* (says De Retz,—and the universal lover of the ladies of the Fronde was not over-scrupulous)—*à la verité était scandaleuse.*" CHIGI, however, was elected Pope, as De Retz observes, for his "*petit génie et ame basse:*" a proof sufficient of the former was (in the eyes of the French Cardinal), "that he wrote with one pen for two years."—See Mémoires de Retz.

even by a single votarist. This is the fate of all the greater churches of Rome: a few parish churches in the heart of the modern city, and the church of the Jesuits, are alone frequented by the inhabitants.

The BAPTISTERY (BATTISTERIO LATERANENSE) adjoining the Church, was built by Constantine, where he is said to have been baptized by the Pontiff St. Sylvester.

All usurpers have adopted popular religions, or religions which promised to become so; and Constantine, insensible to the truth and mercy of the Christian doctrine, made it the lever of his political ambition. Thus did the Clovises, the Pepins, and the Charlemagnes. The penal codes of William and Anne against their Catholic subjects, the sudden conversion of Henry the Fourth, and the protection of the church by Bonaparte, had nothing to do with religion; all alike followed in the beaten track of a policy, now worn out; while, in fact, each found, like the ARGANTE of TASSO,

"Nella spada sua legge, e sua ragione."

The rest was but political conformity to popular opinion.

The baptistery of St. John de Lateran was ravaged by frequent invaders, and long remained in the lower ages in a state of absolute ruin and spoliation; until, attracting the notice of successive pontiffs, and particularly that of Gregory the Thirteenth and Urban the Eighth, it took that character of richness, and ponderous ornament, which now distinguishes it. The baptismal font is an ancient urn of basalt, ornamented with gold and bronze. From its bosom the waters of life are still dispensed to the Jews, who annually seek regeneration at so much per head*. This edifice, its great antiquity, its superb columns of porphyry, and fine cornices (all plunder from the ancient monuments of Rome,) excepted, has but little to excite admiration. Two of its pictures, however, afford a curious historical evidence worth noticing. One represents the council of Nice burning books written against the Bishops. The Bishops are all present at the sacrifice, in grand *pontificalibus*, snuffing up the fumes of the gracious incense offered to their inviolability. Long after the arts fell under the protection of the Church, and

* The wits of Rome insist that there is always a catechumen kept in reserve at Rome, in case no new supply should come in from the foreign market; and that one of these *doubles* has played his part so often, as to become notorious. These conversions take place on Easter Sunday.

heathen statues were converted into Christian saints, the burning of books flourished; neither the term, nor the doctrine of liberty of the press, being then known. Prohibitory laws were the result of an advanced policy, and were preceded by the ruder censure of consuming fires.* The English bishops were notorious book-burners in 1529. The Bishop of London burnt TINDAL'S BIBLE! then deemed as dangerous to the religion of the English people; as a bible edited by the present Bishop of London, would be deemed dangerous to that of the people of Rome of the present day. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the bible was burnt both by Catholics and Protestants, to shew their orthodoxy! Under his son, all Catholic productions of the press were devoted to the faggot! Under his daughter (Mary) the Protestant tracts (and their writers to boot) were destined to the same fate. Elizabeth, whose religion was power, burnt all that was heterodox to her system; and Camden's work, deemed too bold for the meridian of England, was smuggled under the name of De Thou, and came out in France. Even England knew not the benefit or blessing of a free press, till her glorious revolution obtained it for her, and her Commons established it in 1694.†

The other picture represents the breaking of the statues in the Roman temples (probably the rivals of the Apollo and the Antinous): a bishop, with the air of a village conjuror, stands by, tossing his golden censer, and purifying the spot defiled by the works of Praxiteles and Phidias. This was before a bull was fulminated to prevent (but too late) the converting of marble statues into lime, to build dwelling-houses.‡

OPPOSITE to the great entrance of the palace of the Lateran, stands the venerable chapel of the *Scala Santa* (holy steps), once a part of the ancient building. This chapel is the shrine of daily pilgrimage to the peasantry, many of whom were ascending its holy steps on their knees, on the several days that we passed by it. The veneration paid to this flight of stairs arises from the five centre steps, said to be part of the staircase of Pontius Pilate's house, which were sanctified by the blood of Christ. None can ascend it but on their knees; and lateral steps are provided for those whose piety may not lead them to this painful genuflexion.

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* In the 25th year of the Christian æra, the works of Cremutius Cordus were burned publicly by the Ædiles, because he had praised Brutus, and called Cassius the last of the Romans.—*Tacitus*, l. iv.

† It can scarcely be said to have existed in its plenitude, till after the enactment of Fox's bill.

‡ Under Martin the Fifth, a number of antique statues were pounded for cement to build palaces.

The fine arches of aqueducts erected by Nero, to conduct the Claudian waters to the Monte Clelio, fill up the picture of splendid dreariness; and the antique gates of the Porta San Giovanni, and the walls of Rome (raised above those of the Emperor Aurelian), give the last high finish to the sumptuous desolation.

When the mal-aria had in its progress co-operated with the despotism and dark institutes which occasioned it, and began to spread its pestilence over the Clelio, reaching even to the palace of the Pontiff, the Popes removed from the Lateran to the Vatican; an ancient edifice, supposed by some to have been originally built by Constantine, adjoining his Basilica of St. Peter, for future Popes; and to have been inhabited by Charlemagne, in his visit to Rome. Then began the gorgeous miracles of St. Peter and the Vatican Palace; and the golden dreams of Arabian poets had no vision of splendour to parallel the effects produced by the church's wealth, and by Italian genius. Each Pope, from the thirteenth century, contributed his ambitious wish to surpass his predecessor in magnificence; and altar rose after altar, pavilion was added to pavilion, treasure was heaped to treasure, until the dwelling of the servant of the servants of God covered more ground than sufficed to build a royal * capital, and the cupola of his church measured the circumference of the noblest of heathen temples. Ages still left unfinished a work that seemed to belong to eternity; and the *Museo Chiaramonti*, at the present moment, superintended by Canova, evinces that neither the Papal sumptuousness, nor Italian talent, have been wholly extinguished by time or revolution.

The first visit paid to the Church of St. Peter's should not be made by the ordinary conveyance to all such sights in Rome—a carriage. It should be approached by pilgrim-steps, slow and difficult; and that great temple,

> " Where majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled,

should be reached on foot, and sought through those various details of misery, disorder, and degradation, which distinguish alike all its avenues, and are the elements out of which its grandeur sprang. Around the other great *Basilica* of Rome there reigns a saddening region of desolation; and St. Paul's and St. John de Lateran rise on the dreary frontiers of the infected deserts they

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* The Vatican *is said* to cover as much ground as the city of Turin.

dominate, like temples dedicated to the genius of the Mal-aria. But the approach to St. Peter's has another character: every narrow avenue is thickly colonized with a race of beings marked by traits of indigence or demoralization; and every dark dilapidated den teems with a tenantry, which might well belong to other purlieus than those of the church. It is thus that the altars of St. Peter's are approached, as they were raised, upon the *necks of the people.* Here the streets of the filthiest city in Europe are found filthiest! Here forms, on which Love had set his seal, are equally disfigured by the neglect of cleanliness, or by meretricious ornament!---and the young plebeian beauty, lying on the threshold of some ruinous fabrick, withdrawing the bodkin from tresses it is dangerous to loosen, and submitting a fine head to the inspection of some ancient crone, smiles on the passing stranger with all the complacency of a *Du Barry,* when she made her toilette for the good of the public, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church, who emulously canvassed for its offices.* The streets leading immediately to St. Peter's occasionally exhibit a spacious but dilapidated palace, mingled with inferior buildings; but many even of these have their façades of marble disfigured by washer-women's lines; and an atmosphere of soap-suds indicates an attention to cleanliness, whose effects are nowhere visible in Rome, but in the stench which issues from the laundresses' windows in the very finest of its streets.†

These discouraging avenues at last waded through, the Piazza de St. Pietro in Vaticano bursts upon the eye, more striking from the contrast that its beauty and magnificence presents to the images of poverty and disgust which have preceded it.

Nothing that art or judgment can dictate, or criticism or pretension utter, on this great object of universal wonder, has been left unsaid or unillustrated. The profoundest *Virtuosi* of the last age have commented on it; the greatest Poet of the present age has sung it; and from the folios of Piranesi to the portefeuille of the most juvenile traveller, views of its architecture

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* The Pope's Nuncio, and Cardinal de la Roche Aymon, frequently attended the toilette of Madame Du Barry, and were seen presenting her slippers, while the King transacted business with the Minister of Police within the alcove of her ruelle. Such were the Church and State morals of France under Louis the Fifteenth.

† It was the intention of Napoleon to have cleared these filthy streets up to the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, as he did clear the avenues of the Tuileries.

are to be found. Little is now left to future visitants, but to enjoy, in silence, their own opinion (should they have any they may call their own), or at most to express the impression communicated to their own minds, on their first view of this supposed miracle of art.

The first impression of the façade of St. Peter on the writer of these pages was one of utter disappointment. It did not strike her by its magnitude!---and in its want of simplicity and completeness (broken up as it is by pilasters, loggie, niches, balustrades, &c.) it did not affect her with pleasurable emotion. With none present to direct her judgment and shame her ignorance, she turned involuntarily away, after a few minutes observation, to contemplate objects infinitely more attractive to her unlearned apprehension. These were, its beautiful semicircular colonnades; its noble fountains, dashing their pure, bright waters into mid-air, sparkling with sun-beams, and diffusing freshness as they fall; and that antique obelisk, whose transfer from Heliopolis (where the son of Sesostris raised it) to the Circus of Nero, where Caligula placed it*, includes the history of fallen empires, and of power not subdued, but strangely transmuted. The impression made by the façade of St. Peter's was never effaced. The original design of Michael Angelo, shewn in the library of the Vatican, served but to confirm it; and the opinion of one, whose judgment, next to that of Michael Angelo's own, might be trusted, left the decision of ignorance sanctioned by the dictum of the presiding genius of the art.†

But the magnitude of St. Peter's is never justly estimated on a first or many following inspections; which is the *fault* of its *faultlessness:* for besides that it is out of the span of human recognition—beyond the test of all received experience, the harmony of its proportions is so perfect as to leave

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* St. Peter and its circumjacent buildings occupy the site of the Circus and gardens of Nero, in the Campo Vaticano. The Obelisk remained on the spot where Caligula had placed it, till the year 1586, when it was removed to the centre of the Piazza, where it now stands, by Sixtus the Fifth.

† During the space of centuries, the plan of St. Peter's, from a Latin to a Greek, and a Greek to a Latin, was changed a dozen times, by various artists, under various pontiffs. The beautiful design of Michael Angelo, a Greek cross, with a façade similar to that of the Pantheon, is distinguished by all the sublimity and simplicity of his genius. It is shewn in the library of the Vatican, and is never seen without awakening a regret in the spectator that it was not executed. The principal architect of St. Peter's, as it now stands, was Carlo Maderno, who worked under Pope Paul the Fifth.

nothing for comparison: there, flutter colossal doves in cornices lofty as the eagle's eyrie; there, frown saints

"In bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,"

the BRIAREUS's of the martyrology!—while cherubs, tall as Typhons, and letters to be read by the cubit*, diminish the height of that cupola (the Ossa piled on Pelion of architecture), and lessen the vastness of those interminable naves, whose votive chapels might serve for metropolitan churches. But the temple of St. Peter, with all its unrivalled riches, surpassing "the works of Memphian kings," is but a gigantic toy †; and the wanton, the incalculable profusion of its gems and precious stones, its statues and pictures, its mosaics and gold, its bronzes and marbles, its spotless freshness and unsullied lustre, separate it from the imagination, and leave it without one of those solemn associations, which blend such edifices with a remembrance of the mysterious past, and give them an interest in the mind beyond what the eye can command.

Among the number of its splendid mausoleums, all raised to the memory of pontiffs and princes of the Church, or to enshrine the ashes of kings and queens, there is one which affords a striking commentary on the text of this mighty edifice. It is the tomb of the famous Countess Matilda, the most powerful ally the Church ever knew; and her defence of the Popes and their system, and the bequest of her valuable patrimony to the church, have obtained for her a monument in St. Peter's, to which her ashes were conveyed from Mantua by Pope Urban the Eighth. Her effigy represents a stern and dogged-looking woman, one whose strong volition might have passed for genius—she holds the papal sceptre and tiara in one hand, and in the other the keys of the church! at her feet lies her sarcophagus! and its relievos form the precious part of the monument. They represent the Emperor Henry the

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* In the inscription round the interior of the Cupola, the letters are some feet in height—I dare not trust my memory to say how many.—The inscription bears the well-known words of our Lord—Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo Claves Regni Cœlorum. Thy name is Petrus *(stone)*, and on that stone I raise my Church.

† In 1659, a miniature model of St. Peter's was made for Louis the Fourteenth. He is said to have amused himself for hours with this splendid trinket.

Fourth at the feet of Pope Gregory the Seventh, where Matilda had assisted to place him. The abject, prostrate, half-naked Emperor, surrounded by Italian Princes and ecclesiastical Barons, the witnesses of his shame and degradation, forms a fine contrast to the haughty and all-powerful Pope; who seems ready to place his foot upon the imperial neck of the unfortunate sovereign, who, thus crouching in the dust, represented the Roman Cæsars! Such was the Church in her great day!—When the Emperor Joseph the Second visited St. Peter's, and his conductors led him to this monument, he is said to have turned from it with an ironical smile, and a crimson blush of indignation! It was then, perhaps, that his personal feelings gave new impulse to his philosophical reformation, urging him to decide on the fate of "*cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers;*" and from that moment he may have considered

—— "Relic beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds." MILTON.

There is another monument in St. Peter's, that often arrests the steps of the British traveller, and awakens many an association, whatever be his politics—for the whig and the tory may alike find food for meditation upon the monument of the last of the Stuarts! This beautiful mausoleum, the work of Canova, is raised to the memory of James the Third, King of England, his Queen, and his two sons; and the existence of the last representative of a worthless but unfortunate race, who will long share the pity and contempt of posterity—who ceased to be Kings, because they could not be despots!—is recorded with all the pompous titles that royalty possesses in the day of its greatest glory. This monument, and these titles, are bestowed by the munificence of the Prince Regent of England, at whose expense the mausoleum of the Stuarts has been raised; and it is to the honour of the heart and taste of the royal donor, that the titles, which the birth of the deceased compelled him to arrogate in life, are thus liberally conceded to him on the tomb. The existence of such a monument, so inscribed, diminishes nothing from the dignity of that throne, which, founded on the suffrages of a free people, may well afford to be generous to fallen tyranny. It is surely to be lamented, that any consideration of policy (which posterity will regard as false, if not as base) should have given rise to an opposite line of conduct with respect to another fallen monarch! and that it should have left to his-

tory the task of contrasting the royal piety of a British Prince to James Stuart, with the timid vengeance of ministerial severity towards Napoleon Bonaparte.

To the left of the Basilica, or Church of St. Peter, lies another world of wonders, in its sacristies, the treasury of the temple! the "Cave of the Forty Thieves!" Here the business of the church is transacted; and the councils and the dinners of its canons are celebrated! Here corridors succeed to corridors—chambers to chambers, all stored with mouldering riches.* To raise this wing of the main building, sums have been expended which might have built a city, or redeemed a campagna.

To the right of the Basilica, one of its long and beautiful colonnades leads to churches piled on churches, to the Paoline chapel with its dingy† splendours, succeeded by the Sistine, whose walls, richer than all else beside, represent the Divinity, sketched by the hand of the most highly-gifted of his creatures; for all that the eye here beholds is consecrated by the genius or touch of Michael Angelo! The corridors of these mid-air churches, lead to the palace of the Pontiff, the gorgeous Vatican, with its "thirteen thousand chambers," its cortili filled with orange-trees springing out of marble vases, made for the delight of the Cæsars; while beyond the fairy palace spreads

> "That dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation,"---

the CAMPAGNA; an eloquent comment!!

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* The corridors of this Sacristy are ornamented with columns and pilasters of antique marble (bigio antico and verd antico), with inscriptions, busts, statues, &c. &c. The *Sagrestia commune* is a superb octagon room, sustained by columns of giallo antico; the sacristy of the canons is surrounded by presses of beautiful *Brazil-wood*, filled with treasures. Another sumptuous room, called *Sagrestia de' Beneficiati*, is surrounded with armoires of the same precious material, where are kept the superb dresses of the canons, and other of the Church properties. Every room has a magnificent little chapel attached to it, filled with precious pictures by the great masters. The riches of the whole overwhelm the imagination. The sums expended to erect this unnecessary sacristy, and other similar undertakings, by the late Pope Pius the Sixth, rendered the State bankrupt, as well as the people. The bad taste of this Pontiff was as conspicuous as his prodigality (though he fancied himself an architect), for he threw down a Temple of Venus respected by Michael Angelo, to build this cumbrous sacristy.

† The golden ornaments of the Paoline chapel are blackened by the profusion of candles with which it is lighted in Passion-week.

In contemplating the mighty mass which bears the name of the humblest of apostles, its immensity and its splendour, its beauty and its magnificence, will strike upon the eye of the spectator, with a various influence on his mind, according to the character of feeling and intellect he brings to its inspection. To the all-believing pious pilgrim, in whose imagination the Church has superseded the DEITY, here

> " St. Peter, at Heaven's wicket, seems
> To await him with his keys :"

here the triumphant cross rises above all

> " Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers."

Here he beholds the temple of martyred Saints, the throne of infallible Pontiffs, and the shrine and sepulchre of him whose prophetic name became the Church's *arch-stone*—and he touches the " *Holy door*"*, and kisses the feet of St. Peter's doubtful statue†, assured by faith that the redeeming act absolves a multitude of sins.

To the philanthropist, who considers all things through the medium of his sympathy with the state of man, this Temple

> " Inimitable on earth,
> By model or by shading pencil drawn,"

will appear foremost in the causes which have continued the pestilence of the Campagna, desolated the plains of Latium, and brought misery, through error, to myriads all over the suffering world. To the eye of cold judging philosophy, it rises the mighty monument of that great event in human history, THE REFORMATION! a tacit, but eloquent argument to prove that man, rarely led to truth by pure abstractions, is readily convinced through worldly interests. The money required to finish this gorgeous bauble, by the

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* Called the Porta Santa, one of the five entrances to St. Peter's: it is never opened but on the day of the Grand Jubilee; being at all other times mortared up. The common people always pause to kiss this door, or scrape a bit of its mortar.

† A statue of Jupiter Capitolinus now figures as the Prince of the Apostles, and has performed as many miracles since his christening as he did before. Round this statue may be seen, at all hours, groups of peasants rubbing their foreheads to its feet, which have become bright and polished by the perpetual friction.

spendthrift bankrupt, Leo the Tenth, originated a shameless traffic of indulgences, and various church exactions, which spoke a plain language to the grossest mind! and St. Peter's reached the summit of its splendour, when the church it symbolized received the blow from which it never was to recover. What monument will rise to commemorate the reformation of another church? Canterbury! and York! and Durham! princely, if not infallible Pontiffs!

"Can ye tell us this?"

THE PAPAL PALACE, or *Palazzo Ponteficio del Vaticano*, communicating with St. Peter's, is rather a congregation of palaces, than a single edifice; and its architecture is as various, as the ages and talents that went to its completion. The genius of Bramante, of Raphael, of San Gallo, of Fontana, of Bernini, with many other eminent and scarce inferior artists, has been concentrated on its progressive erection; and the talents of all ages, of all nations, have contributed to fill its marble labyrinths, and to render it at this moment, with respect to the arts, worth all else the known world can produce! The elevation is divided into three lofty stories, each story surrounded by a loggia, or open corridor, richly painted; its countless halls, its endless galleries, its beautiful chapels, its venerable library, its twenty courts (cortili), and *two hundred staircases*, present a wilderness of building, out of which the stranger, how frequent soever his visits, can only recal those particular apartments more eminently distinguished than others by some miracle or miracles of art, from which they take their name. The *Carte du Pays* he will never master; but go where he may, he will never forget the loggia of Raffaello*, the

* The Loggia di Raffaello was constructed by Pope Leo the Tenth, under the direction of Raphael. The second story is painted by Raphael, and his pupils, in compartments representing the leading facts of the Scriptures. These frescos have all the delicacy and beauty of miniatures, with all the grandeur of design of great historical pictures. Here Raphael worked in the midst of his young and ardent disciples, Julio Romano, Pier del Vago, Pellegrino, Caravaggio, &c. &c.; yet neither the sanctity of the subjects painted, nor the traces of Raphael's divine pencil, could save it from the vilest profanation during the Austrian occupation of Rome. These German barbarians, not less rude than those which before spoliated the pavilions of the Vatican, and the high altar of St. Peter under Bourbon, turned this wing of the pontifical palace into a barrack; and walls imprinted with the divinity, and consecrated to art, were smoked with the fires which savages kindled to dress their garbage.

When

Borgia suite*, the Portico del Cortile, the Belvedere, and the successive cabinets dedicated to various works of antiquity, — the perfection of all that genius ever conceived, or art and labour perfected. Such are the halls (salas) of the "Animals," of the "Busts," of the "Muses," of the "Rotunda," the cabinets of the "Biga," of the "Candelabras," and that vast covered space which takes the various names of Corridore of Inscriptions (dei Lapidi), of the "Belvedere," of the Museo Chiaramonti," and "Clementino." This gallery is divided† by gates and columns, as if to make artificial stages in its

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When Murat arrived in Rome with his army, his first visit was to the Loggia of Raphael, and perceiving how much the paintings were injured by being exposed for ages to the action of the air, and inclemency of the weather (for, like Italian loggie, these were open colonnades,) he ordered the whole side which was open to be framed and sashed with handsome windows. This work was completed in fourteen days; and had it not been done during his occupation, it is probable it would never have been finished. Posterity therefore owes to this brave, kind-hearted, and unfortunate man, the preservation of the most precious treasures of the arts. The rooms adjoining these Loggie are called Camere di Raffaello; they were four in number, and contain the subjects of his famous cartoons, &c. &c. Each room takes its name from the subject painted on its walls.

* The Borgia suite was built by Alexander the Sixth, of infamous celebrity; the apartments are fine, but gloomy, and now contain the most select, and perhaps finest collection of pictures in the world. There is Raphael's celebrated Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, already mentioned, and the capi d' opera of Domenichino, Guido Reni, and nearly all the great masters.

† The mere *locale* of these superb apartments, each in itself a temple, though despoiled of all the treasures they enshrine, would be well worth a visit to Rome. Their pavements studded with rich mosaics, their roofs blue and bright as Roman skies, their walls embossed with the finest sculpture, or painted by the greatest artists, their columns of porphyry and alabaster, and lapis lazuli and Parian marbles, their gates of bronze and gold, and, last of all, their beautiful forms, the perfect circle or elegant octagon! almost divide the attention of the spectator with the works they contain. Yet, all splendid and beautiful as they are and long have been, they exhibited, when this palace was inhabited by the Popes in the seventeenth century, a strange picture of barbarous power amidst the most beautiful results of civilization; for Evelyn, when he visited this suite, found it occupied by "a guard of gigantic Switzers, who do nothing but drink and play at cards in it;" yet even then, the rooms appeared to him "*the most superb and royal apartments in the world.*" Through these apartments are scattered the Laocoon, the Torso, and all those works of art pre-eminent in beauty and celebrity. The *Apollo of Belvedere* stands where Michael-Angelo placed it. But whoever would read the sole description that approaches to the perfection of this statue, will find it in the last Canto of Childe Harold! The last statues placed in this world of art, are the Perseus and the Boxers of Canova. Over all, the greatest freshness reigns. The public

interminable length, and afford stations for the imagination to repose on, or memory to refer to. The first portion (into which the LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN opens) is lined on either side with the rarest collection of inscriptions known in Europe. Those of the early Greek and Latin Christians which have been found in the Catacombs, occupy the left side; those of the heathen world are on the right, mingled with tombs, monuments, and sarcophagi, each in itself a study and a moral. The *Museo Chiaramonti* succeeds, rich in monuments of antiquity, statues, busts, and basso-relievos—the work of the Phidias's of other ages, arranged by the Phidias of the present. Here the living make their personal acquaintance with the dead, and the features of a COMMODUS, a TIBERIUS, and a LUCIUS VERUS, become as familiar to the mind as their deeds and reigns.

The MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO, the collection of the treasures accumulated by the late Pope, changes the scene, and belongs to the edifices occupied by the deities and priestesses and emperors of the preceding gallery. Here are hung the appropriate ornaments of temples, theatres, basilicas, forums, circuses, baths, and palaces, all beautiful in design and perfect in execution; and to these naturally follows, the vestibule of the tombs—with the sarcophagus of a Scipio and the sepulchral effigies of some fair Roman dame, over whose death-couch love still hovers. In moving among these consecrated images of art and time, the mind of the spectator catches something of their calm and dignity; for there is in ancient sculpture, a quietude of grandeur, a solemnity of grace, not found in the works of modern genius, and which belong, perhaps, to the originals they copied. This majesty of expression and tranquillity of form, so well known to the Egyptians, lost something of its monumental sobriety under the Greeks. It is frequently found among savages, but rarely appears amidst the artificial exaggeration of corrupt civilization. The French, who, up to the Revolution, were a nation of

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have free admission twice a week, without any tax on their purse, or intrusion on their observation. But though we visited the Vatican galleries more than twenty times, we never perceived a Roman of any class or description among the curious, the learned, or the lounging, which crowd its salas; and never missed seeing groups of the peasantry from the neighbouring villages and districts, staring before its statues, gaping into its Tazzi, or treading with their heavy steps, pavements that seem laid for fairy feet alone.

dancing-masters, were the least graceful people of Europe; and the Apollo of Belvedere could never have been imagined in the court of a Louis the Fifteenth.

This gallery, now so rich and beautiful, through the munificence or sumptuosity of the late and present Pope, was but "of bare walls," when Evelyn visited it in 1643; and he observes, that, as he passed through it on his way to the Vatican library, it was full of poor people, to the number of *fifteen hundred* or *two thousand*, "to each of whom, in his passage to St. Peter's, the Pope gave a mezzo-grosso," (half a farthing). This is a curious episode in the history of the palace of the Vatican—of that palace, whose uses and magnificence furnished Milton with his splendid imagery alike of hell and heaven —his palace of Pandemonium, and that

"Where sceptred Angels held their residence."*

The Library of the Vatican, described as it merits, would fill the pages of many an ample volume. The locale is a palace in itself; and its galleries and various chambers might be visited as a splendid museum, had they no other attraction. One of the most striking circumstances in the greatest library of Europe is, that not *a book is to be seen*, although of manuscripts alone there are said to be thirty thousand volumes. The cases in which the collection is preserved, give no indication of their contents; and the whole edifice, all campo d'oro and ultra-marine, looks rather like some Gothic hall of grotesque festivity, than the retreat of learning. The principal gallery, three hundred and seventeen palmi in length, is divided into naves, separated by pillars; and the walls are painted with representations of the most celebrated ancient libraries, of general councils, and of the inventors of the characters of various languages. Low armoires, richly and fantastically painted, surround this superb salon, and contain the most precious of the manuscripts; and tables of Egyptian granite, marble sarcophagi, and other fragments of antiquity, are

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* It is generally supposed that the French army committed great plunder in Rome: the proofs to the contrary are, the undisturbed riches of the churches and palaces, and the testimony of the Romans themselves, who do every justice to the moderation of the soldiers, and still describe them buying white gloves to visit the galleries of the Vatican. With respect to those objects of art which found their way to Paris, it is needless to dwell on what is universally known as an historical fact, that they were ceded by Pope Pius VI. at the treaty of Tolentino.

scattered over its centre. Two vast corridors to the right and left, divided into various apartments, open out of this main gallery. Here are modern bookcases filled with choice works; and objects of art, of great value and antiquity, are profusely scattered. In one of these is a picture of the design of the *Façade* of St. Peter's, by Michael Angelo*, so superior to that which has been adopted.

From the hall of the Papyrus, painted by Mengs †, opens another spacious gallery, ornamented with gold and mirrors, and containing the most precious books in the collection ‡; and cabinets devoted to medals §, engravings, inscriptions, succeed, and terminate this wing. On the other side, a suite of beautiful rooms, with columns of porphyry, are filled with bookcases, decorated with Etruscan vases; and the wall is decorated with a series of paintings illustrating the trials of the late and present Popes, during the Revolution :—the crowning and restoration of Pius the Seventh, closes these fasti of papal sensibility and endurance. ‖

THERE seems to have been a sort of heir-loom ambition accompanying the keys of St. Peter's, which induced even the oldest and feeblest of the Pontiffs to commemorate his short reign by some monument of personal consequence.

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* There is also a very curious view of St. Peter's, as it existed three centuries back. It is a small building. The interior exhibits the Pope and Cardinals, celebrating service in the choir, surrounded by *guards in armour*. The nave is filled with common people; some of them remarkable for fine heads, and all for their curious costume.

† History writing on the shoulders of Time, and the attendant angel, form a beautiful group. History is the wife of Mengs, and the Angel is his lovely daughter.

‡ There are here two superb candelabras of Sèvres china, presented by Napoleon (on his marriage) to the Pope.

§ Many of the medals were carried off in the first epoch of the Revolution. Five hundred volumes were taken from the Library by the French government; not selected for their value, but taken, as one of the librarians told us, *a capriccia!*

‖ As well as I remember, the following are the most striking of these " gestes et faits :"—Berthier taking the Pope Pius Sixth prisoner. The Pope's arrival at the Certosa of Florence, and the Monks adoring him by prostration, while a French soldier looks on with cold curiosity. His arrival at Valence, where he died. His death-bed scene. The election of Chiaramonti, Pope Pius the Seventh, at Venice. The Cardinals kneeling round him. His reception at Rome. His works at the Coliseum. His visit to Ostia, accompanied by the antiquarian Abate Fea. His *enlèvement* by the French to Grenoble and Savona. His residence at Fontainbleau. His passage over Mount Cenis. His restoration in 1814. The setting up the triumphal arch under which he was to pass. His flight from Rome to Genoa, during the occupation of Murat, &c. &c.

The life of Julio the Second was consecrated to his famous tomb in San Pietro in Vincolis; and he made more advances to Michael Angelo to engage him to work at it, than he would have permitted himself towards any sovereign upon earth, even to have obtained the most eminent political advantages.

It may be imagined that such sumptuous edifices as the Lateran and the Vatican might have served for the residence of men who affected to represent Him "who had not where to lay his head." Yet, long ere the *mal-aria* had penetrated to the pavilions of the Vatican, and rendered them during a few months of the year dangerous to inhabit, the Popes, with that satiety which is the concomitant of power, grew weary of their sumptuous domicile; and in the sixteenth century, Gregory the Thirteenth, to celebrate his Pontificate, began the palace and church of the Quirinal, the residence of the reigning Pope and his immediate predecessors.

This stupendous fabrick, only less vast than the Vatican, crowns the Quirinal hill, and commands a noble view of the city, which seems to lie crouching at its feet. It is from beneath these sumptuous domes that the Pontiff puts the seal of the fisherman to briefs that would once have made the world tremble.

The late Pope Pius the Sixth did much to adorn both the palace, and the Piazza del Monte Cavallo * on which it stands; and (selon les règles) he took the little that was left from the mouldering monuments of antiquity. He removed the obelisk which stood near the mausoleum of Augustus, to the front of the palace; and, not being able to displace the Coliseum, he carried off all that was moveable from the Forum, and transported that gigantic vase of oriental granite to the Monte Cavallo, which now receives the waters of its beautiful fountain.

The state apartments of the Quirinal are sufficiently noble †; they were

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* So named from the famous horses placed there, called by the "*Sightsmen*" of the old school of Ciceroni, the horses of *Praxiteles* and *Phidias* (whose names are still preserved on their pedestals): according to the new reading, these clumsy animals date not their existence beyond the time of Constantine, whose Baths they are said to have adorned. According to modern standards of "*horseflesh*," they by no means *shew blood;* though to classical observers they are like Sir Benjamin Backbite's ponies, compared to whom

"*Other horses were clowns, and these maccaroni's.*"

† They contain some good pictures, but very few objects of art worth mentioning. In this immense edifice, which resembles a town roofed in, the Pope occupies a very small apartment, from

lately inhabited by the Emperor of Austria and his family, on his visit to Rome; and in their gaudy draping, when we saw them, bore testimony to the still *unpaid-for* honours offered to the Imperial guests. Many an indigent tradesman, who boasts the honour of being the Pope's creditor, reverts to that event as the cause of his approaching insolvency.

The gardens of the Quirinal are spacious and delightful, but encumbered with stones and marbles, as usual, disputing the soil with nature and vegetation. But all that is bright and fair in the Quirinal, is brightest and fairest in that Chapel in which the Pope himself pontificates on Sundays and other holidays. It is so pure, so splendid, that when lighted by the mid-day beams, it looks like the Temple of the Sun, which once occupied its site.* In it there is nothing to offend or to shock—to wound the piety of the most devout, or the taste of the most refined—no votive offerings to disgust the senses and revolt reason—no terrible image to scare the eye and sicken the heart. Here pictured saints appear as demi-gods; and the high altar exhibits a cross, brilliant and beautiful as that which lies on a lady's bosom.† Here sounds that enchant, and odours that intoxicate, fill the air; and mysteries are consummated with forms so beautiful, and amidst objects so alluring, that the rigid or the ignorant might doubt whether he witnesses Christian ceremonies or heathen rites, and whether this is the Temple of Apollo, or the Chapel of the Pope.

There is no more pleasant or fantastic sight than that presented by the groups which ascend the Quirinal on Sunday mornings; some on foot, some

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whence he only issues to take his daily drive, or upon festival days, when his health permits him, to pontificate. The whole of this great fabric is occupied by placemen and pensioners of the Pontifical Court, whose reverend names are inscribed on the various doors. Its corridors and passages are open to the public, and resemble, in some respects, the Temple, or Lincoln's Inn.

* It is thought that the Temple of the Sun, built by the Emperor Aurelian, stood on the side of the Quirinal hill. "*Some believe that remains, which are still standing* (says Montfaucon) *did belong to the said Temple.*" But the Rome of the present day is no more the Rome of Montfaucon than of the Cæsars.

† The crucifix is generally a terrific and heart-breaking object in Italian churches—a huge cross, stained with blood, and exhibiting *too* faithfully the image of agony and death, in the mangled form of a crucified Deity. From the Pope's own churches such objects appear to be excluded. The Quirinal is matchless in taste as in splendour; and is as elegant as a lady's show-cabinet. The architecture is noble and simple, and no hues more shewy than white and gold are admitted.

in carriages, but all bending towards that shrine of weekly pilgrimage to foreign visitants, the Pope's Chapel. Members of all churches, and professors of all sects, cardinals and their suites in their gaudy glass coaches, monks on foot, and carabiniers on horseback, all pour through massive portals, which are still guarded by "*gigantic Switzers*," habited in the same trunk hose, buff jerkins, laced ruffs, and leathern bonnets, as they wore when they lost the Bicoque in the plains of Lombardy!—all urge their way through colonnades and salas till the temple is reached, at whose entrance the sexes separate. There the subaltern clergy of the chapel (in such a curious and grotesque variety of costume as might supply the carnival masquerades of Paris) present themselves to do the honours deputed to their care. To the heretics of England is invariably assigned the place of distinction; while, if some devout Italian Catholic appear (a rare event), he is elbowed off; for here the joy is literally for the arrival of the sinner, not for the just; and Mother Church sets aside the claims of her legitimate children, in favour of the spurious offspring of Luther, Calvin, or—Joanna Southcote.

The Chapel of the Quirinal is at last filled to suffocation. The tribunes on either side are occupied by the *elegantes* of *London* and *Paris*, *Petersburgh* and *Vienna*, *Cracow* or *New York*. In the central nave the throng is composed of abbots, priors, and dignitaries in grand costume,—the Mamelukes of the church! Roman generals, all armed for the military service of the altar, the only service they have ever seen—monks, guards, friars, Swiss soldiers, and officers of state!—Outside a *cordon*, drawn round the choir, are placed the foreign gentlemen. The choir, the scene of action, all brilliant and beautiful, is still a void. When the signal is given, the crowd divides! and the procession begins!—"*Mutes and others*" form the avant-garde of the pageant, and lead the way. Then comes, personified Infallibility! feeble as womanhood! helpless as infancy! withered by time, and bent by infirmity; but borne aloft, like some idol of Pagan worship, on the necks of men, above all human contact. The Conclave follows, each of its princes robed like an Eastern Sultan! Habits of silk and brocade, glittering with gold and silver, succeeded by robes of velvet, and vestments of point lace, the envy of reigning Empresses*. The toilette of these Church exquisites is perfect: not a hair displaced, not

* The details of the Cardinal's toilette, which, at my own very *womanish* desire, were exhibited to me, are minute, splendid, and numerous, beyond description: for every ceremony has its dress, and

a point neglected, from the powdered toupée to the diamond shoe-buckle. The Pope is at last deposited on his golden throne: his ecclesiastical attendants fold round him his ample caftan, white and brilliant as the nuptial dress of bridal queens! they arrange his dazzling mitre: they blow his nose; they wipe his mouth, and exhibit the representation of Divinity in all the disgusting helplessness* of driveling caducity. His holiness being thus cradled on a throne to which Emperors once knelt, the *Conservators* of Rome, the caryatides of the church, place themselves meekly at its steps; and the manikin, who represents the Roman Senate, precisely in his look and dress resembling

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on some days they dress and undress as often as the three Mr. Singletons in the farce. The *Etole*, or scarf, is now a sash superbly tissued: it is a symbol of the lost innocence of man—not of the cardinal's. The Piviale is a mantle, like the ancient Irish cloak: it is of massive gold tissue, insupportably heavy. This represents the *pastoral robe* of the *Patriarchs* (for all in the Church, Catholic or Protestant, is borrowed from the Jews—Christ having left nothing to copy but virtue and self-denial.) This Piviale was originally Pluviale, and worn (as its name imports) to keep out the weather, before gold brocades were invented. The *Soutane* is a truly Eastern habit: it is of violet velvet or silk, and its long and flowing train is held up by the caudatori. This was surely not "*the cloak*" which St. Paul left behind him "*at Troas.*"‡ Next comes the golden Pianelli, and the Manipolo, of embroidered satin, which hangs on the arm, like a fine lady's ridicule, and is the scrip of the patriarchal herdsman, in which he carried his bread and cheese. Then comes the Camicia—a dress of the richest point lace. I saw three of these dresses belonging to one cardinal, said to be worth two thousand pounds; and I know it for a fact, that more than one pretty reigning sovereign had endeavoured to wheedle his eminence out of a camicia worn upon state days. The Mitres are of gold and silver, upon white or red grounds, according to the cardinal's various ranks. In private society their dress is a suit of black, edged with scarlet; scarlet stockings, and a little patch of red, called the calotte, on the crown of their heads, with their cardinal hat under the arm.

* This helplessness is part of the sacred office of the Pope: he must not pollute his hands by any contact with matter. One of his ecclesiastics carries his pocket-handkerchief in his bosom, and *pontificates* for him when he has occasion for it. During the service he sits like an automaton, while at various periods of the celebration they fold and unfold his robe, and change his mitre, &c. The less splendid, but not less imposing vestment of English bishops, and other dignitaries of the Protestant communion, are all preserved from the original Church. Their robes of silk, cloth, and fine linen, their mitres, &c. &c., are less sumptuous, but not less Jewish than those of Rome.

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‡ The apostolic simplicity, illustrated in the whole of the epistle to which this passage alludes, is a beautiful contrast to the habits of the Churchmen of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. "The cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books; but especially the parchment," &c. &c.—Epistle to Timothy, chapter the 4th.

Such was the primitive Apostle! occupied by all the duties and feelings of social life—not shut up in sumptuous palaces, like Arabian Caliphs, but living with "*the household of Onesiphorus!*"

Brid'oison, in the "*Mariage de Figaro,*" takes his humble station near that Imperial seat, more gorgeous than any the Cæsars ever mounted. Meantime the demi-gods of the Conclave repose their eminences in their stalls on velvet cushions, and their caudatorj (or tail-bearers) place themselves at their feet. In the centre, stand or sit, on the steps of the high altar, the bishops with their superb mitres and tissued vestments. Then the choir raises the high hosannahs, the Pope pontificates; and the Temple of Jupiter never witnessed rites so imposing, or so splendid. Golden censers fling their odours on the air! harmony the most perfect, and movements the most gracious, delight the ear and eye! At the elevation of the host, a silence more impressive than even this "*solemn concord of sweet sounds*" succeeds; all fall prostrate to the earth; and the military falling lower than all, lay their arms of destruction at the feet of that mystery, operated in memory of the salvation of mankind.

The ceremony is at last concluded. The procession returns as it entered. The congregation rush after; and the next moment, the antiroom of this religious temple resembles the salon of the opera. The abbots and priors mingle among the lay crowd, and the cardinals chat with pretty women, sport their red stockings, and ask their opinions of the Pope's *Pontification,* as a *Merveilleux* of the Opera at Paris takes snuff, and demands of his *Chère-Belle,* "Comment trouvez vous ça, Comtesse?" Bows, and courtesies, and recognitions—"*nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles*—fill up the waiting-time for carriages; and then all depart from the Quirinal * to re-congregate at St. Peter's, to hear vespers, give rendezvous, and make parties for the Opera, with

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* It was on the breaking-up of the procession in the anti-sala of the Quirinal, that we had the honour of being presented to the Cardinal Minister Gonsalvi. Never since the days of the Mazarine and the De Retz's, were lay-graces so blended with Church dignity as in the manner, person, and address of Cardinal Gonsalvi. There is more diplomatic formality in a single movement of the least of the little clerks of the English treasury, than perhaps has been displayed in the whole of the very difficult ministry of this cardinal secretary. While the Conclave complain of Gonsalvi's sang-froid in the cause of *Mother Church,* and the Carbonari accuse him of favouring Austria, one thing is certain, that his religious toleration has spared much suffering to Italy; and that his humanity in abolishing some of the horrible capital punishments of Rome, and softening others, calls for unqualified praises of the benevolent and the wise. The cardinal, gracious to all strangers, is particularly so to the English, whom he entertains at home, and accommodates abroad, to the utmost of his power. The Cardinal Gonsalvi is the most distinguished looking member of the Conclave; and it was a common thing to hear English beauties say, as they directed their opera-glasses to the *Divan* of the Quirinal, "Oh there is poor dear Caccia Piatti! and there is little Doria! and there are Gonsalvi's eyes!!"

which *the English*—the *Sunday-loving* English—close their Sabbath-day in Italy. For English cant is left on English shores; and the most rigid observers of forms at home, "being at Rome, do as Rome does!"

THE PALACES of Rome, more numerous, more vast, and more sumptuous than any others of Italy, are wholly divested of historical interest. There is not one recollection to arrest the steps of the stranger on their threshold; and the S. P. Q. R. which are blazoned over their ponderous portals, serve but to bring back the memory to men and times, which, by inevitable comparison, throw into relief the degraded existence of the modern patricians of Rome.

The palaces of Rome belong to its Church history. They are not the results of mercantile wealth or feudal enterprise! they are monuments * of the prodigality of the Popes to their illegitimate children, or of the indulgence of that fatal nepotism, which originated a class of tyrants in Rome, unknown in the rest of Italy.† The plunder, the extortion, the injustice, the crimes, of

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* This may appear harsh and calumnious; but liberality itself, though it "set down nought in malice," must not extenuate historic fact. The Popes of the fifteenth and sixteenth century took no pains to conceal their amours. The children of the Farnese and Borgia Popes lived openly with them; and even during the reign of Louis XIV. when Cardinal De Retz visited Rome, his first homage was offered to the Pope's mistress, the infamous Donna Olimpia, who poisoned Cardinal Patilla in his soup. Her nephew, a child, obtained the Cardinal's hat. Had the Popes been permitted to marry, this disorder could not have occurred; but the laws of nature are never violated with impunity.

† The nephews of the Barberini Pope Urban VIII. drove the people to madness by their exactions and cruelty. Cardinal Francesco, the youngest of his nephews, had the Marquis Bentivoglio beheaded, on suspicion of having written a book against the Court of Rome. He put to death the Duke d'Ascoli, for a supposed conspiracy against the Pope. To obtain the estates of Count Andrea Casali, he had him sent to the galleys and beat to death. The venerable Frangipani was repeatedly put to the torture, to force him to give up his estates to the Pope's nephews, which he refused to the last. The taxes this Prince levied on the people, in his uncle's name, drove thousands into exile or ruin. He usurped the revenues of forty-seven benefices; but, on the death of his uncle, was obliged to take refuge in France, to escape the popular rage. The crimes of his elder brother, still more disgusting and atrocious, drove him also into a foreign land for safety. The famous beauty and humourist, Cecca Buffona, was the mistress of this man—her impudicity caused her to be publicly whipped in the streets of Rome. In visiting the Palazzo Barberini, such are the recollections it calls forth; and though, when visited, it was furbishing up by the present Prince, the throne in the anti-room was newly hung, and the servants had got fresh liveries, still it was approached through such vestiges of filth, ruin, and disorder, as would scare the poorest labourer in England from his hovel. Workshops of statuaries, and the dens of the indigent, rise even within the great gates, and choak up

the Papal nephews, as Princes or Cardinals, can only be estimated by a perusal of their memoirs, which, under various forms, have come to light, from time to time; and above all, by visiting their palaces and villas, and learning, from contemporary and undeniable authorities, the revenues which their descendants even now inherit at the end of centuries of mismanagement and neglect, even after all that has been said of French exaction and revolutionary plunder.* The brigands of feudality, like the assassins or banditti of the Roman territories of the present day, won their possessions by open force; and justified their daring violations with a spirit, whose intrepidity, in a better cause, would merit the epithet of heroism. But the acquisitions, made by the heroes of nepotism, were not the price of courage, the recompense of dangers encountered and hardships endured: their instruments were the galley and the dungeon, the gibbet and the wheel, an authorized stiletto, and territorial asylums for their bands of murderers, which were claimed by the princely cardinals of Rome almost of the present day. When the Papal authority could no longer satisfy their voracious cupidity, and no more treasures were found to pour into their teeming coffers†, the Popes gave them leave to plunder, by all the means which a land without laws, and a government without controul, could grant. The aspect now presented by the Palaces of the Roman Princes, the descendants collateral or direct of Papal nephews, is one of those splendid lessons in morals and politics, which time presents for the advantage of posterity, but which posterity does not always read with due application. From the first impression of filth and ostentation, received in the antiroom of the Roman Palace, to the last exhibition of comfortless penury in the garret (the too usual roosting-place of the descendants of the Barberini, the

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its ruinous court; while on its sumptuous dome are painted the armorial bearings of the Barberini, raised to the presence of the Divinity, by time, virtue, and eternity.—In another of its vast rooms is painted the history of the virtues of Urban the Eighth!!!

* "It is to this *humour* of despotism," says Addison, "that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces, &c., had not the *riches of the people*, at several times, fallen into the hands of many different families and particular persons."

† The riches of the Ghigi family, and the treasures of their palace, were in part the product of a quantity of vessels of solid gold, which the King of Portugal presented to Alexander the Seventh. At his death, the Cardinal's nephews pillaged the Palace of the Vatican, and are said to have sold the tapestry and even the orange-trees of the Quirinal.

Colonna, the Doria, &c. &c. &c.)—all that is intermediate between these extremes partakes equally of the character of both*:—the absence of all that cleanliness and accommodation which mark the state of society where man is freest; the existence of all that accumulation of sumptuosity, which belongs to countries in which there exist but two classes—the slave and his master.

A Roman palace, of the first order, is a vast and massive edifice, more imposing for its magnitude, than for the beauty of its architecture; for by far the greater number were raised towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the arts were declining. The long and elevated façade, turned to the street, is of dark hewn stone; and ponderous portals, with a porte-cocher, open into the square *cortile*, round which the palace rises, in some instances (as the Borghese) lined with two tiers of open porticos. The cortile is frequently the repository of accumulated filth; and even the vast, open, and marble stairs (beautiful as they sometimes are) are, with a few exceptions, never-failingly as disgusting to the eye, as they are offensive to the smell—all is immondezzaio! and from the antiroom to the attic, the term is equally applicable. As these

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* The exceptions to this general view of Roman palaces are, the palaces occupied by the foreign Ambassadors, and those which belong, by purchase, to the different members of the Bonaparte family—namely, the palace of Madame Letitia, of Cardinal Fesche, of Lucien, and Louis, Ex-King of Holland. Their beautiful sister, the Princess Paolina Borghese, lives in her husband's palace. All these residences are distinguished by order, elegance, and comfort. We were in the habit of occasionally visiting Madame Letitia and Cardinal Fesche, and we always found abundance of fires, (an unusual thing at Rome,) and of servants in handsome liveries, (those of *Madame* in the old Imperial livery of France, green and gold,) and not a spot uncarpetted but the stairs and anti-rooms. Such residences, and such establishments, are anomalies in the midst of Roman dreariness and disorder. Cardinal Fesche's gallery (one of the best in Rome) has been arranged since the Restoration; it occupies three stories of the elegant palace he inhabits. Besides a fine collection of the Italian masters, his gallery is singularly rich in the Flemish school. Walking one day with his Eminence through his lower suite, we chanced to light on a range of apartments, which had the air of the scene-room of a theatre—piles of great pictures were placed against the walls, or covered the floor; and it required the aid of two or three footmen to get at some pieces which he wished to shew us. On inquiry, we found that these were intended, by the liberality of his Eminence, to decorate country Churches in Catholic countries, which had been spoliated or degraded during the last thirty years. Cardinal Fesche is the only one of the Conclave who at present encourages the arts, or purchases pictures: the rest content themselves with getting their own pictures done, on their being made Cardinal, (a form attending their elevation,) for which they pay a few *scudi* to some miserable dauber—at least, so one of the first painters in Rome told us.

stairs are ascended by the picked steps of the weary and stifled visitor, no human sound or form directs his way; and whether master, guest, or stranger,

—— "Not a dog both bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite."

These superb flights of filth and marble are frequently ascended and descended in hopeless research, before the dirty rope is discovered, which rings the bell of the antiroom; when however it is found, and the bell is rung, one of those mops-heads, seen behind the cardinal or princely carriage in the Corso, pops itself over the railing of the upper flight, and calls the Cicerone of the palace to attend the "*Forestiere;*" and the antiroom-door opens from within, and discovers some old "*capo di famiglia,*" who has survived three generations of his princely and feeble masters, and still wears the remnant of the livery given him by the first. The dirty walls of this antiroom are partially covered with the worst and largest pictures of the palace, the dross of the collection, and with pieces of old and faded tapestry. The floor is that of an Irish tap-room, in a country pot-house. The ceiling and wood-work are smoked and smeared, like the walls of a barrack; and a wooden settle, containing a *lock-up* for fragments, a deal-table, and a couple of ancient leather-backed chairs, complete the furniture of this passage to the most gorgeous apartments. In the midst of all this meanness and disorder rises invariably the *Throne*—for every Roman Prince, being a Sovereign in his own territories, has not only his throne in the antiroom, but frequently one in the state apartments. The canopy and drapery of crimson velvet and gold, emblazoned with arms, which covers the seat of princely pomp, extends its shadow at the same moment over the dirty stable-boy, who cleans the prince's boots or the cardinal's shoes. Here also are ranged the brass-candlesticks and tallow-candles used on the preceding evening; coats left to be beaten, porridge set to cool, and wigs to be dressed; for the antiroom is the room of all works, and the throne is now used for every purpose, but that for which it was intended. Since the Revolution, the Roman Princes have lost their feudal privileges; and though nominally sovereigns, they have not yet been restored to that plenitude of power, which will probably return, with other ancient abuses, under the influence of the Holy Alliance.

Here may be seen some "scrub" mending a coat or trimming a lamp, the Jocris, or Scagnarelle of the family; while the old custode sits warming his numbed fingers over a little copper vessel, containing a few dying embers—the only fire visible throughout the palace, even in the humid days of a Roman winter.* The apartments which succeed, in number, in extent, and frequently in wealth, and above all in the treasures of art, are indescribable. There is scarcely one of these magnificent and now empty dwellings that is not worthy to lodge the most sumptuous monarch; and in going through the Palaces Borghese, Corsini, Doria-Pamfili, Farnese, Barberini, and Colonna, it is evident, that, notwithstanding the numerous trains of dependants which the Cardinals and Princes of Rome supported and domesticated, they never could have occupied the whole of their palaces: in the corner of one of these the Neapolitan Ambassador now lives like a mouse in a granary.†

At present, their noble possessors, poorer in spirit and poorer in means than their ancestors, are niched into a few rooms, and inhabit the second story, or the third when the second, like the first, is a gallery devoted to pictures—or perhaps some solitary representative of a once all-powerful name occupies a part of some solitary wing, and lives in gloom and dreariness, solaced by fanaticism, amused by cards, or preyed on by hypochondria. We found this the case in two or three of the noblest and most interesting palaces in Rome. Notwithstanding that the penury, or poverty of some of the Roman princes, has induced them to sell many of their pictures, the collections still exhibited in the galleries of their palaces are finer and more numerous, than in any other part of Italy. Those of the Doria, the Colonna, the Colonna Sciarra, the Borghese, and Corsini, are particularly so; but the utter neglect to which they are abandoned, and the dust of ages, which has been permitted to accumulate on the works of Raphael, Titian, Domenichino, &c, &c. is known in some instances to have been preserved with religious veneration. Nothing in the apartments where they hang,

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* During the winter we were at Rome, there was a fall of snow, "the heaviest," said one of the *Arcadians* to us, "that has fallen since that which drove Hannibal from the Porta Collina."—Although the afternoons were deliciously fine, in the mornings and evenings a fire was indispensably necessary even to the hardiest English visitor; yet I never saw a fire in a Roman palace, except such as were inhabited by foreigners and the Bonaparte family.

† The Farnese Palace.

has been displaced or changed since they were completed; and such is the characteristic inertness of the modern Roman patricians, that at the time of the Revolution, when some of the younger members of distinguished families were forced into activity, store-rooms* filled with treasures, scarcely known to exist, were discovered in their palaces. Although the present Prince Borghese and Prince Corsini both reside at Florence, (where they have large possessions and fine palaces,) their palaces at Rome are not only two of the most princely, but two of the best-preserved. We owe it to the attentions of both gentlemen, that their galleries and libraries were open to us, through their particular recommendations.

The Palazzo Corsini derives its present magnificence from the Corsini Pope, Clement the Twelfth. It was long the residence of Queen Christina of Sweden, who died there in 1689; and is well worthy, by its vastness, riches, and splendour, of a royal tenant. But now no multitude of laquais crowd its hall! no *creato*, or dependant†, waits in its anti-rooms. Its superb mosaics, its basso-relievos, its busts, its master-works of painting, and hangings of gold and velvet, remain; but the grass springs up in its untrodden courts; and a stately, reverend *Monsignore*, niched in its library, of which he most characteristically does the honours, alone occupies this most princely mansion‡. The library consists of eight great rooms. It is enriched with the most valuable collection of books of the fifteenth century, known in Italy: two hundred volumes of engravings also increase its

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* The library of the Palace Borghese had not been opened for many years before the Revolution. Some time after that event, and after the young Prince had married into the Bonaparte family, a visit to it was proposed (as a frolic after dinner) to the Dowager Princess. After a long search for keys, the party proceeded thither with lights; when, on opening the door, the singular spectacle presented itself, of the whole room in a blaze. This sudden conflagration was caused by the cobwebs which covered the walls, taking fire the moment the candles were brought in; and the flame ran rapidly round, but was extinguished as rapidly. Stores of gold, silver, and ivory work of the most beautiful description were found in the *Guarda-roba* of this palace.

† Whoever depended on the favour of a Roman Prince, or Cardinal, was termed "*suo creato*," *his creature*.

‡ The Prince Corsini had the goodness to give us a letter of introduction to his Librarian, whose titles filled the whole cover! This is a curious trait of the modes still existing at Rome—the remains of the pomposity of the ages of aristocracy. The Librarian of a Roman Prince has, in fact, more dignities than an English Duke.

treasures. Among its literary curiosities is the prayer-book of Christopher Columbus, given him by the Pope, and bequeathed by him to the Genoese Republic; as a codicil in his own hand-writing in one of the leaves intimates— volumes, however, have been written by disputatious *virtuosi* to prove that this codicil is a forgery.

But in this vast repertory of letters and arts, nothing is more curious than that one of its rooms should be entirely dedicated to the disputes of the Jansenists and Molinists. A former librarian having been a furious Jansenist, made the collection at a time when the Princes Corsini did not often visit their library. There is a volume containing a Catalogue of the Fathers (I forget of what doctrine) given to the Devil; with an accurate description of the Devil's House, where they were lodged. These are curious pictures of the human mind*, and would be amusing ones, if they were not connected with human sufferings, which error never fails to multiply.

Among the pictures, those which struck us were, the "Ecce Homo" of Guercino (more agonized, but less divine, than that of "*Carlo Dolce);*" a Virgin and Child of Caravaggio's (singular from the Child being a strong hale boy of five or six years old, dressed in a yellow coat, and the Virgin being a coarse-looking young woman, in the costume of a Roman peasant, with the sleeves of her corset tied on with red ribbons); and *Titian's* fine but wicked picture of the atrocious Philip the Second (the head a satire on humanity!).

Annexed to this vast palace is the Casino Corsini, on the Mount *Janiculum*, occupying the site where Julius Martial's villa stood (the cousin of the Epigrammatist). There was a wantonness in the magnificence of these Roman

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* Many of the old Italian libraries, devoted to theology, present the most singular monuments of the aberrations of intellect working its way through bigotry and ignorance. Montfaucon seems to have visited Italy, in the year 1698, for the purpose of seeing these repertories of human folly; with all of which he was duly edified and delighted. His description of the "*Knight Beleridius*" Library of Pavia is worth quoting. Having disclosed that "he was a person renowned for his piety, who *lent him his coach*," he adds, "He has a singular library, the like whereof we never saw, and it is numerous; filled with books, written in defence of the Immaculate conception of the blessed Virgin Mary. Not one upon any other subject has admittance there, and most of them are writ by Franciscans: I happened upon one composed by *Fra Alva*, in the title-page whereof, the blessed Virgin appears on high, and under her an inclosure of walls, strengthened with towers; in each of these towers is a Franciscan fighting with the many-headed dragon, the adversary of the mystery."—Montfaucon's Italy, Old Translation, p. 97.

Princes of modern times, which was unknown even to the voluptuaries of the Augustan day!

The PALAZZO BORGHESE, vulgarly called, by the cockneys of Rome, "*Cembalo* (the harpsichord) *di Borghese*, from its peculiar form, was the work of Pope Paul the Fifth (a Borghese). Its great court, its beautiful colonnades, supported by granite columns, are its distinguishing architectural features. It covers an immense space, and is a proud monument of the system it commemorates. What is called in Rome *appartamento-a-pian-terreno*, vulgarly translated the *ground-floor*, consists of eleven fine rooms, all dedicated to the gallery, and containing works of all the great masters of all countries. Sixty of these pictures are said to be of the very highest value, and many of the portraits by Raphael, Titian, and Julio-Romano, have an historical interest, independent of their exquisite merit as works of art, and of the names of the artists. The wing to the left contains the private apartments of the Prince; that to the right is inhabited by the Princess Pauline Borghese and her suite.

The VILLA BORGHESE, within the walls of the city, is almost the *double* of the palace, from which it is but a short walk, and once had a celebrity beyond all other Roman villas.* It was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, the nephew of Paul the Fifth; and with its gardens and lake, occupies a space of near three miles in circumference. The interior of this stupendous villa is filled with antique and modern sculpture, pictures, and mosaics—without, its grounds are covered with casinos, temples, citadels, aviaries, and all that a gorgeous and false taste, with wealth beyond calculation, could crowd together. Now silent, and uninhabited, save by an old *custode*, its Grecian or its Parian marbles, and luxurious groves, contrast forcibly with the massive walls which moulder near it—the walls raised by the Emperor Aurelian to form a new boundary to Rome, and which Belisarius found falling to ruin in his day. This venerable relic is called the *Muro torto*, from its bending, of which Procopius speaks.

Another VILLA BORGHESE, in the midst of hanging woods and gardens, cascades and torrents—spacious, superb, and desolate—rises among the lovely

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* "The Villa Borghese (says Montfaucon) than which there is nothing better worth seeing in Rome." It was from this Villa that the statues were taken which the Prince sold to Napoleon, and for which he was paid out of the national lands of Piedmont, then a part of the French territory. Their absence is however scarcely perceived amidst the abundance of curious and valuable objects that still remain.

heights of Frescati, raised by the same wealth of nepotism that built the former, and connected by delicious wood-walks with the *Casa Mondragone*, belonging likewise to the Prince, and alike abandoned to neglect, though eminently favoured by nature.* But, among all the villas of the Borghese family, there is but one habitable and enjoyable, where English neatness, French elegance, and Italian taste, are most happily united. It is the Villa Paolina Bonaparte Borghese, laid out, adorned, and furnished by the Princess. Whoever has passed a spring morning in this beautiful retreat, and partaken of one of the Princess Borghese's weekly dejeunées, has seen the interior of a *Roman villa* under an aspect that forms a curious solecism in Roman habits and Roman inhospitality.†

The Villa Farnesina is rather a casino than a villa; it belongs to the Farnese family‡, and is situated within the walls of Rome, not far from the great Farnese palace. It was built by Agostino Chigi, a private citizen and merchant of Rome, in the time of *Leo the Tenth*, to whom a solemn banquet was given when it was finished. These Roman citizens shared with Popes and Princes the labours of the Bramantes and the Raphaels; and one of the rooms of the Farnesina is entirely painted by the pencil of Raphael and his eminent pupils. The subject of this precious fresco is the story of *Galatea;* but the *prima donna* of the picture is a nymph carried off by a Triton. From the beauty of this finished work of Raphael's pencil, the eye is called off by the sketch of a head! a colossal head! Although drawn only with a burnt stick, yet not all the beauty of Raphael's Nereids, nor the grace of Volterra's Diana, can turn the attention from this wondrous head! Daniel da Volterra, a favourite pupil of Michael Angelo's, had been employed with the disciples of Raphael in painting the apartment, and prayed his immortal master to come and give an opinion

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* So much has been formerly and recently written on the subject of Frescati, Albano, Tivoli, &c. &c. that to mention them in a work like the present, would be but an ill-judged repetition of hackneyed descriptions.

† The day before we left Rome, we breakfasted at the Villa Paolina, with a circle composed of British nobility of both sexes, of the Roman Princes and Princesses, German Grandees, and American Merchants—a singular congress. The collation was of sweetmeats, ices, light wines, coffee; and the principal amusement, looking at the elegant apartments of the villa, sauntering in the gardens, and visiting some antiquities within their walls—the vestiges of the Prætorian camp.

‡ The Farnese Palaces at Rome now belong to the King of Naples, who has stripped them of all their precious works of art, save the beautiful frescos of the Farnese Palace by the Caracci, and those of the Farnesina, because they could not be removed.

of his work. Michael Angelo arrived at the Farnesina before his pupil, and in the restless impatience of ennui (the malady of genius), he snatched a bit of charcoal, and dashed off that powerful head, which, like his "*terrible hand*," * gave as great an intimation of his genius as "*Moses*," or his "*Day*." While cornices and bas-relievos glittered on every side, this charcoal head on its bare space of wall has been suffered to remain during a lapse of ages: all now begins to fade around it, even the tints of Raphael; but the head seems indelible! This room was the scene of one of Cellini's pleasant adventures, and his interview with the pretty Madonna Chigi, whom he describes as being not only a laughing lovely creature, but "*gentile al possibile*." The Galatea of Raphael, and the head of Buonarroti, were alike probably forgotten, while she pronounced that smiling "*Addio! Benvenuto*," which dwelt on his memory, and which, at the end of forty years, he recalls with such visible fondness, along with the "*piacevolissimo riso*," which accompanied it. To such images of the Raphael's, the Michael Angelo's, and the Cellini's, succeed the haughty and overpowering remembrance of the Dukes Farnese, who here held their royal solemnities when called to the kingdom of Naples; and now not even of them a trace remains behind! Ruin and desolation are here triumphant!—the rooms are bare—time and damp are falling on the living hues of the Psyche and the Galatea. The delicious gardens †, which the honest Chigi enjoyed, overgrown with weeds, command the ruinous shores of the dwindled Tiber; and the Campagna is not more melancholy than the once voluptuous pavilions of the Villa Farnesina.

The Villa Pamfili-Doria, one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Rome, was erected in the seventeenth century, by the nephew of the *Pamfili Pope*, Innocent the Tenth, whose extravagant passion for his sister-in-law, Donna Olimpia Maldachini, is one of the most notable traits in his life. The grounds, woods, and gardens are truly delicious: the palace itself has all the generic features of such edifices; and is filled with pictures and statues, dreary and neglected. The *Custode* who shewed it to us, and who lived in an adjoining lodge, unlocked it as if it were a box. The rooms were cumbrously

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* "*Mano terribile*," says Vasari, speaking of the hand sketched by Buonarroti, when asked for a specimen of his drawing.

† There is a pretty but dilapidated Loggia in this garden, where Vasari took Titian to see a fresco by Peruzzi.—"Io mi ricordo del menando io il Cavaliero Tiziano, pittore eccellentissimo e onorato, a vedere quella Loggia," &c. &c. &c.—Vasari.

furnished, but a luxurious retreat might be found here from the bad smells and confined air of Rome (from which it is a twenty minutes' drive); and yet the *Custode* assured us neither the Princes nor Princesses Pamfili-Doria had visited it for four or five years.* We observed the most delicious spring-flowers, violets, anemones, &c. &c. growing up spontaneously between the tessellated pavement of the parterres; nothing could be more lovely or more deserted than the whole. One of the most curious rooms in this villa is a cabinet called Donna Olimpia's; and the custode drawing a red feather tippet from a casket, insisted on my accepting one of the feathers, "come una reliquia della Signora Principessa Olimpia;" a relic probably as authenticated and efficacious as many others bearing better names at Rome.†

The Villa Albani, raised in the middle of the last century by the late Cardinal, and belonging to the present Cardinal Albani, is the most perfect, the freshest of all Roman villas. It looks like some pure and elegant Grecian temple—a little Pantheon! dedicated to all the rural gods, with whose statues (the most perfect specimens of antiquities) its marble colonnades and galleries are filled. It might be deemed too ideal for a human habitation; yet is sufficiently commodious to be one; and of all other villas, this alone realizes the pre-conceived image of fervid fancies of a true Italian villa. Its

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* We heard a hundred curious anecdotes at Rome of the inertness of the Roman Princes. One is extremely illustrative of the whole:—In the Roman dominions there is no spot more famous or more interesting than Palestrina, the Præneste of antiquity, the precursor of the "*Eternal City*," the scene of the wars of Sylla, and the retreat of Marius in the antique times; in the middle ages memorable as the site of the pontifical struggles and holy wars, the strong-hold of the Colonna, and the subject of the rage of Boniface the Eighth. It is now, with its ruins and recollections, the estate of the Princes Barberini, whose family has not seen it for three generations. The present lord of the soil, on being asked by a person from whom I had the anecdote, why he had not visited so interesting a spot, a short day's journey from his palace in Rome, replied, "Why, my father never visited it: besides, 'tis too long a journey for my own horses, and not worth the expense of posting."

Frescati shares the fate of Palestrina, the country of Cato—of Cicero, whose Tusculum, or at least its site, has been purchased by Lucien Bonaparte. After a long and domestic residence on this classic spot in the bosom of his respectable family, he was driven from it by banditti, who thus occasionally come down from their mountains, even to the gates of Rome.

† The picture of this pontifical *Montespan* is preserved in the Villa Pamfili. She looks a most brow-beating and fierce virago; sufficiently formidable to keep the whole Conclave in order, which in fact she did. To all the remonstrances offered to Pope Innocent on the subject of this amour, his constant reply was—"*Rimediaremo, Rimediaremo.*"—"We'll reform it."

walls are encrusted with basso-relievos—its corridors grouped with fauns and nymphs—its ceilings all azure and gold—its salons perfumed by breezes, loaded with the odours of orange-flowers. Its gardens, studded with temples, command a view, terminated by a waving line of acclivities, whose very names are poetry. When I visited it, a distant blue mist veiled the intervening wastes of the Campagna, and the dews and lights of morning lent their freshness and lustre to a scene and fabric, such as Love might have chosen for his Psyche when he bore her from the wrath of Venus. But, when the first glimpse of this vision faded, the true character of the Roman villa came forth; for artichokes and cabbages were flourishing amidst fauns and satyrs, that seemed chiselled by a Praxiteles! The *Eminentissimo Padrone* of this splendid villa rarely visits its wonders but in the course of a morning drive; and his gardens are hired out to a Roman market-man, to raise vegetables during the spring and winter. In summer even the custode vacates his hovel, and the Villa Albani is left in the undisputed possession of that terrible scourge of Roman policy and Roman crimes—the Mal-aria; the causes and effects all morally connected, and the strictest poetical justice every where visible.

Strikingly distinct from the ancient ruins and pontifical and princely palaces, stands the modern city of Rome, remote from the vestiges of antiquity, and disgracing the sumptuous edifices of the latter ages. Lalande has remarked that

"The great and glorious Rome"

"resembles on its first view a provincial town of France;" and it is, in fact, one of the most modern cities in Italy, and wholly removed from the site of the capital of the Cæsars. The Rome of the middle ages, so often desolated by the factious nobles and tumultuous people of those "*stirring times*," rose amidst the noble monuments of antiquity, of which there then existed perfect and stupendous fragments: for the Barberini and Farnese had not then robbed temples of their columns, and amphitheatres of their marbles. In the latter end of the sixteenth century, the mass of irregular lanes which had constituted the modern city, disappeared, and a new city* was got up, as it were, in a hurry, by the active, bustling Sixtus Quintus, who strewed the ill-constructed

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* Cardinal Bentivoglio, after a few years' absence from Rome during the reign of Sixtus Quintus, did not know it on his return. Non riconobbi quasi più Roma si nuova trovai la corte d' interessi e di faccie, e si mutata la città d' edifizie e de strade.—Lettere, p. 118.

dwellings of the people amidst the gigantic palaces of the princes. This city (bounded on all sides by wastes and rubbish) exhibited within its centre few of those venerable monuments of antiquity, of which the Rome of the imagination is composed. The entrance to the Ex-Caput-Mundi by the *Porta del Popolo*, is most disappointing. The Piazza del Popolo has nothing to distinguish it from the "*place*" of one of M. Lalande's provincial cities, except its Egyptian obelisk in the centre. On one side is a country-town-looking barrack, before which may be seen lounging the pontifical carabineers, and the Doganieri, ready to pounce on the last arrived stranger: on the other, stands a plain church and convent, with a gravelled and planted walk on the eminence above it (which only rises into consideration, when it is known that it forms a part of the Monte Pincio). In the front, directly opposite the PORTA DEL POPOLO, are two pretty churches, occupying the points of junction of three long narrow streets. The central one is the Corso. It is mean at its entrance, resembling an old-fashioned street in the city of London, until its poor shops and inferior fabrics are suddenly succeeded by the noblest palaces in the world, which continue to the fine old square called the Piazza di Venezia.

The street which runs to the right, (the *Strada di Ripetta*,) gloomy, ruinous, and abandoned, lies in a line with the Tiber; that to the left (the Via del Babbuino, terminated by the Piazza d'Espagna,) is the site of the hotels frequented by the English; and is such a *via* as might be patched out of the main streets of a French and English; country-town. Here and there the high, broad façade of an Italian hotel, or palace, recalls Italy; but every where walls new dashed and white-washed, doors and window-shutters shining in verdigrise green, narrow open passages (intended to represent halls,) with their sinks half emptied, and their gutters half cleaned, intimate an intention of the inhabitants of the *Via del Babbuino* to suit the English taste and habits of the expected lodgers, with efforts at cleanliness and order, rare in every other part of the city, and even here, very generally confined to the outside of those fabrics where

"Appartamenti da affittars."*

stare to the curious gaze of the last new arrivals. In this street, dangling out of an old balcony four stories high, may be seen many a *knowing-one* from St. James's, who, watching the approach of his breakfast-tray of cold coffee, brought from a neighbouring TRATTORIA, is scarcely consoled even by the Coliseum for

* "Apartments to let."

the loss of his elegant snuggery in Albany; and votes the "*eternal city*" an eternal bore! There, in the *piano superiore* (which in England would be an *inferior* attic), stuffed with half a dozen children, and as many English nursery-maids, tutors, and governesses, grumbles the unfortunate English country-gentleman, forced from the pure enjoyments and substantial comforts of his true and unrivalled English country-seat, and sighing for his Southdowns and Merinos, while his classical wife explains to him the wonders of the Campo-Vaccino, out of Vasi, and declares with Erasmus, "that the very walls of Rome are more learned than the men with us." Many a group from the banks of the Liffey, or the Shannon, call forth the "*Latian echoes*" of their Roman lodgings in the Piazza d'Espagna, with praises of the Pope and the Cardinals, who furnish Irish travellers with such amusements as even the *Castle* of *Dublin* cannot afford to its elect—resolved more than ever to give their "*cordial support to a system*" which procures the present order of things; and, in raptures with St. Peter's and the "*venerable Pontiff*," never fail, when Ireland is recalled over their "pure Falernian," to drink the "*Protestant ascendancy*," "*the glorious memory*," and the "*resident gentry*" of their native land.

The Via del Babbuino, the Piazza d'Espagna, and one or two streets in their vicinity, are literally British colonies; and the bustle, noise, and life which their foreign inhabitants lend to them, are almost unknown in every other part of this "*city of the dead.*"

"Rome," says Evelyn, "is most tempting for a great person or a wanton purse;" a truth particularly felt in visiting the *studii*, or workshops of sculptors and painters, by those who are not *great persons*, and have not a *wanton purse*. Rome is indeed, at this moment, the great studio of the world; and this is the aspect in which it is most delightful to consider her. The congress of talent assembled from all nations of the earth, to promote the arts, is well worth all other congresses; and Genius sending forth her sons from the frozen regions of the Baltic, or the sunny vallies of the dew-dripping South, affords a far more gracious aspect of society, than those portentous meetings of sovereigns, in which the interest of a few takes precedence of the welfare of all; and which are no less fatal to the liberties of the nations they represent, than of those whom they assemble to crush.

Amidst the rubbish, ruins, and fragments, which fill up the court and avenues of the palace of the Barberini, lie some of the most distinguished studii of Rome; some, I believe, occupying the very outhouses raised for the

workmen who built that ponderous edifice in former ages, when the Coliseum was plundered for its erection. Among these the workshop of the Cavaliere Thorwaldson is the most attractive, though the quick demand for his exquisite productions leaves but few of his works on hand. His basso-relievos are his finest efforts; particularly his splendid model of the Triumph of Alexander, bespoke by Napoleon for the façade of the Quirinal, whose own triumphs were at an end before the work was finished. The heads, and, above all, that of the conqueror himself, taken from his bust in the Capitol, are most striking. A plaster cast of this basso relievo was put up in the Quirinal, and a copy in marble was, I believe, purchased by Monsieur Sommariva, of Paris, decidedly the most munificent patron of the arts in Europe.*

In the studio of Radolf Schadow, a German sculptor, we were struck by his "*filatrice*," which, among other merits, has that of extreme originality, not being in the least borrowed from the antique. It is the figure of a beautiful girl in the act of spinning. It is full of movement and life; and the attitude with one hand elevated above the head, while the eye regards the motion of the simple spindle near the ground, is extremely picturesque and varied. The golden thread seemed to vibrate to the touch of her tremulous finger.

In the studio of Fabrice we saw also another deviation from the calm motionless dignity of the antique; a Venus trying, in painful curiosity, the point of an arrow (with which she has been wounded), while an *espiègle* little Love is struggling to get it out of her hands. This charming group was done for the Prince Esterhazy, whose orders are to be seen executing by almost every artist in Italy.

But there was one studio which we frequently visited, to which curiosity alone did not lead us; where we often sought the man more than the artist,

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* The collection of Mons. Sommariva at Paris has already been mentioned in the Author's work on France. We found this gentleman in Rome and Naples, as busy in purchasing statues, pictures, and busts, as if he were about to found, not to complete a collection. We sometimes accompanied him to the studio of his friend Canova, and witnessed his anxiety to rival potentates in the good graces of the genius of sculpture. I believe he has succeeded in carrying off Canova's favourite "*nymph*," who had more competitors, when we were at Rome, for her possession, than any living beauty in Europe.

and where the sublimest of all the arts, illustrated by its noblest productions, were not the sole inducements of our visits—the studio of Canova.*

It is always delightful to oppose the calumnies which invidious dulness heaps on the head of genius, by adducing living proofs of the union of the highest order of talent with the most elevated virtue. The life of Canova is perfectly in point with this purpose. From the first of his brilliant career, his family benefited by his exertions; as he proceeded in life and fame, the sphere of his benevolence was extended with his means; and when, on the completion of his ungracious mission to Paris †, the Pope bestowed on him an annual revenue of three thousand piastres, he assigned a part of his increased income to the maintenance of the families of decayed artists.

The studio of Canova is by far the most extensive in Rome; and his most arduous industry can only be estimated by those permitted to wander through his various work-rooms and galleries. Masses of marble, almost mountains, fresh hewn from their native quarries, fill the inferior chambers; others exhibiting the first sketched rudiments of creation succeed; then come the outlined forms starting into being, resembling a metamorphosis of ancient fable, where life has "half forgot itself to stone." Further on, are almost living groups of beauties, wits, kings, and pontiffs, with all their insignia, the wreath, the stylus, the crown, the tiara. In the midst of all, towers a colossal form, which makes the imaged dynasties around it look like pigmies. *Three kings* bespoke this mightiest produce of Canova's immortal chisel,

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* The Marchese Canova and his excellent brother the Abate were among our earliest visitants at Rome; and the pleasure of their society at our fire-side in the prima sera, was among our greatest intellectual enjoyments during our residence in that unintellectual city. Canova has vivacity, much general information, and consequently great conversational powers. His views of society are philosophical, and such as become a genius by no means confined to the art he practises. His appearance and address have all the simplicity of true talent and elevated sentiment; and he is as universally esteemed in his social relations, as he is admired for his art.

† To inspect the packing up of the restored statues. On this occasion he was likewise created Marquis of Ischia, a title which, however, he does not assume. The name of Canova is in itself a patent of nobility, which kings can neither give nor take away, and it will outlive the recollection of any feudal distinctions with which royalty may idly seek to encumber it. It is a foolish vanity in potentates thus to place in parallel and opposition the nobility of social institutions and that of nature. It is applying the touchstone that best detects the baseness of the cheap coin with which they reward alike the services and the servilities of their creatures.

basely emulous to make an idol of him, who had made them——nothing! There is not one royal chapman now to claim the statue, and it lies upon the sculptor's hands. Its sole inscription is, Napoleon!

At the extremity of this suite is the cabinet of the master-genius himself, far from the din and bustle of less inspired workmen; and there was, in our estimation, nothing in Rome more worthy to be seen than Canova himself at work, habited in his nankeen jacket and yellow slippers; his frail and delicate frame energized to Herculean strength; now striking off from the mass, now finishing some trait so delicate as to escape all eyes, save that of Art. When we first visited his studio, he was occupied on his Nymph, which he himself counts a *chef-d'œuvre*. Canova was then (1820) passed sixty; but though his health was frail, his enthusiasm was fresh, and his mind vigorous. His whole appearance is nobly expressed in his picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which had just been finished when we arrived at Rome.*

THERE are in Rome hundreds of young and aspiring artists, full of emulation, talent, and spirit—the rudiments of a Raphael, a Domenichino, a Buonarroti, or a John of Bologna! But of what avail is genius, when there are few to admire, fewer to encourage, and none to purchase? This is not an age for the arts. If it were, they would flourish, as in the times of the Julios and the Leos. The artificial overstocking of the market by the aca-

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* The orders of the Italian governments to Canova, during the last twenty years, were munificent. A Theseus was bespoke by the government of Milan at an immense price; three-fourths of which were paid in advance. On the Restoration, the Emperor of Austria paid the remainder, and carried off the statue to *Vienna*. The meanness of these arbitrators of Europe is equal to their dulness and their tyranny. A Perseus also was bespoke by the French Government for Rome; it lay on Canova's hands, until M. Sommariva became its purchaser. When shamed into justice, the Papal government refused to give up a work which was calculated to add new splendour to the Vatican, and paid the sum originally asked for it. Since this period the governments of Italy have ordered nothing from Canova; nor have the cardinals, princes, and nobles of Rome purchased a single picture or statue from any living artist there. The pretty Cupid, in the palace Sciara Colonna, was a present from the painter to the Prince who bears this superb name. It was the only modern picture we remarked in any of the palaces. The saloons of the Duchess of Devonshire were, on the contrary, crowded with recent works. Canova's noble statue of "Religion," which would have been so well adapted to St. Peter's, was refused by the government; and he has given it to his native village, Possanio, where he has erected a church, on the plan and size of the portico of the Pantheon, to receive it. It is said that he intended to dedicate this building to God; but the idea was not esteemed orthodox in Rome, and the church remains nameless and undevoted.

demies now opened in Rome by the Austrian, French, and Russian governments, is but one among many proofs of their total ignorance of human nature, and of legislative philosophy. Royal pensions to indigent merit, or favoured mediocrity, serve only to divert genuine ability from more profitable spheres of exertion, such as the exigencies of each age produce; and though the youthful artist have been even permitted to realize on his canvass the imbecility of an imperial countenance, that event will rarely save him from a life passed in designing china plates for porcelain manufacturers, or modelling candelabras for the bronze-caster; till, having laboured through a painful, penurious existence, he dies—broken in spirit, impressed with the conviction that his genius was neglected, and that the age was more in fault than himself.*

From the studios of young artists of the present day, some of which vainly abound in meritorious works, one turns to the sites of those studios filled by no pensioned artists and royal academicians. Raphael, before he became master of his *palazzetto* †, occupied a house in the Via Coronari, which is still marked by an inscription. Even the site of a little *osteria* is rescued from oblivion, where at the Ave Maria he was wont to recreate, with all his pupils, and arrange their work in his own loggia at the Vatican, for the following day.‡

On the Trinità del Monte stands the handsome house of Taddeo Zucchiro, who begged his way to Rome, and yet lived to add to the number of its

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* Compare the Raphael, the Zucchiri, and all the most famous painters of Italy, making what was called their Gir' a torno, or taking their rounds through the different cities, painting without any models but nature (" fatto dal natura, più che da maestro alcuno,") the walls of a palace, an altar-piece, or the portrait of a prince:—compare their struggling existence, with the splendid commencement of a young French painter, sent by his royal patron to study at Rome, being first crowned with laurels at the Institute of Paris, and kissed by his triumphant master on both cheeks, in the presence of enraptured beauties and applauding sages; and, having thus compared the means, examine the ends to which they have led, and then doubt, if it be possible, that market alone fosters merit, and gives to genius the sole direction which it can take, without an almost absolute certainty of disappointment.

† On the site of this palace stands part of the colonnade at St. Peter's, the Pope throwing down the work of Raphael with more vulgar buildings.

‡ In the same manner Annibale Caracci is described going an hour before Ave Maria, with all his pupils, (Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, &c.) in procession to the wine-house outside the town of Bologna. There they supped, played bowls, and amused themselves with Caracci's famous automaton, which he pulled by strings into different attitudes.

palaces. * Claude Lorraine's house stands on the same site, No. 11, and he still occupied it in 1667. In the Via Gregoriana, No. 33 and No. 40, lived Salvator Rosa and Gaspar Poussin; and Angelica Kauffman, in 1800, occupied the house, No. 70, in the Via Sestini. The rooms in the Quirinal, where Lawrence painted Pope Pius the Seventh's and Cardinal Gonsalvi's splendid portraits, will be sought for by future inquirers in interesting topography, when such anomalies in society as Popes and Cardinals shall live only in the pages of that history their deeds have darkened.†

THERE is at Rome a profession connected with the arts, that exclusively belongs to its peculiar character of virtù, and the little shops where it is practised are as much frequented during the short residence of the birds of passage, as either the studii or the galleries. The Scarpellini are workers in marble and *pietra dura,* who imitate in little the most exquisite forms and most noted monuments of antiquity, with a delicacy and fidelity that speak a life devoted to the arts.‡ Not a square inch of rosso antico or of oriental alabaster is rooted up in the gardens of the Cæsars, by the parasol of an English *dilettante,* but is instantly carried to the Scarpellini, who return it

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* This palace was long the residence of the celebrated Earl of Bristol, bishop of Derry. It is now tenanted by Signore Gabrielli.§ On the stairs the frescos painted by Zucchiro still remain. Rome naturally abounds in what may be termed biographical topography. That side of the Esquiline near the Porta San Lorenzo, where stood the gardens of Mæcenas, and the residences of Virgil and Propertius, has still an interest; though Nero, it is supposed, played, while Rome was burning, from its summit.

† These two portraits excited a generous and unqualified admiration in the artists of all nations then at Rome. We arrived there just in time to see them before they were packed up, and to renew our acquaintance with the highly-gifted representative of British art who had produced them.

‡ This, however, is rarely the case. One of these men, who worked for us, assured us that his story was that of many of his brethren. He was a poor Roman, who in earliest youth worked in the marble quarries of Massa Carrara. Becoming a conscript, he fought in all the latter French campaigns, and was at the burning of Moscow. On the Restoration, he was once more thrown upon the world, and became a scarpellino. This, he said, answered well enough, as long as the forestieri remain at Rome; but that, at other times, Rome is a miserable place for all but the priest; and he and several of his comrades had resolved on going to America.

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§ One of the most eminent landscape-painters of Rome, and well known in Ireland by many pictures painted during a long residence in that country, where his talents are still highly esteemed. His view of the Forum by sun-set, painted for the Duchess of Devonshire, and his view of the Lake of Albano, give the best ideas of Roman scenery, with all the lights and tints of a Roman atmosphere.

to the fair virtuosa, moulded into the form of some noted object of the Vatican or the Capitol; and it may happen that the fragment of a pedestal on which a Titus has leaned, will figure as a presse-papier on an English dressing-table, or be preserved in the model of the tomb of Scipio, or the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella.

With the spring-flight of the strangers, the occupation of the Scarpellini is gone, and they live on their gains for the rest of the year; while the Malaria, as some of them assured me, penetrates their little shops, from which their penury does not always permit them to remove.

NEXT to the workshops of art, naturally come the workshops of wit—those "*laboratoires de l'esprit,*" long consecrated to ridicule by the name of "*accademie!*" at the head of which, pre-eminent above all, stands that of the *Arcadj*. There Emperors seek admission, and pant to be received among the *Pastori Arcadi!* and Plebeians find their way, and change their vulgar names for that of *Tirsis* or *Mirtillo,* through the medium of a sonnet and a sequin. There *she,* whose royal hand was steeped deep in the blood of her ancient domestic, now shines in raddle and royalty* upon the "*tuneful walls:*" and *he,* who at this moment arms his slaves against the liberty of Italy and the lives of her sons, *there* smiled complacently under the laurel wreath; and foregoing the sceptre for the syringa, yclept himself ADMETUS!†

It was impossible to leave Rome without visiting the Academy, whose members, representing the happy pastors of the Peloponnesus, see the Elysian beauties of the Bosco Parrasio, (praised by Virgil, and sung by Sannazaro,) in a back room of an old house, in a dirty lane, perfumed with the odours of fried fish and rancid oil!‡ It was thus we found the Arcadians on the night of Good-Friday—one of the most important exhibitions in the Arcadian Fasti. A narrow filthy staircase, sentinelled with the Pope's soldiers, led to the San-

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* Christina of Sweden, who retired to Rome in 1658. The Arcadians frequently assembled at her palace, where she distributed prizes, and assigned pensions to poets. One of her pensioners was the Jesuit Carrara, who wrote a poem in Latin on a Dove, in *twelve* cantos!!!

† The Arcadian name assumed by the Emperor of Austria, in his late visit to the Arcadian Academy.

‡ The common people of Rome, who have no *Maison Montée,* bring their fish to be fried in the public frying-pans, at the corner of the streets. On a Good-Friday night all the refuse of the markets are contributed to the *Poèle*—and the stench, as we drove into the *Bosco Parrasio,* was insupportable.

hedrim of the Muses! (a small room, already stuffed to suffocation when we arrived.) Here hung in poetical series the pictures of the most distinguished members of the society, male and female—Sapphos in flaxen wigs; Corillas in tight stays; bards in armour; and sonnetteers in cardinals' robes. Four fat living muses sat near the rostrum, each with her roll, ready to start, like Pulchinello, with a "*toccà a me!*" and treble the number of Apollos (each the Magnus of his own imagination), starting for the goal, read in succession a sonnet on the "Passion," a canzone on the Crucifixion, or an ode to the beauties of the "*beata Madre.*" The figures of the *Arcadians!* the whining tone of their declamation, the eminent vanity of the exhibition, the abortive efforts of mind to overcome the "Poppy and Mandragoras" of Church restrictions, and the miserable result of all—which is but

"To point a passage, or to tag a verse,"

presented a combination infinitely more painful to observe, than the brutal ignorance of the more animal people;—for, after all, death is less disgusting than distortion and malady!

There are several other academies at Rome; and the Church, which originated these societies *, continues to sanction them. That called the *Tiberini* is merely an emanation of the Arcadia, and is devoted to the same innocent pursuits.

The *Accademia Ecclesiastica* is instituted to defend the *Church* and *State* from the attacks of modern philosophy, and the new institutes of the Revolution. Here the disputants have it,

"Like the bull in the china-shop—all their own way;"

and long dissertations are read to prove what no one is permitted to deny.

In the Accademia Legale, young students are allowed to cry up the Justinian, and cry down the Napoleon Code; and in that of the *Bonpiani*, the utmost latitude is given, to prove the dying gladiator to be a Persian King; or to settle a point between Flaminius Vacca and Père Montfaucon, concerning the idol which both have left uncertain, whether it was dedicated to the devil, or to the god of the Sabines.

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* The Jesuits greatly contributed to the encouragement of the *Arcadians*, as occupying the minds of the literary youth upon safe and innocent themes, and keeping them from subjects not quite so favourable to their views as poems on Doves, in twelve cantos!

The Academies of St. Luke *, of *the Lyncées*, and of archæology or general antiquities, are of a more respectable class. The former is the Academy of Painting, and had fallen into decay, when the French put it under the special protection of government, appointed new professors, and established pupils. The second is for physical science, and is one of the most ancient in Europe. It was founded by Frederic Cesi, Duc d'Acqua-sparta. The third had been dissolved before the arrival of the French, who, aware of its consequence and high importance, re-established it for the purpose of forwarding excavations, where every rood of earth might cover a treasure of art. On the restoration of the Pope, it was again dissolved by order of government; and if it is now re-established and maintained, the circumstance is due to the exertions and liberality of the *Marchese Canova*, who not only, by earnest solicitation to his Holiness, obtained leave to re-open the academy, but assigned a part of the revenues of his Marquisate of Ischia, granted him by the Holy Father, to its maintenance and support †.

The Church has her fictions as well as the law; and, by one of these singular equivoques, the Papal government is not supposed to know that the city contains a single theatre: they are all consequently built of wood, (to the manifest danger of life and property) under the conventional notion that they are only temporary. The public treasury, however, draws largely upon these profane tabernacles; and foreign ladies resident at Rome are careful not to give assemblies on opera nights; aware that it would offend the government to draw company from the theatres. Formerly boys performed the female parts, but now the corps dramatique of the Roman stage is appointed like that of other capitals.

The Roman theatres, in consequence of the modified toleration under which they exist, are dark, dirty, and paltry in their decorations ‡; but what is infinitely worse, they are so offensive to the senses, so disgusting in the details of their arrangement, that to particularize would be impossible: suffice

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* This old Academy is well worth visiting, were it only to see *Raphael's* skull preserved in a crystal case. There are also some fine, and many *curious* pictures—one of the last hung upon the walls, was the last work of that most ingenious and promising young artist, Harlow.

† Besides these Academies are the "*Accademia Francese*," or "Conservatoires des jeunes Artistes," at the Villa Medici; and similar Conservatoires for the élèves of Austria and Naples.

‡ The Teatro d'Alibert, which, as its name imports, is of French construction, is internally spacious, lofty and elegant, though, like the rest, a wooden edifice. But, for some reason unknown to the author of these pages, it is never used except as a ball-room for the Carnival masquerades.

it to say, that the corridors of the Argentino exemplify the nastiness of the Roman habits and manners more forcibly than volumes could describe. It is in this *immondezzaio* that one is taught to feel how closely purity in externals is connected with virtue in morals, and to know that slaves, surrounded by all that the arts can bestow, are not more removed from mere brutal animality than when crouching under the rudest and most barbarous despotism. Cleanliness and accommodation have not only gained ground in France since the Revolution, but have spread their influence in some degree over the countries where the French have remained stationary; but these effects are less visible in Rome, than in any other state that has submitted to their arms.

This disgraceful state of the Argentino, though patiently borne by princes, princesses, and the common people, was viewed with shame and disgust by the Cittadini, who petitioned the government for leave to repair and cleanse the miserable edifice, and to raise a portico in its front. The answer they received was laconic, that Rome was for churches, and not for theatres; and that the Pope acknowledged no such establishments as playhouses.

The opera at Rome was tolerably supported. David was the hero, and the beautiful Dardanelli the prima donna. The one piece played during our stay was the Othello of Rossini, its popularity requiring no change; but, had the passive Romans been inclined to demand any, and murmured their disapprobation, the independence even of musical criticism would have been rewarded with the *cavaletto*, whose discipline is brought into activity whenever any one of the audience hisses in defiance of the order, that no mark of disapprobation shall be testified at the theatre.*

The Teatro Valle is a very small, mean, and dirty theatre. It is, however, popular for its excellent comic operas, and for its comedies, which are

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* On the first murmur the offender is seized by the police or guards, with which the theatre is filled (for the most military government in Europe is the Pope's), and he is carried to the Piazza Navona, where he is mounted in a sort of stocks and flogged. He is then carried back, and placed in his seat, to enjoy the rest of the opera "with what appetite he may." On the 13th of January, 1820, the strict enforcement of this penalty was recommended in the "Notizie del Giorno." What will the O.P's of London say to this? Yet the English, who have contributed to the re-establishment of the Inquisition, have also their share in the Cavaletto. In the theatres of Copenhagen, ten minutes are allowed for the expression of dislike to a new piece. Then the drum beats thrice; and whoever hisses after that, is punished as a public perturbator.

humorous, and performed by actors, whose drollery, though of a broader cast than the fashion of France and England would permit, is not without frequent touches of nature, and shrewd insight into the philosophy of life. A charming actress, and exquisite singer, Monbelli, was the prima donna; and her most lady-like manners and perfect respectability made her the most popular professional singer in the salons of Rome. We heard her constantly at the Princess Borghese's Friday evening concerts, and always with unabated admiration.

A play-bill fastened to the broken trunk of Pasquin, seduced us, by its tempting program, to visit the TEATRO DELLA PACE, resorted to by the people exclusively, and into whose smoky and time-stricken sal de spectacle, few English but ourselves had penetrated. The announcement for the evening promised "Moses," which was asserted to be *cosa sagra e stupenda*, with a comedy and farce, *a morire da ridere* (to make you die with laughter). I think our box cost two pauls, and a few baiocchi (halfpence) placed our servant in the pit. For this moderate price we saw the Jews fed with manna, an interlude extremely well acted, and a farce which perfectly fulfilled the promise of the playbill; for Policinello was the irresistibly comic hero of the piece, which turned in some of its scenes on the ridicule of academies. The exquisite gravity with which Policinello took his place in the poetic circle, the absurdly ludicrous dress he wore, his impatience to seize on every moment of silence, with "*adesso tocca a me*" (it 's my turn now), to read a canzone, whose length was the counterpart of Leporello's catalogue, combined to form a farcical scene of the richest humour; but no one who had not been present at the "real original" of this representation, and witnessed the doggedness with which the sonnetteers there pour forth their endless succession of *platitudes*, could comprehend the convulsive roar of laughter it occasioned. The most exquisite part of the theatre was the audience, composed of what an English government newspaper would call wretches, ruffians, the scum of society—the people. Every box was crowded, and every group was a picture worthy of a Wouvermans or a Teniers. The trasteverini were numerous, and as remarkable by their dress as by their bold, fierce, fine dark countenances. Among the women, the different costume of the different quarters of Rome was strikingly conspicuous; but still more conspicuous was the marked expression of their varying and delighted countenances, their keen sensibility to humour, and their loud and boisterous testimony of applause. They shouted, screamed, and mingled

their bravos and bravissimos with " gran bella cosa," " cosa superba," " cosa stupenda." Meantime the most amiable familiarity subsisted between that part of the audience nearest the stage, and the performers. The prompter, with his head popped over the stage-lights, talked to the girls in the pit; the violoncello flirted with a handsome trasteverina in the boxes; and a lady in the stage-box blew out the lamp-lighter's candle as often as he attempted to light it, to the infinite amusement of the audience, who loudly applauded her dexterity. With an œconomy duly practised at Rome by all classes, the musicians, when they had done playing between the several acts, extinguished their candles, put them in their pockets, and joined the audience in the front of the house. In justice, however, to La Pace, it must not be concealed, that the same œconomical custom prevails in many theatres, not of the very first order, throughout Italy.

At the close of the play, the favourite actor of the evening came forward to announce his approaching benefit; and never did Cicero or Demosthenes address themselves with more skill to the prevailing prejudices of their auditors. He first appealed to their feelings, and played a voluntary of some length upon their church-founded propensities to charity; then he glided, by a masterly transition, to his own acknowledged popularity as an actor, and wound up his peripetia with an analysis of the play he had chosen for representation, detailed with an accuracy that would have done honour to a first-rate reviewer, had the acumen employed been as much directed to vituperation, as, unfortunately for the comparison, it was exerted in eulogy. Throughout the whole of this elaborate address, the allusions were frequent to the dignity and respectability of " questa città antichissima, capo del mondo," and to the virtues and historic splendours of the ancient Romans; and this he did with so much unction, as to send us away almost convinced that *i nobili Romani* were the only people now living, who had either a country to boast, or patriotism to love and defend it.

The puppet-shows of Rome are excellent, and constantly well attended. That at the *Palicorda* was in particular vogue, from the sarcastic wit of a new character or puppet, called Cassandrino, who, under the personage of a noble and dignified gentleman, utters satires against the government, which none but he dares to breathe.

CHAP. XX.

HISTORIC SKETCH.

HISTORIC SKETCH.—*Foundation of Ecclesiastical Government.—Gregory the Third.—Ecclesiastical Barons.—Gregory the Seventh, and Countess Matilda.—Progressive Downfall of Papal Tyranny.—Events of the Revolution.—Restoration and actual Position of the Church.—Opposition to Papal Authority in Rome.—Antipopes.*—COLA DI RIENZI.—*Revolution.—Death of Basseville.*—SOCIETY.—*Princes, Cardinals, Prelati, Laquais.—Press, Literature and Literary Characters.*

WHEN the emperor Tiberius had taken from the Roman people their right of public meetings, and the privilege of electing and deposing their magistrates, —when his barbarous successors broke up that brilliant corps of universal denization which had long associated the talents and co-operation of the known world, Rome, becoming the seat of sanguinary tyranny, ceased to be an object of ambition to her states and dependencies. Each city, as it separated from the empire, formed within itself a civic government, and imitated in its internal administration the institutes of Rome in its republican days; until, finally, in the middle of the fifth century, the very name of an empire faded away, and that city to which the epithet of "*eternal*" was so often given, was yielded up to ruin and desolation, during the successive conquests of the Alarics, the Attilas, and the Odoacres. In the middle of the sixth century, to the classic language and political institutions of antiquity, succeeded the law and dialect of Lombardy. Then first started into palpable existence the ecclesiastical government of Rome, the power of metropolitan bishops, and the influence and domination of a Church Hierarchy. The Cimmerian darkness of those times, called the lower ages, favoured every species of illusion. No recoveries had yet been made of the lost intellect of antiquity; and the anarchy which then prevailed

morally and politically has no parallel in any other period of human history*. The sacerdotal power of the Roman augurs was subject to the civil authority, their persons were amenable to the law; and the Christian priests who on the conversion of Constantine succeeded them, were equally dependent on the municipality. But the doctrine that the kingdom of Christ was not of this world, soon became lost in a mass of corruption: an increase of power founded on the ignorance in which society was plunged, was aided by the distance of the Roman see from the seat of government, by the jealousy with which the priesthood guarded the little learning then attainable†, and by the

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* All that is left on record of the feudal days of Italy which preceded her Republics, presents the most terrific aspect of a disorganized society. The people were slaves, brutal in intellect and habits; the upper ranks lived in continual warfare with each other; and princes and popes, regulars and seculars, are found stabbing, strangling, blinding, and torturing each other in the short pauses of open warfare. The horrible murders committed in the family of the emperor Maurice by the emperor Phocas were alluded to with approbation by Gregory the Seventh, who (says impartial historians) talked of "*i felicissimi tempi del regno di Foca.*" Numbers of the early popes, like the Sultans, succeeded by assassinating their predecessors. Benedict the Sixth was strangled by his successor. The assassinations of Benedict the Ninth procured his abdication. The crimes committed in convents are frankly related by the Italian historians of past and present times—the Muratori and the Pignotti. A young abbot having the eyes of four of his monks trodden out for resisting his despotism, is one among a thousand anecdotes of monastic atrocities.‡ Meantime feudal princes in France and Italy were committing every species of violence: living by plunder, and reigning by murder, they sold their prisoners of war as slaves. There was no written law: the ordeal, called in Italy Giudizio di Dio, was the only test of innocence; and the accused princess who could not suffer boiling or burning with patience, was declared guilty, and condemned to death. The work of blood went on with such unceasing activity, that to prevent a total depopulation, the Tregua di Dio was instituted, which interdicted all combats from Thursday to Monday. This was the result of that ignorance, still protected by the modern representatives of the feudal princes of those good old times.

† A layman who should pretend to read was stigmatized as a pedagogo, and regarded as unworthy even to look upon a sword. Kings made a sign of the cross to treaties drawn up by monks; because they could not write. In the ninth century, the Count Palatine, supreme judge of the empire, could not sign his name; and the orthography of the feudal nobles of France was a subject of public jest down to the time of the gallant Richelieu, whose love-letters kept the lawyers in a court of justice "*in a roar.*" Even the inferior clergy were kept in profound ignorance; and Gregory the Second complains by his legates, that such was the ignorance of the Ecumenic Council, that not only letters, but the Scriptures, were unknown to its members. The dog Latin of pope Adrian the Second and his secretary has been the derision of the learned in all times. (See Mabillon.) So far back as the sixth century, open war was declared against enlightening the minds of the laity: and

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‡ Pignotti.

heresies which distracted the church and broke up the influence of true Christianity. Then all ages and sexes plunged into the polemical disquisitions on mysteries which escaped beyond the boundary of human reason*, and arms were taken in the cause of dogmas, heretical nations were converted at the point of the spear, and nonconformists baptized in blood. Then sanguinary wars were carried on against the sects of the Samaritans, the Jews, and the Christians; and the sword drawn in the cause of religious persecution, has never since been sheathed.† To these holy horrors of the Lower Empire succeeded the crusades, the dragooning in France against Protestants, the penal laws in Ireland against Catholics, and the persecution of the Jews in Germany.

Belisarius and Narses were the last of the military governors of the Greek Empire, who exercised any authority in Rome; and habit rather than power still imposed the shadow of a foreign dominion, when, in the beginning of the eighth century, the famous dispute which gave to Leo Isauricus the epithet of Iconoclastes (the image-breaker), called into visible existence

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pope Zachariah, urged by the bishop of Magonza, stripped a friar, of the name of Virgilio, of his gown, for having insisted on the doctrine of the antipodes; which, though maintained by *Cicero* and *Macrobius*, was condemned by *St. Augustine* as blasphemous and heretical. The people were ordered, on the penalty of incarceration and fines, to disbelieve the doctrine of the antipodes; and they very religiously obeyed. Such are the times whose institutes are to be revived to complete the social order of the present day.

* The histories of those times are full of curious anecdotes on this subject. Scholastic divinity was so much the fashion at the courts of the Greek emperors, that Justinian lived in perpetual dispute with his wife Theodora (whom he raised from the stage to the throne) on the validity of a council, the divinity of the word, and the two natures and two wills of Christ. Many generals undertook a siege, or sacked a city, to recover a relic or restore a shrine. On the taking of Constantinople the emperor John and the empress Anna were found debating in council their meditated attacks on the enemies of—the monks! and when Mahomet the Second with his victorious army was at the gates of the city, the people were all fighting in—a council!

† It has been calculated by Voltaire that in the wars called "religious" nine millions seven hundred and eighteen thousand eight hundred persons have perished. The persecutions of the Church were as dreadful in their inflictions as in their spirit. Fanaticism, always wresting the scriptures to its own purpose, passed over the evangelic mildness of the New Testament, and sought sanction in the examples of the warrior Israelites. The crusaders quoted and preached the fate of Rabbah, and the manner in which King David carried on his wars against idolaters, putting them "under saws and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron," &c. &c. &c. The ignorant people did not see the absurdity of persecuting the very nation whose example was held out to them as their law.

the true power and influence of a body, which had been long secretly and efficiently undermining the throne of the Cæsars. The Greek Emperor ordered the destruction of the images in churches, as favouring idolatry. The priesthood and their slaves, the people, openly opposed the decree; and the Pontiff of Rome, aided by his fanatic flock, and by distance from the supreme power, banished the agent of this imperial interference in their Church, and shook off the yoke of a foreign master and a degraded Senate for ever. But the people, unable and unworthy to avail themselves of this chance of independence, did but change their masters; and, instead of recovering their liberty, or resuming their ancient Republican form of government, threw their destiny into the power of the priesthood, and chose for their chief the BISHOP OF ROME. Thus one of the chances which defy the calculation of probabilities, realized for Gregory the Third the visions and the views which so long dazzled the imagination and fostered the ambition of his predecessors. Temporal donations from temporal sovereigns contributed to raise the spiritual power of the Vicegerent of God on earth*; and when every crime had its purchaser, from the venial sin bought off by a silver-headed saint, to the mortal iniquity absolved at the price of a church or a kingdom†,

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* To bestow a Realm on a Pope was a common act of Royal Sinners. Under King John, England was a fief of Rome; and Innocent the Fourth calls the King of England "*our slave*." See Matthew Paris. The Priesthood, who claimed Scriptural authority for the efficacy of Church offerings, and shewed that all the treasures taken by David from the Philistines, "vessels of gold, vessels of silver, and vessels of brass, were dedicated to the Lord," consented to remit sins, at all prices, from a kingdom to a goose; and offerings were not only made to St. Peter, but to every saint in the Calendar, who had all objects of special protection assigned to them—towns, cities, dogs, pigs, &c. &c.—St. Anthony was the protector of cattle, and a cow offered at his shrine frequently saved a whole drove. St. Vitus was successfully propitiated against a dog-bite, and grew rich as "*the dog-star raged.*" The "Madonna Incoronata of Foggia became wealthy by her paid protection of sheep, pigs, and turkeys; and was our *Lady of the Larder*. What were at first voluntary offerings to propitiate heaven, became in time a tribute. Such was the Peter-pence of England, which Gregory the Seventh sent to claim from William the Conqueror. The pence were paid by the people for the benefit of St. Peter; but the king refused the oath demanded with it by Peter's representative. If the people of England are not now voluntarily paying pence to Peter, it is not the fault of those in whose system the ignorance of the people is a leading dogma.

† Many of the old ecclesiastical territories were held in Italy by deeds of gift, still extant, and all beginning "As a price for my sins and redemption of my soul, I give and bequeath," &c. &c.

sources of wealth and power were opened to the head of the Church, which only slowly began to close at the expiration of ages.

The power of the Bishops, and their influence over the people, had long preceded that of the Popes; and long after its establishment, contributed to thwart and to oppose it. The Archbishops of Milan frequently disposed of the crown of Lombardy. Other Bishops took arms against their liege Emperor; and almost all the ministers, legates, and ambassadors of the various courts, were Bishops, holding equal influence over the barbarous monarch in whose rude cabinet they ruled, as over the subjects, by whom they were considered as "*the law and the prophets:*"— prelates, statesmen, and warriors, as the exigency demanded, they alternately celebrated a mystery, dictated a law, or girded on their battle-sword, exchanging the mitre for the helmet, and quitting the altar for the field. While at home, they encouraged the art of military architecture, raised citadels, fortified their episcopal towns, and adopting the feudal systems of their barbarous invaders, turned their Dioceses into temporal Seigneuries, and reigned by Baronial jurisdiction, with all its consequences of vassalage!

The threefold power thus acquired by the members of the Church, was derived from the exclusive possession of what little knowledge then existed!—Knowledge, when confined to a few, produces tyranny and oppression, with all their train of crimes and suffering; diffused among the many, it gives birth to social and political independence, with all their blessed consequences, of liberty, letters, and commerce. At one period, almost all the feudality of Naples was in the power of her Bishops, Monks, and Abbots; Modena, Reggio, and Parma, did not dispute the temporal power of their Bishops; and even long after the Papal star held the ascendant, the Bishops were still so powerful, that Kings and Emperors, at war with the Popes, purchased the aid of these ecclesiastical Barons, and by large donations made in recompense of the aid they afforded, contributed to increase their influence, by multiplying their wealth. After ages of undisputed power over dark and barbarous nations, these potent Priests were destined, in the eleventh century, to feel their influence shaken to its centre; and, with the imperial representative of the Cæsars, to bow at the feet of the son of a Tuscan carpenter, who, from realizing clumsy conceits in his father's workshop, became the deposer of Kings, the creator of Emperors, and the true

founder of the Papal greatness This was the imperious despot, the able statesman, and ambitious monk of Cluny, Pope Gregory the Seventh—the fomenter of rebellion in nearly every state in Europe, and the first Pontiff who conceived the idea of universal monarchy. The Popes, who had long asserted that they governed by the Holy Ghost, and were supreme head of the Church, had always opinion on their side; and from the time of Gregory the Seventh to the sixteenth century, they had the politics of all Europe in their favour.

Pope Nicholas the Second was the first to disturb the domestic happiness of the clergy, who, until the middle of the eleventh century, were married men; but it was reserved for the lover of the Countess of Matilda, for Pope Gregory the Seventh, whose illicit passion for this fair and powerful despot had caused much scandal, to give the last blow to the natural liberty of the ecclesiastics, by interdicting matrimony: and the extent of his power, and the decline of that of the bishops, cannot be better proved, than by his being able, in his council at Rome, in the year 1075, to deprive all prelates who were married, or living in concubinage ("les concubinaires," as Moreri calls them), or who were installed by secular sovereigns.* It was on this occasion he deposed the bishops of Bremen, Saltzbourg, Bamberg, Strasbourg, and many other prelates, whose temporal power and spiritual influence had never been questioned. Hitherto the pontiffs of Rome had only exerted their craft in crowning and anointing kings, and in conferring that "right divine," to which the short-sighted policy of barbarous princes willingly lent itself†; but it was

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* From this despotic act of Gregory the Seventh flowed those sources of demoralization which still render Catholic countries the centre of libertinism. The clergy, when denied the power of marrying, adopted a custom preserved by the new code of Lombardy from the Roman laws, called "Semi-matrimonio," permitting the union of a free man and a free woman, regulated by civil laws. The councils thundered against this half-matrimony, as they had done against the whole; and the priests, deprived even of their *demi-wives*, avenged themselves by bringing disorder and misery into the families of their flocks. The ecclesiastical tribunals teemed with processes, law-suits, and accusations against the ministers of the church; and then, perhaps, first arose those disorders among the religious orders, which afterwards called down the satires of Boccacio, and of all who dared to expose them. The canons of the primitive Church provided for the wives of its ministers.

† This right was, of course, drawn from the authority of the Old Testament. The prophets of the Jewish hierarchy, acting under the immediate inspiration of Heaven, named kings as the

reserved for Gregory the Seventh, not only to bestow crowns, but to take them away; not only to confer a right divine to reign, but to annul it. Then came the great moment when Church and State, divided by respective * interests, fought

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elected favourites of "*the God of armies.*" The pontiffs, as representing the Apostles, the successors of the prophets, took upon themselves, with the first opportunity, the power of royal investiture. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, was desirous to have this right divine to reign over conquered nations; but as he was a sovereign prince before he was a Christian, there was an obstacle to vanquish; and he declared that the Deity himself had signalized his election, by hanging a cross out of the heavens. As he declared this at the head of a victorious army, there were none to dispute it—not even the pontiffs. Other princes, as desirous of divine right as Constantine, but who could not again hang out the cross, sought the consecration of the bishops or Popes, to confirm them in their conquered kingdoms; and as the people were persuaded that the pontiffs were the depositaries of the Divine will, they learned to venerate a sovereign hallowed by the holy unction. This was the great source of power to the Popes, converting kingdoms into fiefs of the pontifical chair. At one period, all the kings of Europe, together with the king of Jerusalem, were reduced to this slavish condition: and the Popes, treating them accordingly, imitated the *faste* of the Roman senate, and created monarchs or dispossessed them, at the sole suggestion of interest or of caprice.

* Gregory the Seventh having deprived the Emperor Henry the Second of his throne, sent the crown to Radolph Duke of Suabia. Frederick the First of Germany, seeing the danger of this divine right in the hands of the Pope, sent the crown, on his own authority, to many princes of the empire. Then the Church set up her councils and discussions; and then arose the celebrated question among the doctors, on the authority of the popes or the emperors to create kings: the decision was, of course, that kings came of God now, as in the times of the Davids and the Solomons, both parties forgetting that the sole right, by which kings reign, is either that of brute force, called conquest, or the free will of the people. These, at least, seem to be the powers acknowledged by the Divine Founder of Christianity, in opposition to the tenet of Judaism; for he has said, "*Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.*" Cæsar had no divine right—his authority was in every sense usurped. It is curious to read the ceremony of the coronation and anointing of Charles the Second, performed by Protestant bishops.‡ It is strictly *Judaical* and *Roman Catholic*, and might as well have been performed in the Church of Jerusalem, or St. Peter's at Rome, as at Westminster Abbey, in London. It may be said, that Charles the Second was a Papist, and at that time received two hundred thousand per annum from the French King, for assisting to exterminate Protestantism:—so he had; but the poor credulous people of England did not know that; he was to them a Protestant King!! (For the duplicity of both the royal brothers on this subject, see a new

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‡ And indeed of all the coronations of his successors. Such a pageant, borrowed from the worst times of Papal power, is beneath the sovereign of a free people—a title more glorious than all the Popes, Catholic or Protestant, the Gregorys or the Canterburys ever conferred.

their great fight for supremacy; and ere the contest was decided between the Emperors and the Popes, the dogma and the sword, millions bled, and suffered, and fell; and humanity and civilization were retarded for ages. The struggle continued from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, when the pontiffs, impoverished by their wanton expeditions and private extravagances, became alternately the panders to the ambition of France and Germany; until Charles the Fifth held the sceptre of Saint Peter tributary to his sway. Then the printing-press existed, the Reformation was begun, the shock was given, the film was falling, and Italy was as ready as the North to admit convictions, which the progress of illumination was forcing upon the human mind:—but kings coalesced to check the progress.

The Inquisition became powerful in Spain under Philip the Second, and books and their authors were burnt together, throughout the dominions of the Pope and Italian Princes—but still the light thus obscured was never extinguished. It was the madness of the Roman Church to adhere, with a stupid and mistaken policy, to observances which belonged to other ages. The Clergy, like their upholders, the feudal Kings of Europe, would admit of no reformation in the old systems, suited only to the dark times in which they rose; and they sought to perpetuate with their own privileges, the forms, and ceremonies, with which they believed them to be inseparably connected. These had long become the scorn of the enlightened, and the idle amusement of the ignorant and superstitious. At the period of the French Revolution, Catholic Europe exhibited the singular spectacle of two classes—one steeped in bigotry, the other verging to the opposite extreme of scepticism and infidelity. Not to laugh at the Church, its influence, and its creeds, was *mauvais-ton*, in the philosophical and fashionable circles of France: while in Italy, the Church and the Opera were on a par; and both were resorted to, by the higher classes, as a resource against the tedium of lives devoted by political institutions to the most disgraceful idleness.

The crimes of the Papal nephews, and above all their extortions, had long

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publication, "Memoires of James the Second," by himself. The Whigs of England ought to raise statues to the editors, Father Innes and Dr. Clarke the Royal Librarian; for this work justifies all that ever was said or done against the Stuarts.)

assisted in awakening the people through their interests. A revolution in religious opinion preceded, even in Italy, the march of political changes. The suppression of the Jesuits had revealed many of the corruptions of the Church, and the real supremacy of the Popes over all the thrones of Catholic Christendom. The Jansenists, protected by the Emperor Joseph the Second*, openly preached against the temporal power of all ecclesiastics, and denied that the successor of St. Peter had any right to rule as a temporal sovereign. The most Catholic Court in Italy, shaking off its dependence upon the Holy See, refused its tribute of vassalage; and the white hackney of the Papal fief of Naples no longer trotted over the Pontine marshes, to take its place in the consecrated mangers of the Vatican.

So far back as the year 1768, the Neapolitans, always impatient of the Pope's influence, carried on an open warfare with the Church of Rome. The professors' chairs in their university were filled by young and ardent orators, who preached the most heterodox opinions against the Church, and openly condemned the Bull which Clement the Thirteenth had fulminated against the Duke of Parma. It became a fashion among the students of Naples to study ecclesiastical law, for the purpose of opposing the corruptions of the Church; and in the eighteenth century, pamphlets were written against the Pope and his Conclave, which, in the sixteenth, would have destined the authors to an *auto-da-fé*. The tracts, thus boldly written, were eagerly devoured by the public; and the heretical writings of the Marchese Spiriti and Andrea Serrao were to be found, though prohibited, in almost every Italian house.

The Revolution, which overwhelmed the State, dragged down with its victim the State's old ally—the Church. The famous Concordat, by which Francis the First and Leo the Tenth had reciprocally bestowed what was not their's to give, (the Pope usurping the rights of the Church, the King those of the Nation,) was torn to atoms, by the revolutionary contemners of all

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* What a subject for Raphael, or for Titian, would the *tête-à-tête* interview between Pope Pius the Sixth and the Emperor Joseph, at Vienna, have afforded! The Pope meekly urging the examples of the Barbarossas, the Fredericks, and Henrys, who stooped their necks to receive the Papal foot, and held the stirrup of the Papal palfrey—the Emperor scoffing at the degradation of his predecessors, and declaring that the Church could only regain her influence, when Churchmen returned to the simplicity of the Apostles.

contracts between Popes and Kings; and Catholicism, formally abolished in France, trembled for her throne even in Rome.*

In the progress of events the Pontiff, stripped of his temporal power, dispossessed of his spiritual influence, was a prisoner in a foreign land; and the tent of a military prefect was pitched where the throne of the Vatican had once overshadowed all the thrones of the world. But the scene of this great drama was destined to shift many times ere the catastrophe was to be completed. Bonaparte resolved to raise the old and fallen church, to support his own new dynasty. The restoration of Catholicism was proclaimed in 1801, at the Cathedral of Paris, and a code of faith made out and imposed by an act of the legislature.† A new concordat was signed between the military chief and his dependant, the Pontiff. Benefices were to be given; sees raised; wealth was again to circulate among a long-impoverished clergy; and no epithet was deemed too adulatory, no eulogium too flattering for this new Constantine! who, having upset the thrones of Europe, set up the throne of St. Peter's. Even those of the dignified emigrant clergy of France who had held synods in London‡ to stamp the Emperor with epithets of repro-

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* In the year 1797, Pope Pius the Sixth sent the Marchese Massimi from Rome to the Directory at Paris, with an ostensible mission for negotiating civil affairs with that body. He began his letter to these heretic republicans, "Carissimis in Christo filiis nostris, Civibus Directorii executivi Reipublicæ Franciæ," &c.—and he even sent them his benediction into the bargain! Meantime the Bishop of Imola (the present Pope) was preaching his republican sermon, of which the Author of this work has already given an extract in another publication.

† The new Bishops accepted, with acclamation, an imperial catechism reported to have been dictated by Bonaparte himself, and (says the Ex-Bishop de Blois, in his work on the Gallican church,) "Redigée exprès en faveur d'un individu et de sa famille, Catechisme à l'usage de toutes les Eglises de l'empire de France." But have we not heard in the present day, a Bishop of London declare his King could do no wrong? "Cesar rougit! N'a-t-il pas vu Pharsale?"

‡ This council of emigrant clergy was held in the house of Monsieur Dillon, Ex-bishop of Narbonne; and from this "*close divan*" issued many bulls against Bonaparte. Even the Pope was threatened with excommunication by an Ex-bishop, who declared in a letter addressed to his Holiness, that he "had disposed of the church of France, without consulting those whom the *Holy Ghost* had established to govern it." In time, however, the most furious of these bull-fulminators against the usurper became softened, and consented to return to France, and accept of benefices and bishopricks under the new regime. Foremost of these placable priests was the Abbé Boisgelin, who, preaching at his chapel in King-street, Portman-square, exclaimed with enthusiasm to a congregation of old emigrant gentry, "Plutôt mourir, que de violer le pact de la Religion et de la

bation, and to fulminate bulls against his usurpation, now came forward to assist at his coronation, to confer his apotheosis, and to lavish on him the epithets of "*celui qui ouvert les Temples, et relève les Autels!*—"*L'envoye du très Haut!*—*l'homme de sa droit*—*le Cyrus*—*le Constantin*—*le Theodore*—*le Charlemagne du tems actuel.*" Such were the technical formulas bestowed on the "Despot" in all the episcopal mandemens, and in the concordat itself, by those "Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," who sang Te Deums in Notre-Dame and St. Denis for the victories of the "Usurper," even over the divine-righted Kings, who hold the crown and sceptre, through the Church, from God!

The late Pope Pius VI. had been frequently heard to say, "I fear the Church will have no Pope when I am gone." The battle of Waterloo prevented the accomplishment of his prophecy; and the *preux* of the nineteenth century assisted to right "the boat of the fisherman," (il navicello del pescatore)—to re-mount the Pontiff on the Throne of the Cæsars. The days of the INNOCENTS, and the URBANS, the GREGORIES, and the CLEMENTS, seemed once more to dawn upon the benighted Church—her chief again paraded the streets of her capital, amidst a prostrate multitude, who, at his approach, fell on the earth, and bowed their foreheads to the dust, under the influence of their devotion to sanctity, or the fear of the swords of his guards.* The

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Monarchie." Permitted, however, to return to France, he forgot "*le pact*" under a cardinal's hat, which he obtained through the usurper's favour, who, on his return, made him Archbishop of Tours. Another of these faithful Doctors, who had exclaimed in his "*Défense de l'ordre social,*" "qu'on place sur le throne de France celui que la loi appelle, lui seul n'a pas besoin d'élection pour regner, il est élû depuis neuf cent ans." Thus preached the Abbé Du Voisin till he was allowed to return to France, when, forgetting the *election of nine hundred years standing* of his legitimate King, he accepted a mitre from the hands of the Usurper, and was made Bishop of Nantz. No sooner, however, had "L'envoye du Très-haut" felt the touch of adversity, than the Boisgelin, the Du Voisin of the new times, laid aside the catechism of Cyrus, and changed their sobriquets of "*Le Nouveau Charlemagne,*" for "*le Despot du jour,*" while they set forth to recover the "*Ampoule Sacre*" with which St. Remis consecrated Clovis, and to anoint him who had been "*elected nine hundred years back.*"

* A short time before our arrival in Rome, a young Roman nobleman was liberated from the fortress of St. Angelo, to marry a lady of high rank, whose family had the interest to procure his emancipation. His crime was, that he had refused to alight from his horse, and prostrate himself *in the mud*, in the outlets of Rome, when the Pope passed. His halting and taking off his hat went for nothing! While we were at Rome, the Pope's guards insisted on the same ceremony from an English gentle-

population of Rome seemed, by a stroke of magic, to go back to the sixteenth century. The civil and military costume of the last twenty years disappeared; and nothing was to be seen in its streets, but

——— " Eremites and friars."

Councils were held, convents re-opened, ceremonies revived, education again thrown into the hands of the priesthood, and swaddling clothes immediately succeeded by the monkish habit *. The youth were destined to serve, not the country, but the Church; and the public press was modeled upon that state of things in the past century, when a Gazette, not exclusively dedicated to the announcing of Church ceremonies, was circulated secretly in manuscript, and when an idle pleasantry of Pasquin's brought the unhappy contributor to *the scaffold*, under the mild Pontificate of Pope Lambertini. If all the good results of the Revolutionary police were not stifled as promptly as the faint

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man and lady, who were driving in a barouche. As the lady was near her confinement, and her husband would not permit her to move, one of the Roman janizaries struck him with his sword. A formal complaint was made to the Pope; but when we left Rome no notice had been taken. Neither would such an event have caused any sensation among the Ultra English then at Rome. For *Kotou* at Rome belongs to the Social System of the Holy Alliance, and is quite another thing from *Kotou* in China; and many an English Tory Lord, who would hasten back to vote against the Irish Catholics in *their* Council at home, will accuse the author of these pages of Jacobinical principles, for exposing the systems of Catholic cabinets abroad.

* It is a melancholy sight to see troops of little children, pale and attenuated, habited as monks, and led on by the superiors of the convent to which they are consigned, to attend some ceremony—not a trace of the bloom and spirit of childhood in their looks or movement. The Jesuits' schools were again opened: on the restoration of their order all the nobility of Rome hastened to send their children to their seminaries; for the Jesuits are looked on, both by the highest and the lowest of the Roman people, as the *Pretorians* of the Church; each family expects to give a Cardinal to the Conclave, or a Pope to the throne, by placing its sons in these convents. The Prince of ——, who died lately at Rome, always took off his hat when these bands of little priestlings passed him. Being asked why he did so, he replied, " There lies the stuff of future infallibility. Some of these urchins may one day be the sovereigns of my children—I see already life and death in their dirty little hands; and I propitiate their favour for those who are to succeed me."

The most fashionable church at Rome is the superb Jesuit Temple, La Chiesa del Gesu, where the shrine of St. Ignatius, with columns of lapis lazuli, now blazes with lights and precious offerings. The Convents of the Gesu and St. Andrea are crowded; and we were told that this order were struggling hard to get into their hands the *Collegio Romano*, a civil establishment, where the whole of the youth of the middle classes are educated. Since the Restoration, the Lancastrian system, so well received in Lombardy and Tuscany, is resisted at Rome.

light of philosophy *, if the streets of Rome were not again buried in midnight darkness †, if the torture was not restored, and the *stiletto* given back to the hands of the impetuous people, it was due in part to the moderation of the Minister Gonsalvi, (whose character seems to vibrate between the habit he wears and the age he lives in,) and to the wisdom acquired by the Pope in his travels and adversities: for the *ultra-party* at Rome—the party supported by the Holy Alliance, and of which M. Blacas, the Minister from the Court of France at Rome, is the head—are for the total restoration of the *social edifice*, as it existed before that terrible revolution, which banished the wheel and the stiletto, and forbad French ambassadors to give asylum to professional murderers ‡. But

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* One of the first good acts of the French in Rome was the formation of an institute. It consisted of twenty-four professors; among whom were BERTHOLLET and MONGE! On the arrival of Pius the Seventh at Rome, after his election at Venice, every effort was used to suppress this society by the ultra-party; and two Italian gentlemen found themselves compelled to wait on the Pope, and claim his personal protection from persecutions instigated against them, for having been among its members. "A crime to belong to a literary society!" said the Pope. "If the Grand Turk had elected me member of a literary society at Constantinople, I should deem it no crime to belong to it." It is a fact, that the Pope, who was once a violent democrat upon *scriptural authority*, as he advanced in his sermons, was also deeply read in the old school of philosophy, and a smatterer in literature.

† Previous to the Revolution, the streets of Rome were not permitted either by the government, or the people, to be lighted at night. Even the lanterns carried by laquais were deemed a public nuisance in streets where the business of intrigue or assassination was nightly carried on; and the constant cry, when such intruders appeared, was "*Volti la lanterna*§"—"Turn away the lantern." On the restoration of the Pope, it was expected by the *ultra éteignoirs*, that he would extinguish the revolutionary lamps; but he only *reformed* the abuse. The streets of Rome are just sufficiently dark at present for the free exercise of the stiletto, should it be restored. Their principal light comes from the shrines of the Madonna, which every where abound. The clocks likewise are all restored to their *ancient order;* and not to reckon by canonical hours is to count time "*alla Francese*," as they term it, and to savour of Jacobinism.

‡ To give asylum to murderers was the privilege of foreign ambassadors at the Court of Rome, up to the French revolution. In 1687, this privilege had caused such terrible consequences, that Pope Innocent XI. endeavoured by a bull to abrogate the custom, and induced the Kings of Spain, Portugal, and England, to forego their privilege. Louis XIV. absolutely refused to yield his power of protecting murder, and sent the Marquis Lavardin to Rome, who entered it in spite of the orders of the Pope, escorted by four hundred marines (gardes marines), 400 volunteers, and 200 men in livery; when he took possession of the palace and church of the French Embassy, opened his *house of refuge* to persecuted cut-throats, and laughed at the Pope's threatened excommunication. The King

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§ See Lalande, vol. 6.

though legitimate kings, Protestant and Catholic, uphold the ancient Papal system as inseparably connected with their own divine right, and have equally assisted to give it all the forms and splendour by which it was distinguished when

> " Les souverains encor cités au capitol,
> Martyrs de leur sottise, un chaplet à la main,
> Attendaient pour regner l'ordre d'un Jacobin;"

still the effort is vain. The Papal power is over. The spiritual influence of the bishops of Rome has fled, with the faith in their infallibility upon which it was founded. As illumination spread and history was studied, the lives of the Gregories and the Innocents, of the Borgias and the Barberini, betrayed the secret of that throne, which so long was the scourge of Europe; each of whose successive occupiers, whatever may have been his individual character, in turn

> " Bénissant, massacrant, pillant au nom de Pierre,
> Maitre, idole, scandale, et fleau de la terre,"

found himself compelled by the spirit of a system, to uphold the vices, to which he owed his exalted position.

A reverence for the Pope is almost universally extinct in Italy, where the Papal throne is considered as the primary instrument of the political degradation of the land. Almost all the Catholic churches of Europe (even those of Spain and Portugal *) have made efforts, as chance has favoured them, to throw off the yoke, and to assert their national independence of Papal authority. At the present day the Irish Catholics are perhaps single in their attachment to the See of Rome, to which they are bound by the noblest feelings, by a point of honour, and an hatred of oppression: so that if there still lingers in Europe a religious sentiment, such as kings, jealous of the majesty of their sceptre, might view with suspicion, the circumstance arises in the bigotry and short-sighted cunning of Protestant intolerance, which dares not leave opinions to the education of reason; but perpetuates the creed it fears, by

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meantime seized on Avignon, to shew his resentment of the Papal interference; and on the death of the Pope 1689, the Royal Asylums for the Heroes of the Stiletto were re-established †. These *were* " *les bons vieux tems*" of the Blacas's and the Lavardins!

* See Les Libertés de l'Eglise Gallican. Par Gregoire.

† See Lalande, vol. 6.

the very measures taken for its suppression. It is in vain, therefore, that convents teem with the idle and the worthless; that nuns are professed *, and that all the "pomp and circumstance" of religious ceremony is revived by the aid and contributions of legitimate sovereigns of all churches;—the true foundation of such illusions (the ignorance of the people, and the wealth of the clergy) are for ever undermined. The Church of Rome is in a state of pauperism, compared to the wealth of the Protestant hierarchy of England. The Pope has less disposable property than an Archbishop of Canterbury †; and the income of a Cardinal would be deemed an indifferent living by many incumbents of English benefices ‡.

The present government of Rome has not dared to annul the confiscations of the late regime §; and the monasteries and convents, when the first flush of re-action subsides, must inevitably decline, for want of the means of supporting their useless societies.—Rome, like the rest of the continent, is now in a false position! and her government and institutes, upheld by factitious means, must share that fate, which the progress of knowledge is preparing for the whole of the known world.

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* We were talking one day to a Cardinal on the subject of the multitudes of monks and friars with which Rome swarmed: he replied, "They do appear numerous, but you do not consider that we must have *ten thousand* effective men for the Mission of the Propaganda Fide alone!" To this no reply could be made by British Protestants, whose *Propaganda* sends out its members under the banners of Societies for converting the Jews, (a society now busy in Dublin, where there is *one* resident Jew!) Bible Societies, &c. &c.; but the more one considers the Churches of Rome and England, the more their resemblance is apparent.

† When Henry VIII. dissolved abbies and monasteries, and divided the spoil between the Crown and the Aristocracy, the wealth of the regulars of the Catholic Church descended without diminution to the Protestant Hierarchy. The great Sees of England and Ireland are perhaps the wealthiest in the Christian world.

‡ The Cardinals, at the time of the Revolution, independent of other benefices, had rarely more than four thousand piastres per annum, and at present their income does not exceed 2000 (between four and five hundred pounds sterling), a sum that would scarcely do more than pay the cook and the coachman of an English prelate. Their principal expense is their fine gilt coach, their dirty laquais, and old coach-horses. They give no dinners, and take as many as they can get. Many of them, however, have good private properties. The Cardinal Gonsalvi is said to be rich. He has the ample estates of the Abbey of "Grotto Ferrati," and is Segretario de' Brevi, which is said to be a very lucrative appointment.

§ The national debt was cleared by the French, by the sale of the Church property for forty millions. When the Pope returned, he found he did not owe a Paolo.

While the reign of the Church, under the influence of its powerful chiefs, remained for ages undisputed throughout nearly the whole of Europe, the people of Rome, though occasionally crushed by its weight into temporary subjection, were the most prompt to rebel against its usurpation, and the last perhaps to acknowledge its sway. More factious and more free under the tyrants that excommunicated kings,* than they ever had been under the Emperors of ancient Rome, the Romans of the middle ages, alternately opposing the foreign sway of the German Potentates, and the home despotism of the Pontiffs, put down Popes, and raised Anti-Popes—created schisms in the church—and chained, starved, or maddened, in the dungeons of St. Angelo†, those vicegerents of heaven, who were fulminating through all christendom the bulls of their own supremacy‡.

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* All the Kings of France, from Philip the First to Louis the Eighth, and all the Emperors, from Henry the Fourth to Louis of Bavaria, were occasionally excommunicated. The crime for which Robert of France was thus punished, was marrying his cousin. For this he was abandoned by all; and even his servants presented him his food at the end of a long stick. At the council of *St. John de Lateran*, Frederick the Second was interdicted the use of fire and water.

† Boniface the Sixth was elected by the people (895). John the Thirteenth was hunted out of Rome by the people and their prefect (965). John the Fourteenth died of famine, or poison, in a dungeon of the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was incarcerated by the Roman citizens for his tyranny (984). John the Fifteenth, notorious for his vices, (even according to PLATINA,) and supposed to have been at last made away with by the people, was persecuted and dethroned by the Patrician Crescentius, who seized on the castle of St. Angelo, and, at the head of the Roman people, resisted the Emperor Otho, as he had deposed the Pontiff. Gregory the Fifth was accused and prosecuted by the people, and forced to fly for protection to his kinsman, the Emperor Otho. Benedict was deposed by the citizens, who set up an anti-pope (1032), and deposed him also in his turn. The History of these dark times teems with instances of the resistance of the people and patricians of Rome to the See, when the rest of Christendom lay subdued at the feet of the Papal throne.

‡ Boniface the Eighth (having stirred up the Germans against their Emperor, excited Charles de Valois to take up arms against his brother Philippe le Bel, and given the kingdom of France to Albert for going to war with that King) published a bull to prove that God had established the Popes over Kings and their Kingdoms!! To deny this, was the Jacobinism of that day; and the Pope having published his arguments to defend this doctrine, none dared contradict them—"La plus part des docteurs, les Princes mêmes, et ceux qui les défendaient contre les papes, ne refutaient pas les argumens."—Boniface fulminated a bull of excommunication against France and its King, who, not daring openly to oppose the Pope, sent a kidnapping party, with NOGARET at their head, to run away with him; and the union of the Roman Patrician Sciarra Colonna, a captain of a band of

In the fourteenth century, under Pontiff John Twenty-second, (whose *Ego sum Papa* stunned the anarchical conclave into his election)* the Church, both in her temporal and spiritual power, was shaken to its centre by the Roman people and the philosophical order of friars-minorites.† The Pope was accused of heresy by the latter, and deposed with the consent of the former, in favour of a Minorite brother (the Anti-pope, Nicholas the Fifth,) who preached the simplicity of the apostolic life, in opposition to the luxury and splendour of the Pontiffs. It was then that under one of the greatest captains and greatest geniuses of the age, Castruccio (a citizen of Lucca), the Romans (whom Arnoldo and Brancaleone had alike found ripe for reformation) set up an Anti-Pope and Anti-Emperor in opposition to the Ghibeline or German party, which was headed by the Colonna and the Pontiff in Rome,

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Corsairs, with the French minister, ensured the success of the Royal plot. The Pope was seized in his patrimonial villa at Agnano, slapped on the face by Colonna with his glove for resisting his kidnappers, surrounded by French guards, and ordered to march to Lyons. The fierce old man, who had been fond of quoting Christ's order to Peter, to "*put his sword in the scabbard*," as intimating that "*the sword was his*," assumed his most splendid vestments, seized his keys in one hand, his crucifix in the other, and exclaimed, "*Moriro Papa.*"—Ere they could carry him to France, he died in his prison at Rome—some say of rage. This was the Pope, however, who canonized St. Louis of France. When Napoleon was execrated by French Ultras for profaning the Holy See, and lodging Pius the Seventh at the Palace of Fontainbleau, they forgot the anecdote of the legitimate kidnapper Philippe le Bel, the Corsair Colonna, and Boniface the Eighth. This was the age of Dante, the thirteenth century.

* Villani, Platina.

† "The Minorites (says Pignotti, p. 35, vol. 3,) with more candour than prudence had preached the perilous doctrine of evangelical poverty, sustaining that Christ and his apostles had no possessions. The Dominicans, the Sybarites of the Church, favoured by the Court of Rome, opposed this doctrine, by asserting that Christ and his disciples had the use of all the goods of the earth; that Judas Iscariot was Christ's Camerlingo, or steward, and distributed the rents equally;" &c. &c. The Pope, from the midst of his Seraglio at Avignon, approved the defence; and the Minorites were cursed, "*comme de raison.*" Besides these schisms, there were disputes in the church on points deemed equally important. The Franciscans started the question of whether their porridge belonged to them while they were eating it—some denied, some affirmed that it did; a chapter general decided on the non-propriety of the porridge! Another dispute among the doctors arose, to ascertain whether robes, long or short, grey or black, of cloth or serge, were fittest for the monks; and chapters, councils, and congregations, met to fight these questions, decided at last by bulls and manifestos, and refuted by satires and epigrams! Such were those times referred to as primitive and holy—the times of undisturbed legitimacy in church and state, of fathers, councils, and doctors, whose doctrines it is now deemed detrimental to the social order to dispute or laugh at.

and backed by all the despotic Princes of Europe. The Roman spirit, blowing forth from age to age like the American aloe, again sent forth, in the succeeding century, one of its most vigorous, though not most permanent shoots, under the last and boldest of the champions of her freedom—Nicola di Rienzi Gabrini*. This champion of the people sprang from the people—the Cola Rienzi of many a popular tale in after-times, when history was silenced on his deeds. This plebeian conqueror of the patrician Colonna, Osini, and Frangipani, (whose private feuds had brutified the people)—this punisher of vices in the little, and crimes in the great†—this invocated of Petrarch and controller of Pontiffs, saw even then, in the rude dark times of the fourteenth century, the *possibility*, and originated the *design*, of liberating Italy for ever from the yoke of the German Emperors, and of uniting her states into a federative republic. For this one great design, the offspring of his splendid mind, ere glory had dazzled, or power deranged its faculties, be all his after-sins forgiven!

Oh! for some *Cola Rienzi* in the present hour of Italian exigency! to aid her struggles, and afford to her scattered spirits a point of concentration! who,

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* The original history of Nicola di Rienzi was written in the ancient Roman and Neapolitan dialect; and Pignotti observes, it is singular, that the name of the author should be *Tommaso Fiortifiocca*, who is mentioned in the history as having been punished by the Tribune for falsehood. Much of the folly attributed to his latter days should be taken with reserve. The life of this Republican Tribune has been published under the Popes and Emperors, whose tyranny over Italy he rose to overthrow. That true French abbé—the abbé de Sade, and other modern critics, have written much nonsense to prove that Rienzi was not the "Spirto Gentile" of Petrarch, to whom he addressed his Canzone "Italia mia," because it appears that the last line of the beautiful poem did not apply to Rienzi. Pignotti refutes all that has been said on the subject, and shews that De Sade's criticism is as false as ridiculous (vol. 5. p. 23). But he seems to think that Petrarch changed the last lines of the Canzone, when the conduct of the Tribune, in his last days, disappointed his patriot hopes. Petrarch knew him at Avignon; and it appears by the letters he addressed to him, incited him to the Revolution he so nearly effected.

† One of his first acts was to clear the city and country of Banditti, (as Brancaleone had thrown down a hundred and forty towers, the nests of predatory bands of nobles and plebeians). He had a Colonna arrested for debt, and an Orsini tried and condemned for plundering a shipwreck. He found Rome in anarchy, and gave it laws. He recalled the Pope and Cardinals from Avignon to Rome, and cited the two contending and pretending Emperors to the Tribunal of the Campidoglio. The instantaneous changes he effected, says Pignotti, are incredible: he not only did not abuse his power, but watched night and day over the laws he promulgated for the security of the city."

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like the last of her tribunes, might sound the trumpet of reform from the towers* of St. Angelo, and unfurling the banner of liberty on the heights of the capitol, once more behold the Roman people crowding round their ancient standard, and calling forth the echoes of the forum to such plaudits as Cicero extorted, and Rienzi received.†

Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, there was a visible decline in that physical and moral energy of the Romans, which had during past ages sometimes lent itself to liberty, but more frequently, under a bigoted but lawless government, found a vent in violence, crime, and the most hopeless disorder. The factious nobles had degenerated into banditti; they laid waste their native city, and carried desolation and ruin into the bosom of domestic life. The people, alternately insurgents and slaves, were the most demoralized of Italy; and though the dark and cruel despotism of the clever tyrant Sixtus the Fifth‡ (whose love of blood induced

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* "Dal Balcone del Campidoglio arringò il publico colla solita eloquenza: tutti lo applaudirono e lo riguardarono come il Riformatore di Roma." Ibid.

† One of the first objects we went to visit in Rome was the house of Cola Rienzi. It stands in a site consecrated to great recollections, and marked by ruinous desolation—the Tiber; the ruined arch of the palatine bridge (the Ponte Rotto), the work of Scipio Africanus; the masses of peperin raised by Tarquin to inclose that "*beautiful shore*," now so dreary and offensive§; the remains of that great public work the Cloaca Maxima! the temple of Vesta, (a gem of antiquity!) the temple of Fortuna Virilis! Such is the imagery which surrounded the dwelling of Rienzi, and justifies his historians in supposing "that the sight of such majestic relics of ancient grandeur inspired him with sentiments elevated beyond the age he lived in, and awakened the gigantic project of raising the fallen liberty of his country on the ruins of her tyranny." The house of Rienzi is extremely curious as a specimen of the domestic architecture of Rome in the fourteenth century. Its massive walls, irregularly spotted with little gothic casements, are incrusted with various fragments of ancient sculpture, well worth examining, but extremely difficult to approach: for the *Casa Rienzi* stands at the corner of one of those miserable little *vicoli* in which Rome abounds, and is so environed with filth and putridity, that the air is infected, and all approach impeded. Over the door which opens into this lane is an inscription, intimating that this fabrick was raised by the son of Crescenzio and Theodora, and inhabited in the fourteenth century by *Nicola di Rienzi*, Tribune *of the Roman people*.

‡ The severity of Sixtus the Fifth, dreadful as it was, was justified by the state of society then existing in Rome. His efforts at reformation, more than his cruelty, rendered him an object of

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§ The beauties of the *pulchrum littus* of the Tiber, like the roses said to bloom in the desert plains of Pæstum, exist only in the pages of old books of travels. The shores of the Tiber are generally inaccessible from filth and masses of ruin, relieved at intervals by cardinals gardens and orangeries.

him to envy Elizabeth the cutting off of Mary's head) stemmed for a time the torrent of iniquities, and broke for ever the spirit of the Roman barons, yet at his death the people were but the more debased by the loss of their ferocity; and the domestic demoralization of the nobles—the pomp, luxury, and extortion of the papal court and the conclave—suffered no diminution. During succeeding centuries (on the testimony of travellers of all nations and sects) the civil and religious state of Rome was an anomaly in human society*. The court of the Quirinal, like that of France under Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, was directed by the intrigues of priests and courtiers. The cardinals governed by cabal, and all places were disposed of through their mistresses and their laquais, (a class only less powerful than the Cardinals themselves.) The princes or patricians (and they were of two† descriptions) rich, idle, ignorant, and avaricious, were surrounded by dependants and parasites, the indigent followers of rank and opulence‡, a numerous order in all ill-governed countries. The people, without domestic habits, lived like the commoners of nature, satisfied if bread and church ceremonies sustained life and amused it. Dependence was encouraged by pride, poverty preached as a virtue, and followed as a profession. The parasite came after the prince, and the beggar after the saint. The women of all ranks, divided into vestals and concubines, were either shut up in a convent, or let loose upon society free from the duties of maternity and the ties of marriage, the mistresses of authorized paramours,

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detestation to the Roman people; who, in spite of all he had done to improve their City, and save them from the power of the privileged nobles, broke his statues at his death.

* Alexander the Seventh (Chigi), though he affected to live on chesnuts before his elevation, became an Apicius. Of the reign of the Chigi family, a French traveller has observed, "Je pourois faire une longue histoire des fraudes, des vols, des extortions, des débauches, des tracasseries, des assassinats, et des guerres que les Romains endurèrent pendant douze ans que les Chigis gouvernèrent."—Voyage Historique d'Italie. See also Lalande's Account of Rome in his day.

† There were and are three or four families in Rome—such as the Colonna, Orsini, Conti, and Savelli—who boast of being of the ancient Patrician line. The Santa Croce say, they are descendants of *Valerius Publicola*. The other Princes owe their rank to having had a Pontiff in their family. The sister of Quintus Sixtus was a washerwoman—he made her Princess; Pasquin alluded to her elevation in an epigram. The Pope promised the Author his life and a purse of gold, if he would reveal himself: he did so and received the purse; but had his hands cut off from the wrist, and his tongue pierced.—See the Life of that Pontiff.

‡ De Retz describes the cardinals going to court, each followed by one or two hundred of these gentlemen.

and the wives of other women's lovers. The passions of all classes were unsubdued by education, unrestrained by law; and all crimes were redeemable by power. Murder had its price*, from a basket of figs to a purse of gold; and the murderer his asylum, from the high altar of the church to the cabinet of the palace. Assassination was a deed of nightly occurrence; and the careless hand that stabbed for pay, not unfrequently mistook its aim, and stopped to excuse its error by assuring the victim "*it was a mistake.*"†

There was no society but such as vice congregated—the interests of the gaming-table, or the intrigues of illicit love: to the former all were devoted —and to forward the latter, husbands frequently assisted their wives to get rid of troublesome cecisbei, whose interests interfered with a passion more profitable to the *ménage*, than that of the professed ancient cavaliere servante.‡

The rites of hospitality were rarely celebrated, but on the occasion of a marriage, or a Cardinal's diplomatic dinner; and the house of Cardinal York was for a long period the only one in Rome where a stranger had a chance of finding a cover, even on the strongest recommendation. The great passion was for an ostentatious display of a suite of servants gaudily dressed, a showy equipage § and a vast palace. The colleges and convents contained some few pedants, learned in theological and classical literature; all else were condemned to the profoundest ignorance, and the Inquisition placed its sbirri

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* Very many of the letters of Cardinal John de' Medici, addressed to cardinals or to the Duke his father, are in favour of murderers. A poor man, he says, who was exiled for murdering his wife, had backed his suit to him by a basket of fine figs. As to the murder of "la sua Moglie," he observes, "che trova aver avuto giustissima causa per i suoi dishonesti portamenti,"—that he had a just right to murder her on account of her bad conduct. Lettere del Cardinale G. de' Medici.—So recently as the pontificate of Clement the Ninth, Cardinal Francesco Barberini gave asylum to the famous bandit Scarpalega in his territory of Palestrina for a certain sum of money. The Pope in vain sent his sbirri in search of the most notorious murderer in his dominions. The Cardinal gave his protegé due notice of his holiness's intentions; and for that time he escaped. "These Barberini alone," said Pasquino, "are enough to make us turn atheists!"

† *Scuse, padrone mio, è un sbaglio!* was a cool and common excuse on such occasions. If the man died, "La justice fait enlever le corps, *et tout est dit.*" "J'ai oui dire à un prelat de la consulte qu'il y avoit souvent dans le cours d'une année 2000 assassinats dans l'étendue de l'état ecclesiastique." Lalande, Tom. 6. p. 151.

‡ "On parle encore souvent en France de la jalousie Italienne; mais c'est sans doute *par une ancienne tradition!!*"—Ibid.

§ The carriage of a cardinal is more particularly designated by an umbrella, laid on the roof, ready to shade his Eminence when he descends; which is constantly *on duty* as a mark of distinction.

upon the intellect of the whole population. The capital punishments were barbarous, but rarely inflicted; and if the people sometimes suffered the torture, or submitted to the estrapado, they, in their turn, occasionally hung * up a Cardinal, or derided the vices of the Conclave and the Pontiff, through the medium of Pasquino.

As there was no internal police, the public depended on the works of the Tarquins and the Cæsars for the few accommodations they enjoyed. Splendid fountains, flinging their waters into the air from the bosoms of nymphs, and the conchs of Tritons, were indeed raised by Popes to commemorate their own magnificence; but the conduits for water, miraculously constructed during the darkest ignorance on the subject of hydraulics, were at the end of twenty centuries, and are still, the principal means of purification afforded for cleansing a city, which seems to have benefited but little by the advantages lent it by antiquity.† The Cloaca Maxima obtrude their neglected openings in vain; and streets lined with palaces, and palaces walled with marbles, have even now few sewers to carry off the accumulated filth of ages.

How long such a state of social disorganization might have existed, it were now useless to calculate; but it seems to have reached its acme when the French Revolution broke out; and ere Italy was conquered, Rome entered into the speculations of revolutionary projects.

Hugo de Basseville, a man of letters and talent‡, was chosen by the National Convention to sound the disposition of those who were no longer the population worked on by the eloquence of the Monk Arnoldo, or the Tri-

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* In 1786, Cardinal Tortona so exasperated the people by his cruelties in his office of *Grand Inquisitor*, that they dragged him from his carriage, and hung him on a gibbet in the street. This is the summary justice of a people for whom no justice exists.

† The brightest spot in the history of the ancient Romans was their respect to the wants and accommodations of the public. Their roads, sewers, and aqueducts, are well worth their Pantheons and Coliseums.

‡ He had been the friend of Mirabeau and of Brissot, and was the author of "Elements of Mythology," and several other literary productions. Raised from an humble rank for his talents, he was chosen by General Dumourier as Secretary of Legation to the Court of Naples, and from thence was sent to Rome. But reformation was then as hateful to the ears of the populace of Rome, as to those of their master; and the agent of the French Republic was killed.

The death of Basseville was the subject of one of the most celebrated poems of Monti; but one would fain forget that the author of Aristodemus was the author likewise of Bassevilliana.

bune Rienzi. Pius the Sixth, who had refused to acknowledge the French Republic, watched with jealous vigilance the motions of this emissary of Republicanism; and De Basseville affected to be occupied with the interests of the French academy of painting at Rome, at that time filled with young men who dreamed more of Brutus than of Raphael.

Against all changes in the existing order, or *disorder* of Rome, there stood opposed two powerful classes—the highest and the lowest—the aristocracy (including the Church), and the people, led on by the bold, bigoted influential *Trasteverini.** The worship of the Madonna was the religion of the latter—

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* The *Trasteverini* are a large proportion of the population of Rome, born and living on the further side of the Tiber, or as the Romans call it, "*di là del Tevere.*" The *Trastevere* was united to Rome, and fortified by *Ancus Martius*, and was colonized from Latium. In the time of Augustus some corps of the naval armament stationed at Ravenna resided there; and at this moment the *Trastevere*, both in its *locale* and population, gives the best impression that time has left of ancient Rome, and its original inhabitants. Its churches are ancient temples—its bridges stand where Roman Consuls raised them. Here Horatius Cocles defended his rude pass over the Tiber, and its vestiges are still visible! Hence Mutius Scævola stole into Porsenna's camp. Here too stands that venerated "*Chiesa di Santa Maria Trastevere,*" the Parthenon of the Trasteverins. This temple of the Madonna is said to cover the site of the Taberna Meritoria, (the hospital maintained at the expense of the Roman senate for invalided soldiers,) and the stranger who has not visited it on a high festival, has not seen one of the most singular spectacles which the Roman city affords—an assembly of the unmixed descendants of the ancient Romans, preserving in their noble figures and marked features the proofs of their illustrious descent. Whoever would realize the form of AGRIPPINA, as sculpture has preserved her in her imperial chair, or Portia, as fancy presents her, giving assurance of her faith to Brutus, must not seek such splendid images in the palaces of the Roman princesses; they are more likely to be found among the women of *Trastevere!* something indeed blemished by the coarseness of low life and laborious habits; but still preserving the original rudiments of a superior race. The men of this ancient district resemble extremely the Charboniers of Paris. The dress of the Trasteverins, as much as their physiognomy, distinguishes them from the rest of the Romans. The men wear a silken net on their heads, à l'Espagnuole, a jacket of black velvet thrown on their shoulders, a broad crimson sash, and enormous silver shoe-buckles! The women braid their hair in silken nets, and ornament it with silver bodkins; and in their gala habit appear in velvet bodices laced with gold, silken petticoats white and coloured, (which discover feet shining with large showy silver buckles,) and with scarlet aprons. They speak a dialect of their own, are devoted to the papal government, bigoted in their worship of the Madonna, and extremely gasconading in their manners. They were once formidable as a body; but since the French occupation their ferocity is much diminished, partly from being deprived of their stilettos, and partly from the asylum for murderers at Ostia, &c. &c. being done away. Shortly after the arrival of the French, the Trasteverins committed some horrible atrocities; twenty-two found with stilettos were shot in the midst of their own clan: this was the first check ever given to their crimes, and its effects were said to be decisive.

the Papal government was the sanction and security of the vices and privileges of the former; and the French Revolution, which both were taught to consider as a common enemy, rendered the French agent an object of suspicion and hatred to all, save a small portion of the youth and the middle classes. An imprudence on the part of De Basseville called forth public opinion by unequivocal symptoms. After a dinner given by him to the young men of the French academy, where more wine was drunk than was conducive to the views of a secret mission, De Basseville drove with his wife and son to the Corso, permitting his footmen to mount the tri-coloured cockade. This was the signal of tumult. The street was accidentally or designedly filled with the common people and Trasteverini! A dreadful riot arose: De Basseville in vain sought to save himself by taking shelter in the palace of his banker; he was pursued by the mob, and murdered with circumstances of aggravated atrocity: the first stab was given by a soldier of the pontifical guard. The French academy was next attacked, and pillaged; the students saved themselves by flight. The houses of foreigners were plundered; and, during the tumult, the Virgin, whose name was the *mot d'ordre*, was seen in several of the churches to open her eyes (lest the people should open theirs), and to give testimony of the part she took in a crusade undertaken in her honour. Cardinal Ruffo (the leader of the horrible re-action of Naples) every where instigated the people to defend their Church; and the Pope instituted a new mass in honour of the Virgin, which was chaunted at every altar in Rome, with the title of *De apertione oris et oculorum Beatæ M. Virginis.*

But if, in 1793, an emissary of the National Convention of France was assassinated in Rome,—in 1797, the Gauls of the eighteenth century had passed the Rubicon, conquered Romagna, the Duchy of Urbino, and the Marsh of Ancona. The murder of the gallant general Duphot at Rome, under the eyes of the accredited Ambassador of France, urged on the fate of the "Niobe of Nations." The military occupation of Rome followed*, and the once

* When Joseph Bonaparte was ambassador at Rome, a great movement had already discovered itself among the youth towards Republicanism; and on the occasion of a public dinner given by the ambassador at the Palace Corsini, where he lodged, a large band of young men appeared before the window of the French Embassy, and shouted Viva la Republica!! The Pope's troops were instantly put under arms, and joined by the party then curiously enough stigmatised with the name of "*Papists*," and the Court of the Corsini Palace was filled with an armed multitude. General

proud capital of the world became a French province, by the name of the Department of the Tiber!!! Prefects presided where Pontiffs had reigned; and the "*Leoni in Vaticano*" beheld "*La Tremenda Vanità di Francia,*" urging its reforms even to the very gates of St. Peter's,—hunting the murderer from the asylum of the altar*, wresting the knife from the grasp of the assassin, lighting up the dark coverts of tongueless iniquities, regulating time by European calculation, loosening the ties of bigoted fraternity, forcing indolence into the ranks of industry, and cleansing the state of "*that perilous stuff,*" which had long weighed upon its prosperity, and corrupted the life sources of its morals.†

THE genuine society of Rome is almost inaccessible to strangers; but to those for whom favourable circumstances may have procured an insight into its interior, it appears obviously to have undergone fewer changes by the Revolution, than any other city in Italy. It never felt the master-touch of him who,

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Duphot came to the open balcony to demand the reason of this outrage—a violation on the sacredness of the embassy:—a well-aimed shot killed him while he was speaking. The military occupation of Rome avenged his death. Joseph Bonaparte only saved his life by means of the republican party, who carried him over the garden-walls to a place of safety.

* The privilege of asylum to assassins possessed for centuries in Rome by the Cardinals, the Inquisition, and Ambassadors, under the name of "*Jurisdictions,*" was instantly abolished. The common people were deprived of stilettos. A regular police was established. The *sbirri* were replaced by gens-d'armerie, and assassination became, in the course of five years, as rare as in other countries. On the return of the Pope, the common people in their quarrels resorted to their ancient habit of stabbing; but, immediate application of the *cavalletto* or bastinado, established since the restoration, succeeded in again repressing such quarrels, and such summary vengeance. Every quarter of the city has now a Commissary of Police. The Governor of Rome is supreme over all.

† At the treaty of Tolentino, the Pope ceded, of his own accord, nearly all the statues that went to Paris. He did more:—in order to reconcile the Romans to their loss, he not only employed the eloquent and celebrated preacher Monsignore Tenai, of the Congregation of the Mission, to preach them into resignation, and erected stations in the streets for the purpose; but while the Apollo was packing up, occupied their attention by preaching himself, declaring that St. Paul commanded the breaking of statues, and Constantine had ordered their public sale, as a mark of his contempt; that it was the Cross and the Virgin, not Gods and Goddesses, that should engross the attention of true Christians; and that it was not the shrines of their Saints, but the statues of the Capitol, which brought heretics to their holy city, and their bad example among the elect of St. Peter. The Pope preached—the people listened; and the statues were permitted to depart, with as little sensation as they were seen to return.

though pleased with the titles of Charlemagne and Cæsar, came not to the Capitol to be crowned, nor to St. Peter's to be consecrated. Bonaparte, who twice conquered Italy, never saw Rome!—a fact that belongs to the series of incongruities which made up his character and fortunes. Whatever colour of reform, or feature of change, may be found in the circles of Roman society, belongs almost exclusively to the Cittadini of the best description, including persons of liberal profession, artists, some of the *employés*, and the *mercanti di campagna*, or gentlemen farmers or agriculturists, whose landed property has grown out of the sale of the Church estates during the Revolution; and who, though chiefly resident at Rome, live by the produce of their farms, in various parts of the Roman states. If something of cleanliness and order is visible in a Roman *ménage*, if stairs are found lighted* at night, and rooms look not dirty by day, the innovation on ancient manners is only to be found in the dwellings of this respectable class†. It is in this class also that what little social intercourse is kept up at Rome is most frequent; and I take it on the word of persons who had better opportunities of judging from observation than myself, that among this class, almost exclusively, may be found the liberal principles and enlightened views, so diffused in the other capital cities of Italy among all orders. It was this class that chiefly participated in the benefits of the recent changes; and they look back to the past with a regret in which personal interests and self-love may have no inconsiderable influence. I remember a cockney dame of Rome, on whom we chanced to light, who loved to speak of her intimacy with the great during the days of republican equality, always calling the Prince B*** "*Camillo*," and the Duchess de L*** "*La Margarita*," usually adding, "*for thus we called each other in the time of our Republic!*"

While the Roman shopkeeper, (who lolls and lounges in his *bulk*‡ all day,

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* With the exceptions of the diplomatic palaces, and those occupied by the English and the Bonapartes, I do not ever remember to have seen the court or stairs of a Roman palace lighted; even the laquais of the Cardinals carry a little lantern, with which they light up their Eminences, and the custom is universal. Those who visit without servants, carry their own lantern, which they extinguish and leave in the anti-room, while they pay their *prima-sera* visit.

† The private houses of Rome, which are small and ill-built, are called Sixtus Quintus's houses, and were principally built by him.

‡ The genuine Roman shop is a sort of open stall, without glass windows; precisely resembling

and asks a price *a capriccio* for his French and British wares,) seeks his recreation at the Palicorda or the Comic Opera—while the inferior dealer knows no enjoyment beyond stuffing, with twenty others, into a hired calesh, on Sunday noons, and driving through the hot and dirty streets, "*per fare il pizzacarolo*"—the Cittadini have more refined sources of recreation: they hold a musical accademia in each other's houses, or assemble to assist at a "*Tragedia alla Tavola,*" (the reading round a table some favourite tragedy of Alfieri or Monti); or if of the higher order, they attend the *conversazione* of some *Mezza Dama*, or *half lady;* a class of provincial nobility, who come from the cities of La Marca, or the Legations, to pass the winter at Rome, and who, if permitted by courtesy to visit a Signora *Principessa,* are never presumed to be of her circle, nor admitted to the house of such ambassadors as rightly understand the true Roman "*dignità!*" Two of the loveliest and most highly-gifted women in Italy were not invited to M. Blacas's weekly *soirées,* because they were only by birth *Mezza-nobile,* or what in England is called gentry.

Apart from the great mass of the population, separated by the distinctions of ages, foul and fatuous as an Indian fakeer, and sunk in the dusky niche of its splendid sty, vegetates the Roman patrician, or prince of the empire! The morning is lounged away by the heir of the Gregories and the Clements in a dusty great coat, (the modern Roman toga,) rarely changed at any season of the day for a better garb. An early, but not a princely, dinner follows; succeeded by the siesta and the Corso, a funereal drive in a long narrow street, relieved in summer by a splashy course in the Piazza Navona†. The prima sera is passed in some noble palace, where, at the end of a long suite of unlighted rooms, sits the *Signora Principessa*, twinkling her eyes before a solitary lamp, or pair of candles, whose glimmer is scarce visible in the gloomy space, which a fire never cheers; while the caldanini, whose embers have expired in the atmosphere of her petticoat, is presented to the most distinguished of her visitors; and such a conversation ensues as minds

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those which still exist at Pompeii. The shops in the Corso, the Bond-street of Rome, are modernized, and since the French occupation, filled with all sorts of French merchandize, which indeed supplies all Italy.

† Before the Roman nobility are expelled by the mal-aria from Rome, for a short time, to their villas, one of the favourite recreations is driving in the Piazza Navona (which is laid under water for the occasion), and eating figs and Bologna puddings filled with garlic: curious "sport for ladies."

without activity or resource may be supposed to supply:—a sermon of the popular preacher, Padre Pacifico, if it be Lent; a *Cecisbeo* faithless or betrayed, if at the Carnival, fill up the time till the opera commences, or until the only two genuine Roman houses open to society in Rome, light up their *rouge et noir* tables—the sole object for which company is received or for which company go*.

The Palace of the Princess Pauline Borghese, though she is a Roman princess by marriage, can scarcely be called a Roman house: it is, however, the most hospitable house in Rome †: her dinner-parties are frequent and sumptuous, her concerts and soirées weekly. In her circles a great proportion of the conclave may always be found; for since the days of Pope Joan, no lady was ever so attended to by Cardinals, as the beautiful Pauline. Lucien and Louis Bonaparte, though they have fine palaces, live exclusively in the bosom of their family. But by far the most distinguished and interesting of that family is the venerable mother of NAPOLEON. Retaining great remains of the most brilliant beauty, dignified in adversity as she was moderate in prosperity, her thoughts and feelings have now but one sole object—the prisoner of St. Helena; whose pride she reproved in the days of his glory‡, whose fall she

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* The circle of Signore Torlonia, the banker, (Duke of Bracciano,) is so truly European, and so made up of persons from all quarters of the globe, that it would be a libel to call it a *Roman house*. His hospitality is without bounds, and his attention to British subjects deserves their warmest gratitude. The Duchess di Bracciano holds weekly assemblies, which resemble an English rout. Signore Torlonia is the only Roman gentleman who purchases the works of modern artists. In his superb palace in the *Piazza di Venezia*, the walls and ceilings are covered with the exquisite designs of Palaggi of Milan, and Camucci; and the grand salon contains that powerful effort of Canova's genius, which refutes the insidious praise that he should work only for the Graces—his Hercules and Lichas. Signore Torlonia is the founder of his own fortunes; his title is a purchase.

† The Duchess of Devonshire, though a permanent resident in Rome, cannot be reckoned as belonging to that city. Her house is the centre of the best society, foreign or Italian; and it possesses all the *agrémens* which wealth, rank, taste, and high cultivation can bestow.

‡ Shortly after Bonaparte's elevation to the Imperial throne, meeting his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, half playfully, half seriously, he held his hand to her to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and presenting her own in the presence of his suite, said, "C'est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie." We observed the pictures of all her handsome children in the room she occupied, (and where we generally found her spinning, with her prayer-book beside her;) there were four of them kings when they sat for her, with the Emperor, their brother, at their head; viz.

laments, more as the child of her affections than the sovereign of a mighty empire. We saw much of this venerable lady (though in general she receives no company), and fancied we could trace in her energy and force of character the source from whence her extraordinary son derived his talents.

In the genuine patrician palace all is the most rigid economy, united to a slovenliness which is rarely the sin of thrift: there the clerk of the kitchen is frequently a sort of domestic *traiteur*, who finds the family of his lord in very coarse fare, at so much a head*; while the laundress's weekly bill exhibits no extravagant items; and no "*partial ablutions, performed with oriental scrupulosity,*" shame the general tinge of drapery, fine and faded as the worn-out consequence it decorated. The slovenly *douliette* and cap of the morning†, may be changed in the evening for the velvet robe and diamond tiara; but nothing else is changed with it; and the *chemise de parade* of the ancient cavaliere servante, with its point ruffles, though laid by from week to week, is not, alas! laid by in *lavender*. In this circle, if not of pure, at least of unmixed aristocracy, the Cardinals take the most distinguished place. With small incomes, large establishments‡, and few resources, their great object is to seek the

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the Kings of Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, (her son-in-law Murat.) "You see," she said, one day as I was looking on Napoleon's picture, "when my son Bonaparte sat for me, I made him lay aside his crown." Which was the case.

* We were assured that many of the nobles supped nightly at the restaurateur's, to avoid the expense of a table at home.

† The French toilette, as introduced with the French occupation, is the model of the Roman. The latter, however, is less fastidious than its original. When Lalande visited Rome, in the middle of the last century, he observed there were but *four beauties* to be found among the high circle of Rome: there is precisely the same number now. The female aristocracy are low and fat, and have what the French call *un air empesé*, the result of their indolent lives: they are generally extremely pale. One of the four beauties alluded to, is the most perfect blondine I ever saw. The stranger's preconceived ideas of Roman beauty is only to be found occasionally realized among the common people.

‡ I was obliged to decline the honour of the visits of one or two of their Eminences, merely because my little antiroom was not large enough to hold their suite. It is but just to say, that among the members of the Conclave are some very agreeable men. They are, generally speaking, ultra in politics, but not more ultra than the Protestant hierarchy of England. While the bench of English Bishops, to the disgrace of Christianity, (if Christians were answerable for the conduct of those who affect to profess it,) are voting against the rights of their fellow Christians the Irish Catholics in

means of saving money, and spending time. They are still the *beaux garçons* of Roman society, and are seen every where in all the innocent levity of sprightly caducity, sporting their red stockings and powdered toupees, waiting in the salons of princesses and duchesses, till the Holy Spirit shall have elected them for the object of its special grace, to fill the chair of St. Peter, to punish or absolve the sins in others, which they have themselves abjured with *conversazioni* and the *calotte*.

But after all that can be said of the *Gaillards* of the Conclave; after all that *ever has been* said of kids, kittens, and widows; there is nothing like the flippant friskiness of the Roman *Monsignori* or *Prelati*—a sort of laico-ecclesiastics, denoting their holy calling by purple stockings and band; and intimating their mundane propensities by a sort of ubiquity; which exhibits the class, like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once, and multiplies their existence, till the reiteration of their presence wears out the welcome their bustling vivacity commands, in a city where all but themselves seems to

"*Drag at every step a lengthen'd chain.*"

I have at this moment one of these Monsignori before my eyes, who, as I sat at work in my Roman lodgings, amused himself and me by taking off the cold, formal, unbending English *abord*. I had begun the conversation by speaking of the Irish Catholics, and lamenting their long and hard endurance. To such observations he gave a cool brief "*Povera gente!*"* and then went on with his imitations, "*Ecco gli Inglesi; vanno così, dritto, dritto!*"†—and he

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the British Senate,—the Roman Cardinals, with the Pope at their head, are breaking through the old prejudices of their church, to favour the Protestant worship. In the capital of Catholicism, a procession of Hugonots, with the respectable Mr. Necker of Geneva at their head, were permitted, in 1820, to go publicly to their communion.

* "Poor people!" It is a fact, that a word from Lord Castlereagh, or even from Lady Castlereagh, would have more influence at Rome than the whole five millions of Irish Catholics, with their Primate and Bishops at their head. During the Passion Week, while the Queen of England was refused a guard of honour by the Papal Government, and was thus shut out from all the gaudy ceremonies of that season, an English Ministerial Lady had *a sort of a guard of honour* assigned her, to conduct her to all the ceremonies. Since the times of "the Queen of the Goths and Vandals," Christine, no such *pontifical* honours were ever assigned to any dame as to this!

† "Look at the English: this is their walk, upright, and starch."

stalked up and down the room like an ossified body thrown into movement by a galvanic operation.

After the Princes, Cardinals, and Monsignori, once came their Laquais, a powerful order half a century back, but now only remarkable as exhibiting the most grotesque appearance which the union of filth and finery ever presented. The Roman footman, in great families, is a medium between a *Giles Joulter* and a *Jessemy*, a *Scrub* and a *Scapin*;—his superb livery-coat (superb even when faded) hangs or stretches on his shoulders, as his dimensions vary from that of his predecessor in the last age; and sits like a straight-waistcoat, or falls like a caftan, as he is short or tall, meagre or bulky—concealing or revealing the old topped-boots purchased of some English groom; while a large laced cocked-hat is gallantly enough thrown back from the dirty face, which harmonises, in tints and texture, with the coarse black and yellow calico handkerchief, in which his rarely shaven chin retires from public view. With little to do but to smoke themselves over the brazier in the antiroom, and stand behind the carriage of their lord or lady, such is "*La Livrée di Roma*," once the most insolent, and now the most craving class, next to the professional beggar.

Shortly after our arrival in Rome, when our letters and cards had been left, and our visits returned, I happened to go into the antiroom, and found it crowded with strange servants. Our own followed me back to the drawing-room, and said, these were the *capi di famiglia* of several of the persons whom we had visited; and that they had come to wish me a good morning, and make their compliments. I sent them my thanks, and wished them a good morning in return, supposing this to be a Roman civility. Our valet smiled, and said that was not sufficient—that they had come for their Mancia*; and he presented me the amount of what I ought to distribute among them (at least more than a month's wages, as servants are paid in Rome). Even the Cardinal Minister's servants call, the day after his levée, on all who are presented, to demand their vales; and the nobility of Rome, so far from seeing the meanness in such exactions, would resent the offence of a refusal to de-

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* A Foreign Minister at Florence told us, that he dreaded a visit to Rome, from the expense incidental to the visits of ceremony his situation obliged him very literally *to pay*. I should be afraid to repeat the number of pounds sterling he distributed, at a scudo a time, to these craving domestics, who repeat their five-shilling visit a second time, on the eve of (the stranger's) departure from Rome.

mands, which they seem to consider as a mark of respect (and it may be something more) to themselves. If, however, Rome preserves this habit, once equally prevalent in England*, it is simply the result of that interdiction placed by its despotic Government on all changes and reformations: and if, in this very slight sketch of Roman manners, traits degrading to humanity have been exhibited in the truth of historic relation, be it remembered, that Rome was the country of the Catos and the Scipios! of Brutus and of Cicero! of Cornelia and of Portia!—and that, if it is now the last in the scale of nations, it is still the same Rome which produced a race, for whose energy and prowess the world had no parallel. That it has fallen, is the work of despotism and corruption; and that, like the rest of Italy, it may never rise again from its fearful debasement, is the hope and effort of Allied Sovereigns, their Cabinets, and their dependents. Should one gleam of its antique valour shine forth upon its settled darkness, thousands of "swords would leap from their scabbards" to punish the daring innovation:—even now, while the scaffold is raised in Turin, and the tribunal is opened at Naples, while nations, goaded to madness by suffering and oppression, are called on to the judgment-seats of runaway kings, (restored by foreign bayonets to their thrones,) to answer for the crime of *self-defence*—England, safe in her insular retreat from continental commotions, hears the organ of her government, her constitutional government, applaud the avenging tyrants of Italy, calling on them "*to beware of unwise mercy,*" and reminding them, (lest the hatchet *should* fall tardily, or the rope slacken, or the dungeon close,) that "*indemnity for the past—security for the future, demands blood.*

Aye—"*Shed blood enough, old Renault.*"†

To the "OLD RENAULTS" of Naples and Piedmont such advice is needless!—but, oh! land of the Russells and the Hampdens, it is hard it should come from you!!

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* It is a curious observation of a traveller, who had visited both *Rome* and *England*, that, notwithstanding the extortions of the Roman servants, he found them less exacting than the London servants—"*Avec tout cela, il en coute bien moins qu'en Angleterre!*" LALANDE.—Poor Goldsmith and Doctor Johnson complained that they could *not afford* to dine at noblemen's houses.

† Copied from *The Courier*, as this sheet was going to press.

In a state where there is no public press, the circle of intellect must be necessarily circumscribed, and the sphere of genius narrowed to a span. Rome, however, has learned men, and even her learned women. Classical erudition has but little to fear from Pontifical censors, or the fulminations of the Index. Even such branches of science as do not bear upon the social order, are permitted to be explored, though the ingenious and learned Abate Settele had not, when we left Rome, been permitted to publish his little book, which taught Roman children that the earth moved round the sun *; and the poor Abate di Rossi (an Ex-Jesuit), whose publications during the last thirty years had procured him great celebrity, was withering in neglect and poverty, at an advanced age.

Marini, however, writes uncensured on military fortifications. The able physician and chemist, Dr. Morichini, the only physician in Rome known to Europe, is permitted to discuss, unreproved, the magnetic properties of purple lights; and Amati and Lanci † may possess as much Greek and Oriental lore as would turn any heads but their own. On such works the Roman pontifical censors ‡, "the *Douaniers de l'esprit*," lean lightly, if they are ordered not to

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* The reasons assigned for the Censors' delay in licensing Settele's work were cogent; namely, that as *Joshua* had *stopped* the sun in his course, the sun must originally have moved; and that as *no advice* had since arrived of any change having taken place in the upper regions, to talk of the earth's moving round the sun would look very like heresy. Upon further consideration, however, they have lately granted the desired permission; probably on a conviction that Joshua's command was the epoch of a new social order in the heavens.

† To these learned names may be added those of the Abate Colandralli; Conti, of the Observatory of the Roman College; Scarpellini, perpetual Secretary of l'Academie des Lycées; the learned mathematician Reichback, and the antiquarian Cancelliari. The Cavaliere Gherardo di Rossi is advantageously known as the author of some works on antiquities, poetry, dramas, &c. &c. &c.

‡ The names of these worthies are worth recording:—The chief sbirro in the literary department is the Reverendissimo e Illustrissimo Padre Filippo Anfossi, a *Dominican Monk*: the second in command, called the *Revisore*, is a certain Signore Petrosettini, the government bookseller. The hatred of the Dominican to *all* books, and the desire of the Revisore to sell *some*, induces a perpetual warfare between these compeers, and "then," said a commissioner, who had the sending off our books from Rome, "*cosa è d'ammattirsi.*"—("It is enough to drive one mad.") Having purchased and sent off books in most of the Italian cities we visited, we thought there was no difficulty in doing so in Rome; but, on their being sent to a commissioner's to be dispatched to *Civita Vecchia*, we were informed that no books could *leave Rome* without being examined by the *Reverendissimo* and the Revisore; and that if one exceptionable book was found, such as Boccacio, Guicciardini, &c. &c. it would be seized and confiscated. We consulted with our banker, who drew up for us a memorial to present to the Do-

lean heavily; for when left to themselves, their blunders are so numerous and humorous, that even the Cardinal Minister is occasionally heard to exclaim on complaints coming before him of the "*trenta e tre disgrazie*" of these *Menechinos* of the Holy Office, "*O! che bestie! O! che sciocchi!*"—(Oh! what beasts, what blockheads!)

With learned ladies the unlearned author of these pages never has been popular. Belonging to a country *where stockings* of any colour are frequently dispensed with, she never was able to mount even a pair of BLUE *tracheens* (a substitute in Ireland with those who cannot afford even *socks*), and she has lived on through her little worthless life of authorship, distant from that hallowed circle, "where none dare tread but they" whose "*deep cerulean azure*" receives no tint less pure. The boast, therefore, is natural, which she hastens to make, of having known and been most kindly received by the few

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minican, to intreat his permission to carry away our own property. He returned it with contempt. The books he would see, and if there was a *Locke* or a *Beccaria*, they were confiscated to the State! Her Grace the Duchess of D— undertook to plead our cause with the Minister, who assured us that it was a mere matter of form. The Dominican replied *it was no matter of form;* and that, if there was a bad book in the number, it was the Church's by right, and the Church should have her right! The result was, that we did not attempt to send away all our books, as we had originally intended, by sea: we gave some away, and others we smuggled in our own carriage; for the Doganieri on the great routes are open to the influence of a few pauls. While we were in Rome, these *drolls* seized on Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Works, and permitted Dupuis Origines des Cultes, Hume's Essays, and Gibbon's Rome to pass. Against *Locke* they are as declared enemies as the late Provost of the Dublin University, who has erased his work on government from the College course. Priest for priest, the Dominican Monk is the most consistent of the two. There is but one newspaper, *Il Diario di Roma*, which is *impayable*. It is devoted to the registry of church ceremonies, with now and then a translation from the English Courier on politics. The pleasantest part is the attempt of the translator to *do* into Italian the contemptuous expressions of the Courier for the people. They translated a term of Lord Castlereagh's, the "base people,"—*popolaccio*, the great nasty people. The affray which occurred at the door of the Spanish Ambassador, was translated La bestemmia e la sedizione d'Inghilterra. The Courier calls the people of England "*promiscuous crew*"—"*countless rabble*"—"*tatterdemalions*"—"*wretches*"—"*mob*"—"*scum;*" and these the translator has wholly thrown out: the whole Della-Cruscan affording no epithets of opprobrium adequate to express the loyal Billingsgate of the organ of the British Cabinet against the nation,—pour trancher le mot, he has recourse to his popolaccio; so that in Italy the English will be soon known by no other term than that of "*the great nasty people*"—or *I radicali del secolo*. For the amusement of the reader, a leaf taken from the Diario di Roma, at random, is subjoined in the Appendix, together with an extract from the Pope's Index, or list of prohibited books.

native learned ladies resident at Rome when she was there; a term which, without the slightest tinge of irony, is applicable to the excellent and ingenious Signora Dionigi, the author of a very erudite work on the Roman antiquities, illustrated by her own beautiful views; for, distinguished as a writer, Signora Dionigi is still more distinguished as an artist; her conversazioni are frequented by strangers, and they owe much of their attraction to the talents of her daughter, an accomplished improvisatrice.

The Marchese Sacrati is said to be a person of much erudition; her learning, however, does not appear through her easy and pleasant conversation. She has produced some novels, written in the style of English novels fifty years back; but as the Roman press is not now open to such productions, she has, I believe, resigned her vocation of contributing to the harmless stock of innocent amusement.

But there is one whom I almost fear to mention, and yet would fain enumerate, on a list where she has every right to take the lead. Will the young and beautiful Countess Perticari pardon the hand that "*writes her down*" LEARNED? With so many better-founded claims to admiration than authorship can bestow, will she forgive me, if I instance her "*canzone to the rose*" as being worthy of her father's pen; while I confess at the same time, were I to choose, I would rather have her eyes, than all the learning of the handsome head they are set in. She, who is herself so feminine, will probably understand the womanish vanity of the ignorant preference.

It is pleasant to take leave of Rome, with one of its greatest though most unobtrusive ornaments, and to take with us the pleasant recollections of hours and evenings enjoyed in the society of such beneficent and such enlightened minds as the Count and Countess Perticari's.*

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* The Countess Constantia Perticari is the only child of the poet Monti, and inherits much of her father's talents. She is the only Roman lady I ever saw who at all realized my ideas of the Roman beauty of antiquity. The Count Perticari is a nobleman of Pesaro, whose learned and philological pursuits induce him to spend his winters in Rome. His works have been alluded to already in the course of these pages.

CHAP. XXI.

ROME.—CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

Preliminary Remarks.—CHRISTMAS.—*The Pipers from the Mountains.—Church Decorations.—Shops.—Procession of the Culla.—Festa di Cattedra.—Benediction of the Candles.—Benediction of the Beasts.—The* CARNIVAL.—PASSION WEEK.—*Sudden Influx of Foreigners.—Palm Sunday.—The Miserere in the Sistine Chapel.—Music.—Holy Thursday.—Service in the Sistine.—Illumination of the Paoline Chapel.—The washing and feeding of Pilgrims.—Benediction.—Good Friday.—Dinner in St. Peter's.—Adoration of the Pope and Cardinals.—Illuminated Cross.—Easter Sunday.—Service in St. Peter's.—Benediction.—Fireworks at St. Angelo's, and Illumination of the Vatican.—Departure from Rome.*

ALL religions have abounded in ceremony, from the moment they have made part of a state system; and the Temples of Brahmah in Cashmir, of the Dalai Lama in Thibet, of Isis in Egypt, of Jupiter in Greece, and of St. Peter's in Rome, have witnessed the celebration of mysteries, performed less in honour of the Deity than for imposition upon man. Of all other religious systems, that supported by the Jewish hierarchy seems to have been the most loaded with forms, the most encumbered with rites, the most lavish in details, and the most gorgeous in decoration. The policy of its High Priests, however, became occasionally dangerous to their power; and the people, whom they led and influenced through the medium of the senses, became prone to idolatry, and curious to practise the rites of foreign superstitions. The Divine founder of Christianity came to reform this corruption, and to simplify the rites of the Church of MOSES—to replace a load of idle and superstitious ceremonies, stained by many crimes, and weakened by many ab-

surdities, with a religion, whose leading dogma was "Peace and good-will towards Men," whose leading rite* was borrowed from the social feelings, and represented by the simplest and most social of acts. He commanded no churches, and is rarely represented as entering them, except to reprobate the system, and to impeach the practices by which their temporal splendour and power were promoted. He authorized but one sacrifice, and was himself the victim. He raised no altars, and adorned no shrines; for he preached in the Desert, and admonished from the Mountain! He draped not his followers in "*purple and fine linen;*" but evinced his contempt of such trappings, when, pointing to the field-flower that sprang at his feet, he declared that "*Solomon, in all his glory, was not clothed like one of these.*" He left no models for episcopal mitres, or pontifical tiaras:—his own was a crown of thorns! He ordained no processional ceremonies, and ordered no public thanksgivings. He limited the reserved privacy of man's communication with his God, to "*two or three*;" but most he commended *him* who should shun all publicity in the solemn offerings of his heart to heaven, and who, in the deep seclusion of his closet, should raise that short and simple prayer, so conformable to the wants and weakness and dependence of the species—the only prayer he dictated, and the only prayer man need proffer. His system, founded on the laws of nature and the immutability of moral truth, and consecrated by the divinity of his mission, was fatal to all existing *state churches,*—alike dangerous to the hierarchies of Moses and of Jupiter. The followers of both rose against him. Jews and Gentiles for once became united, under the sympathy of mutual interests; and he who was alike averse from the worship in the Temples of Solomon and of Ephesus, was persecuted, condemned, and crucified. A religion arose in the course of succeeding ages, which, taking the name, and affecting some of the doctrines of Christianity, exhibited a ritual, splendid, and ceremonious, beyond all which Jerusalem or Athens had ever witnessed: it attacked every sense, it seized on every feeling, it intoxicated the imagination, it set reason at defiance, and became at once the duty and recreation, the penalty and pleasure of its followers. New relations in society, con-

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* The last supper—the most beautiful, the most touching of all religious rites—the only one left by our Saviour, who never practised nor imposed the ceremony of baptism, though in his meekness he submitted to it.

nected with new interests, at length broke up its unity, and diminished its influence; but if in the branching off from the parent stem, a dogma was dropped, or a mystery denied, the principle remained the same, and even forms lost but little. St. Paul's, in London, differed but in degree from St. Peter's at Rome; and Canterbury in his palace, and Durham on his throne, were but modifications of the Pontiff of the Vatican, or the Patriarch at St. Petersburgh.

The CHURCH was still the same, whether GREEK, or ROMAN, or ENGLISH —gorgeous in its forms, exclusive in its principles, and arrogant in its pretensions,—first grasping at universal power, afterwards contented to share a domination it could not exclusively possess. In all its phases it was inimical to liberty, and most particularly to *that liberty* against which its ministers publicly petitioned in the most enlightened days of the most enlightened country—liberty of conscience.*

The ceremonies of the Church of Rome, revived in the present period in all their original splendour, startle the English Protestant spectator, by their resemblance to the rites of his own more sober church. Beneath the domes of St. Peter, he is reminded of the service of the aisles of Westminster—amidst the regal elegance of the chapel of the Quirinal, the courtly chapel of St. James's is remembered; and the anniversary of the Epiphany†, celebrated in

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* See the petition against the ordinance for liberty of conscience, presented by the Seven Bishops to James the Second, while they declared "their holy mother church of England" was "*unquestionably loyal*," &c. &c. &c. The persecutions of the Church of Rome are perfectly consistent with its alleged infallibility; whereas the reformed churches, in restricting liberty of conscience, militate against the fundamental principle of their own system. The solution of this contradiction is easy. The doctrines of the two Churches differ, but the worldly interest of the hierarchy is the same in both.

† While we were at Rome, an English gentleman sent us the *Courier* to read, which had just arrived; and the first paragraph we glanced on, was so precisely similar to the news of the *Diario di Roma* (which we laid down to pounce on the English paper), that we were reduced to the alternative of the showman, who, asked by two schoolboys, which of his puppets was the Pope, and which the Emperor, replied, "Which you please, young gentlemen, which you please!" The paragraph alluded to ran as follows:—"Yesterday being the anniversary of the Epiphany, the same was observed in the *usual manner*, at the Chapel Royal of St. James's. The ceremony of presenting a box of gold, with frankincense and myrrh, in imitation of the offering of the wise men of the East, was performed, accompanied by two gentlemen ushers ("*the wise men*"), after which an appropriate Anthem was sung, &c. &c. &c."

both with similar pomp, recalls in both the days of the Gregories and the Wolseys. Cromwell's soldiers called the service of the church of England, "the mass done into English."—This is a truth undeniable by those who have read the three services of the church of Rome, which are united in the morning ritual of the Protestant church; for Elizabeth laughingly observed to *her* council of Trent—"*the English love prayers; let us give them enough*"—and enough they have got. If in the Roman temples, the music is finer, the decorations more splendid, the vestments more gorgeous, the forms more multiplied, than in England—if, instead of mahogany angels with wings glued behind their ears, and the nasal twang of parish clerks and parish children, the seraphs of Raphael and the music of Pergolese are every where seen and heard; be it remembered that Italy is the region of the arts, and that England never was. But still her hierarchy does what it can, to lure the soul through the medium of sense. Every country church paints the back of her high altar with a yellow sun, or a glaring eye; and every pulpit, hung with velvet and gold, mounts a cushion of down, to be thumped by the orthodox hand, whose striking arguments against the "pomps and vanity of this wicked world" are thus curiously illustrated.*

That there are fewer rites allowed, fewer ceremonies performed, and fewer festivals appointed by the Protestant prayer-book to "*be kept holy,*" is no merit in the church—it is the people of England that are to be thanked, whose industrious habits, œconomy of time, and good sense, were opposed

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* The Presbyterians in the time of Cromwell openly accused the church of England of idolatry. Their solemn observance of Christmas, they said, was *pure papism*, "contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity. Their praying for the king (a papist), or for any other king, they said, was a human innovation, for which they had no scripture warrant." All the private memoirs of that day, and most pleasantly of all, *Evelyn's*, illustrate how truly *Romish and Catholic* the orthodox Protestant of England then was, in forms and language. They are found perpetually quoting "*their holy mother church*," lamenting over the "*persecuted church*," &c. &c. Evelyn himself is in horrors because upon some occasion the *Benedicite* was not pronounced as it now is in all Catholic churches on the continent; and deems it a sacrilege that Cromwell should dine out with a Lord Mayor on *Ash Wednesday*. All his "*church of Englandism*," however, is amusingly mixed up with his loyalty to the notoriously papistical Stuarts, and with joy at the return of his own party to *place* and *power*.—"I dined at court, and gave God thanks for his many signal mercies to myself, church, and nation. This night his Majesty promised to make my wife Lady of the Jewels to the future queen." This is *impayable!!!*

to the wishes of the then ministers, and to the hierarchy of that day. Labouring to support their families, to defend their country at home or abroad, they left, and still leave the strict observances of fasts and feasts, with offerings of "frankincense and myrrh in gold boxes," to the frequenters of royal chapels, to bishops of London and gentlemen ushers in the character of the wise men of the—*west*. In Rome, on the contrary, and in most Catholic countries on the continent, the people, denied all interest in public affairs, and condemned to poverty and inactivity by their political institutes, seek resource, and find almost their only recreation, in the ceremonies of the church: the priesthood, by celebrating the forms prescribed by their ritual, conform to the wishes of the lowest classes; and they forward their own influence, while they perpetuate the errors on which it is founded. The *dictum* of the church, in both instances, is nearly the same—the relaxation of its forms depends upon the greater or lesser illumination of the people.

Our view of the high and splendid ceremonies of the Roman church began with the Christmas festivities of 1819. These were announced ten days before, by such symptoms as recall the same season of religious observance and sensual enjoyment in England. The first note of preparation appeared in the arrival of the Calabrian minstrels or *pifferari*, with their sylvan pipes (*zampogne*). The costume and appearance of these men closely resemble some groups in the Villa Albani; and their instrument is doubtless of remote antiquity. It resembles the bagpipe of Ireland and Scotland; but is less harsh than the latter. The music also is wild and plaintive, and bears a resemblance of character to our national melodies, most probably derived from the limited capabilities of the instrument. We were particularly anxious to obtain the notation of these airs, but found it impossible to procure a copy. It may afford matter for speculation to determine whether the bagpipe, thus indigenous in Italy, was imported into Britain by the Romans at the conquest, or whether the invention is common to the two countries, and derived from an application of a common ingenuity to the same ends.

These minstrels were to be seen in every street of Rome, where they arrive during the last days of Advent, to play before the shrines of the Madonna, and salute her with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labour-pains on the approaching Christmas. We observed them also frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter opposite our windows. In

reply to our questions concerning this, the workmen who stood at the door said, that it was done "*per politezza al messer San Giuseppe,*" (out of respect to Saint Joseph.)

Meantime, the noise, bustle, and occupation increase, as the holy time draws near. The decorators are busied in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Devout ladies and holy nuns are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madonna and Child of their respective churches.

> Une découpe un Agnes en losange,
> Ou met du rouge à quelque bien heureux;
> L'autre décore une Vierge, aux yeux blues,
> Et passe au fer le toupet d'un ange.
>
> GRESSET.

The *cherici* (a sort of nondescripts in the service of the church, who, like the *carattere* of the Italian stage, and the *double* of the French theatre, are men of all work) are busy in making the toilette of the Virgin; and under their hands she blazes in diamonds, or shines in tin, according to the riches of the several parish treasuries. In the church of the Pantheon, she was crowned with gilt paper, and decked with glass beads; and on the same day, in Santa Maria Novella, we beheld her coal-black face set off with rubies and sapphires, which glittered on her dusky visage like "a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

While shrines and images thus dazzle with preparatory splendour within the churches, all without assumes an air of appropriate, but tantalizing festivity; for long before the termination of the black fast, the shops of the poulterers, butchers, and above all the pizzicaroli (the magazines of all that is savoury to the Roman palate, and comes best within the compass of the Roman purse), exhibit a most inviting aspect, and sharpen through the senses the too well prepared appetite, for those excesses which the Church permits to the devout in faith and zealous in stomach, in all Christian countries.

Of all the altars raised to gluttony, as by Church established, not excepting the twelfth-night-cake shops of London, the shops of these *pizzicaroli* take the lead. There the Bologna pudding of immortal memory, rivals the dried salmon and savoury tunny fish of Corsica; while the fancy sports in Raphaelesque traceries and gay festoons of sausages, *tastefully* disposed in the

glare of tallow-candles, round the Saint or the Madonna; which serves at once for the purposes of business and devotion, the sign and the adoration of the pious owner.

More pious and more tasteful still, the *Bazzolari*, or confectioners, offer a surer and a sweeter medium to salvation. From their glittering windows may be seen the whole army of martyrs miraculously rescued in sugar; the eleven thousand virgins preserved in brandy. There the rigid Thomas Aquinas melts in the mouth; the temptations of St. Anthony are easily digested; and St. Athanasius, with his creed to boot, might by the most sceptical controversialist that ever refused to believe with St. Augustin what was impossible, be swallowed in gilt gingerbread. Every trade in Rome is made to contribute to the festivity of Christmas week; and even the barber, so often obliged to shut up his shop in other seasons, now annually prepares his chair and basin in the certainty of an harvest, as rarely reaped as beards in Rome are rarely shaven.

At last the hour of attack approaches; announced, like other hours of attack, by the beating of drums and the firing of artillery. The cannons of St. Angelo, which warlike Popes have so often directed against their rebellious flock, are heard at Christmas eve to announce the festivity. The echoes of the Palatine and the Campidoglio repeat the awful sounds; shops are shut, saloons are deserted, and all retire to that repose which is to fortify them for the fatigues of the night. The midnight supper and the midnight lauds begin the holy revel; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Cœli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake.

With their sins forgiven, and their appetites satisfied, a clear conscience, and a full stomach, the devotees then bend their steps to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to attend the procession of the *culla*, or cradle of Christ, which is removed from its shrine, and exposed during Christmas-day on the high altar, to the adoration of the faithful. We arrived at midnight, an hour earlier than fashion dictates; when a scene burst upon us, beggaring all description. Emerging from the gloomy darkness of the Roman streets into the illuminated space of one of the most magnificent of Christian temples, and doubtless surpassing the temple of Juno Lucina, on whose ruins it was raised,

its three ample naves, separated by rows of Ionic columns* of white marble, produced a splendid vista. Thousands of wax tapers marked their form, and contrasted their shadows: some blazed from golden candlesticks on the superb altars of the lateral chapels, upon sculptured Popes, who, in all the array of human grandeur, are seen through a medium that adds to their gigantic proportions. Draperies of gold and crimson decked the columns, and spread their shadows from the intercolumniations, over the marble pavement.

In the midst of this imposing display of Church magnificence, sauntered or reposed a population which displayed the most squalid misery. The haggard natives of the mountains, the labourers who had that night deserted their cabins of straw and furze on the Campagna, to avail themselves of the saturnalia and slumber upon precious marbles, were mixed with the whole mendicity of Rome, seeking one night's shelter beneath a roof, for heads accustomed to crouch beneath open porticos and projecting doorways. Some of these terrific groups lay stretched in heaps on the ground, congregating for warmth; and as their dark eyes scowled from beneath the mantle which half hid a sheepskin dress, they had the air of banditti awaiting their prey; others with their wives and children knelt, half asleep, round the chapel of the *Santa Croce*, lost in stupid admiration of its splendour, abstracted in the repetitions of their breviary, or wondering before the relics of Joseph's holy house enshrined in porphyry. Many slept profoundly on the earth, forgetful alike of the magnificence by which they were surrounded, and the misery of their more accustomed abodes. In the centre of the nave, multitudes of gay, gaudy, noisy persons, the petty shopkeepers, laquais, and *popolaccio* of the city, strolled and laughed, and talked loud. Mixing through these bands were the inhabitants of Albano, with their curious costume and Isis headdresses, the *Trasteverini* in a still more singular habit, and crowds of English of rank and fashion sporting the appropriate or borrowed† uniform of captains and colonels, in eager expectation of novelty, but evidently annoyed by

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* These columns belonged to the Temple of Juno.

† A military habit being a passport to all the festivals, and "Captain a good travelling name" in the Vatican as well as the George Inn at Lichfield, every one who has served in a volunteer corps takes care to bring his regimentals to Rome; and some even of the church militant do not disdain to put on the whole armour of worldly warfare, in order to get a "good place to see the review."

the almost licentious crowd, and by a stench in which garlic prevailed beyond all the combined odours of frankincense, and of lavender water, to sweeten.

Expectation and impatience gradually increased as the night wore, and frequent enquiries were made of choristers and property-boys, who were bustling from chapel to chapel, from orchestra to organ-loft, some with branches, some with ladders, one with a bass-viol, another with a roll of music, and all replying to the incessantly repeated demand of "when will it begin?" with the usual *adesso, adesso,* (directly, immediately.) About three o'clock the adesso arrived. The choral swell, the blazing torches, the gigantic crucifix, and the crowded procession of priests of every rank and order, opened the service of the Nativity. This service performed in the choir was chiefly musical, and was accompanied by evolutions and changes of place, bows and genuflexions, which, though extremely imposing, were sufficiently wearisome from their inordinate length, and the drowsy hour of the night which they so tediously consumed. This service, which was scarcely seen or heard, except by the distinguished few (English, Poles, and Russians) who were admitted within the choir, lasted for two hours. Then began the procession of the cradle, consisting of the whole body of the clergy present, who proceeded to a sort of cell where the cradle lay enshrined in a blaze of tapers, and guarded by groups of devotees that had succeeded each other through the preceding day and evening. Thence it was borne with solemn chaunts to the chapel of the Santa Croce. In this interval all were in motion, scrambling and crowding from the body of the church, to secure a place in the chapel. The musicians hurrying to the orchestra, prepared for them for the second act of the evening's performance, tumbled over the sprawling crowds which knelt in their path; and the multitude who had been indifferent to the service, were now in eager motion to get a sight of the cradle. Then followed a musical mass; and the culla being at last deposited on the altar,* the wearied and exhausted spectators issued forth just as the dome of St. Peter's caught the first light of the morning; and the cupolas and spires which crown

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* The original shrine in which the real cradle was incased, was carried off by the French, who, though rogues, were on this occasion not profane, for they left the cradle itself (an old worm-eaten piece of wood) untouched and inviolate. It is now again inclosed in a cover of silver and crystal, lately presented to the Church by a Spanish Grandee.

the seven hills, rose on the eye above the dim mists of night, in which the city and its ruins were still involved. I thought I never saw the morning break so welcome, nor the air breathe so fresh, as on leaving the stench, din, glare, and heat which accompanied this vaunted ceremony. This was the moment for that religion of the heart

Whose incense smells of heaven.

La Festa di Cattedra, or commemoration of the placing of the chair of St. Peter, on the 18th of January, the Benediction of the Candles, and the Blessing of the Beasts, are the most striking ceremonies which follow Christmas and precede the Holy Week. At the extremity of the great nave of St. Peter's, behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, sheds a brilliant light upon its splendours.* This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden, not only from impious, but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.† The Festa di Cattedra is one of the very few functions, as they are called, (funzioni,) celebrated in St. Peter's. The splendidly dressed troops that line its nave, the variety and richness of vestments which clothe the various church and lay dignitaries, abbots, priests, canons, prelates, car-

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* A very curious effect, produced by transparent crystal with golden rays, placed in an opening above the chair.

† The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription, (for an inscription it was,) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith,—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Crusaders, offered to the Church at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the decyphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!

dinals, doctors, dragoons, senators, and grenadiers, which march in procession, complete, as they proceed up the vast space of this wondrous temple, a spectacle no where to be equalled within the pale of European civilization. In the midst of swords and crosiers, of halberds and crucifixes, surrounded by banners, and bending under the glittering tiara of three-fold power, appears the aged, feeble, and worn-out Pope, borne aloft on men's shoulders, in a chair of crimson and gold, and environed by slaves, (for such they look,) who waft, from plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on ivory-wands, a cooling gale, to refresh his exhausted frame, too frail for the weight of such honours. All fall prostrate, as he passes up the church to a small choir and throne, temporarily erected beneath the chair of St. Peter (or of Mahomet.) A solemn service is then performed, hosannas arise, and royal votarists * and diplomatic devotees † parade the church, with guards of honour and running footmen, while English gentlemen and ladies mob and scramble, and crowd and bribe, and fight their way to the best place they can obtain.

The Benediction of the Candles, (the Candlemas of England,) is performed in the beautiful Chapel of the Quirinal, where his Holiness himself pontificates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the Church; each going individually and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, *prelati*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the Church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chaunting, round the antichapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings, the Pope and Cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put

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* Among these were the Ex-Queen of Etruria (legitimate Duchess of Parma, but *de facto* Duchess of Lucca) and her son, the Prince of Saxe Gotha, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, the Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark, &c. &c. &c.

† Monsieur Blacas was in the ceremonies of 1820, at Rome, what Monsieur Chateaubriand appeared at Paris, in 1816. On the day of the Festa di Cattedra, he walked processionally up the Church in full-dress, preceded by running-footmen, in scarlet jackets and silver-plated caps. I asked a French Lady, who sat near me, what these running-footmen meant; and she replied, "ça réprésente la Majesté de France." This looks like an epigram, but it was spoken *tout de bon*.

on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The Blessing of the Candles takes place in all the parish churches, for the benefit of the people, who are told that this ceremony is emblematical of the light of Revelation*, and commemorative of the offering of the Virgin Mother in the temple.

THE BENEDICTION OF THE BEASTS, on Saint Anthony's Day, is a mezza-festa, or half-holiday, of that beast-loving Saint, who, it thus appears, is placed on *demi-solde*. The ceremony is performed at his own ancient little Church, near to Santa Maria Maggiore. It lasts for some days; for not only every Roman, from the Pope to the peasant, who has a horse, a mule, or an ass, sends his cattle to be blessed at St. Anthony's shrine, but all the English go with their job-horses and favourite dogs; and for the small offering of a couple of *paoli*, get them sprinkled, sanctified, and placed under the protection of that worthy personage, who was so fond of hearing himself preach, that when he had tired out all his other auditors, he preached to the fish.† Coach

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* In Brand's Popular Antiquities, the form of prayer used on this occasion is preserved. Part of it is as follows: "Oh Lord Jesu, I beseech thee that thou bless this thy creature of wax, and grant it thy heavenly benediction, by the power of the holy cross; that as it was a gift to man, by which the darkness may be driven away, so now it may be endowed with such virtue by the sign of the holy cross, that wheresoever it is lighted and placed, the evil spirit may tremble, and, with his servants, be in such terror and confusion, as to fly away from that habitation, and no more vex and disturb thy servants." (Domine Jesu, benedicas, obsecro, hanc creaturam ceream, &c. &c.)

Becon, in his "Reliques of Rome," ascribes this ceremony to a rite performed in Pagan Rome in honour of Februa, mother of Mars. "Somtyme," saith he, "when the Romains by great myght and royal power conquered all the world, they were so proude that they forgat God, and made them divers gods after their own lust. And so among all they had a god that they called Mars, that had been tofore a notable knight in battayle.....And for that they would speed the better of this knyght, the people prayed and did great worship to his mother, that was called Februa.....The Romaines this night went about the city of Rome with *torches and candles brenning*, in worship of this woman, &c. &c. Then there was a Pope, that was called Sergius, &c. &c. :....he thought to undue this foule use and custom, and turn it to God's worship and our Lady's, and gave commandment that all Christian people should come to Church, and offer up a candle brennyng, in the worship that they did to this woman Februa, and do worship to our Lady, and to her Sonne our Lord Jesus Christ," &c.

It was a custom with the chandlers, not yet obsolete in Ireland, to make presents of candles to their customers on this day.

† St. Anthony preaching to the fishes is a subject handled by several of the great masters. There is a fine picture of this miracle in the Palazzo Borghese, where the salmon look at the preacher with an edified face, and a cod, with his upturned eyes, seems anxiously seeking for the new light. This

after coach draws up, strings of mules mix with carts and barouches, horses kick, mules are restive, and dogs snarl, while the officiating priest comes forward from his little chapel, dips a brush into a vase of holy water, sprinkles and prays over the beasts, "*pockets the simony*," and retires: this ceremony is repeated as often as any candidate applies for participation in its benefits.

THE CARNIVAL.—To the ceremonies and festivities of Christmas succeeds the Carnival*, that season of enjoyment over which conscience holds no jurisdiction, and care no sway. Then the Church caters for the frailties of her children, and gives a license for errors, destined to confirm her power, and to pay the peace-offerings of contrition into her treasury. It is not by saints that any church, made up of a powerful hierarchy, and founded in worldly interests, has risen, but by sinners; and myriads have erred and suffered, that priests might continue to absolve and to—rule.

With no moral law to check, with no religious feeling to restrain, loosened from the potency of opinion, and tempted to the last lure of seduction,—that

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memorable sermon is to be had in many of the shops at Rome. St. Anthony addresses the fish, "Cari ed amati pesci!" ("Dearly beloved fish!") And the legend adds, that, at the conclusion of the discourse, the fish bowed to him "with profound humility and a grave and religious countenance:" ("con gesti di profonda umiltà e con reverente sembiante di religione.") The Saint then gave the fish his blessing, who scudded away to make new conversions—the missionaries of the main. This adventure is not however singular: the fish paid a similar compliment to St. Francis, when he was rehearsing a sermon on the shores of Gaeta.—The Church of St. Anthony, at Rome, is painted in curious old frescos, with the temptations of the Saint. In one picture he is drawn blessing the Devil, disguised in a cowl, probably at that time

"When the devil was sick, and the devil a monk would be."

The next picture shews, that

"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he:"

for St. Anthony having laid down in his coffin to meditate the more securely "*de vanitate mundi et fuga seculi;*" a parcel of malicious little imps are peeping, with all sorts of whimsical and terrific faces, over its edges, and parodying Hogarth's enraged musician. One abominable wretch blows a post-horn close to the Saint's ear, and seems as much delighted with his own music, as a boy with a jew's-harp, or a solo-player with his first *ad libitum*.

† The Carnival commences on Twelfth-day; but its public festivities are reserved for the last week, or ten days. Formerly they commenced uniformly with an execution, a criminal being reserved for the purpose. But this custom Cardinal Gonsalvi has, to his great honour, abolished.

the Italians throughout all Italy should pass their carnival more in frailty than in crime, more in folly than in licentiousness, is one among many proofs of the inherent tendency towards good—the gentle, genial organization of that amiable and much-traduced people. Love is no sin in Italy. Neither the law, the religion, nor the customs of the land, restrain its impulses, nor limit its range: and if love is not the sole business of the carnival, it at least places a large capital in the venture. The rest is all idle amusement and puerile pleasures.

The carnival, however, holds out some most favourable traits of the actual condition of the Italians; for if the young and profligate devote its days of indulgence to illicit gallantry, a large portion of the middle and inferior classes are exhibited to public observation in the touching and respectable aspect of domestic alliance and family enjoyment; which under all laws, all religions, and all governments, those classes best preserve. A group of three generations frequently presents itself, stuffed into an open carriage, ranged on hired chairs along the Corso, or towering emulously one above the other in galleries erected near the starting-post of the course; taking no other part in the brilliant tumult, than as the delighted spectators of a most singular and amusing scene.

For several days before the beginning of these festivities the "city of the dead" exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans, and jackets of pantaloons; canopies are suspended, balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry, scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces, along the whole line of the Corso; while double rows of chairs are placed along the causeway, and hired by the week, by the still less opulent candidates for festivity.

This season is the vintage for virtuosi and dealers in antiquities and pictures, who know how to take advantage of the necessity for a carriage during the week. A handsome disguise, a splendid dress, a ticket for the masked balls at the Teatro Aliberti, thus frequently diminish the treasures of a gallery, and of that little stock of virtù, which every one in Rome prides himself on possessing. The bust of a Greek sage often goes to ornament the bosom of a pretty woman, and the head of a Roman Empress is pitted against the coiffure of a French milliner; while vases and bagnuoli are slipped out privately for sale, by night, to escape the curiosity of invidious neighbours,

whose jealousy or admiration is to be excited on the following morning by the arrival of the *equipage d'obligation,* with its new liveries, or masquerading attire.

On the first day of the Corso, few of the regular forces are assembled; but all Rome is already a masquerade rehearsal. Old women are patching harlequins' jackets before their doors. Young ones assume the innocent waxen-faced mask, white trowsers, and shirt hanging loosely over every thing, with its sleeves tied with coloured ribbons—the common disguise of all those who can afford no other. Already they try the point of their yet unexercised wit, and "*intriguent*" and "*danno guai,*" (i. e. tease and torment) all who pass on foot or in carriages; but more especially the *forestieri,* who are usually taken for English. Children are every where busy making or tying on their paper masks, and girding their wooden swords. At the sound of the cannon, which, fired from the Piazza di Venezia, each day announce the commencement of the amusements, shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile teems with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular; and for the first day or two infinitely amusing. The whole length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry, the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who from time to time descend, and take their place and parts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers on foot. Here and there the monk's crown and cardinal's red skull-cap are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the sides of the street are filled to crushing with maskers, and country-folk in their gala dresses (by far the most grotesque that the carnival produces.) The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises; but above all, by the hired jobs of the *badauds* and pizzicaroli of Rome *. These form not the least curious and interesting part of the procession, and best represent

* To drive out to the Corso in an hired job, stuffed full of children, &c. is called to "far il pizzicarolo," i. e. go on a cockney party of pleasure.

the Carnival, as it existed a century back. In an open carriage sits, *bolt upright*, la signora padrona, or mistress of the family, nearly the whole of her beautiful bust exposed, or only covered by rows of coral, pearl, or false gems: her white satin robe and gaudy head-dress left to "*the pitiless pelting of the storm*," showered indiscriminately from all the houses and by the pedestrians on the occupants of carriages, in the *form* of sugar-plums, but in *substance* of plaster of Paris or lime. Opposite to her sits her caro sposo, the model of all those cari sposi, of whom Jerry Sneak is the abstract and type. He, good man, is dressed as a grand sultan or Muscovite czar: his hands meekly folded, his eyes blinded with lime, and his face unmasked, to shew that it is to him belongs the gay set-out, the handsome wife, the golden turban, and crimson caftan. The *cavalier pagante*, if there is one in the family, or the favourite Abate, if there is not, occupies the place next the lady, snugly hidden under the popular dress of Pierrot or Pagliaccio; while all the little signorini of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins, columbines, and kings and queens, are stuffed in without mercy. Even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and straddles over the box as an elderly lady, or an Arcadian shepherdess; and the footman (or the shop prentice, or the scroccone, who assumes his place behind the carriage) takes the guise of an English miss, or a French court lady; and figures in a spencer and short petticoat, with an occasional "god-dam;" or, accoutred with an hoop and a fan, salutes the passers-by with "*Buon giour, Messieurs.*"

The carriages of a few of the princes, of the Governor of Rome, and of Monsieur Blacas, the French Ambassador, were conspicuous for their gaudy splendour; while the morrice-dancers of Europe, the most thinking people of England, always foremost in the career of amusement, made more noise, occasioned more bustle, and threw more lime, than all the rest of the population put together.*

At the Ave Maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire as a signal to clear the street for the horse-course. All noise then ceases; the carriages file off by the nearest avenue, their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolds; while the pedestrians, that have no such resources,

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* The English are much improved in their *abord* since it was the fashion to accuse them of bashfulness—since the time when a wit observed, that "an Englishman at a foreign court looked as if he was going to steal a tankard."

driven by the soldiery from the open street, are crowded on the footways to suffocation. But no terror, no discipline can restrain their ardour to see the first starting of the horses; and lives, constantly risked, are frequently lost in this childish eagerness for a childish amusement.

A temporary barrier, erected near the Porta del Popolo, is the point from which the race commences: another on the Piazza di Venezia is the termination of the course. The horses are small, and of little value. They have no rider, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives; when the animals seldom require to be put in motion by force. A number of tin foil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches, small pointed bodies are placed to operate as a spur; and the noise and the pain of these decorations serve to put the horse on his full speed, to which it is further urged by the shouting of the populace. At the sound of the trumpet, (the signal for starting,) even at the approach of the officer who gives the order, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off; and they continue their race, or rather their flight, amidst the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks.

This scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle; when every one is obliged to quit his carnival habit; for it is only on one or two particular evenings that there is a masked ball at the Aliberti. On Shrove Tuesday the carnival terminates by a most singular illumination immediately after the horse-race. Not only all the houses are illuminated, but all persons on foot or in their carriages hold lighted tapers; and sit or stand, in the cold and wet, with their fingers dripping with wax or tallow, according to the ability of the illuminator. After the lapse of an hour, on the progressive march of the troops down the Corso, light after light suddenly disappears, amidst peals of laughter and lamentations of regret; till the sounds of the horses' feet die away, the crowd disperses, and utter darkness and utter solitude succeed. Every step is now turned home, or to the trattoria's, where a supper concludes the epoch of sin and enjoyment. Bile and dyspepsia follow,—the probationary stages to penitence and penance, and to all the gloom and privations of that long black Lent, in which the sinner expiates by fasting and flagellation, * the pleasures

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* See Mr. Hobhouse's Illustrations, p. 320. Upon the occasion of one of these whippings, the candles being as usual extinguished, a waggish fellow took advantage of the darkness to assume the name of another person; and, as if in the spirit of penitence, to accuse himself of the most villainous

snatched, and the faults committed, during the gay, thoughtless interval of the carnival.*

The Carnival is the wreck of one of those popular institutions which can flourish only in barbarous times, and in days of rude and profound ignorance. As knowledge spreads, such periodical excitements to relaxation and pleasure gradually lose their influence; and their last efforts are still exerted in Italy by the sole patronage and protection of the Church and Government. Under the French regime the carnival nearly fell into disuse; and though in every community there will always be found a sufficient number of the dissipated and the idle to obey the call of pleasure, yet the marked difference between the carnival, as we saw it in 1820, and in the various accounts which remain of its festivities in preceding ages, down to the latter end of the eighteenth century, prove how far the people of Rome have got the start of their government, and how little comparative interest such institutions are now calculated to excite. To the period, nearly of the French Revolution, the carnival at Rome was characterized by great magnificence: complicated machinery was brought into play, and dramas were acted in the streets. All the heathen gods and goddesses were personified by persons of wealth and condition. The highest ranks were not excluded by fashion or taste from joining in the festivity; and princes and princesses performed the parts which are now intrusted to butchers and their wives, or to persons below the rank of gentry. To maintain a character would now be supreme *mauvais ton*. The nobles, in their closed carriages, drive for an hour up and down the Corso each day; the *mezze dame*, with their husbands or cavaliers, occasionally put on a domino and mask to join the crowd, for the purpose of quizzing or

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and ridiculous actions; performing at the same time a sonorous flagellation on a pillar, near which he stood. The proprietor of the assumed name, being present, was thunderstruck at this exhibition of malice and impiety; and was long unable to give utterance to his rage. At length, when words found vent, his loud and passionate appeals, his "*Cari fratelli, cari Signori, Cristiani mici, non è vero, c'è un birbante,*" ‡ caused an immense uproar and confusion:—the flagellations were suspended; the lights were called for and brought; but the false brother had already vanished. This adventure, which has a good deal the air of a Joe Miller, is nevertheless of recent occurrence, as more than one individual at Rome assured us.

* A curious species of Carnival spectacle was prepared and executed by Pietro di Cosimo, a Florentine painter, who flourished shortly after Leonardo da Vinci. It consisted of processions of three or four hundred persons, dressed to represent particular stories with great splendour and whimsicality.

‡ Gentlemen, brethren, Christians,—It isn't true—the fellow's a rogue, &c. &c.

rallying some friend or relation; but the great support of the carnival is the multitude of foreigners, who crowd to Rome to witness a spectacle to which they themselves principally contribute. The novelty of the scene has an attraction to them, wanting to the other Italians; and to them, both the Carnival and other Church festivals owe their principal splendour.

After the first two days, however, even the spirits of foreigners flag; and after the first sensations subside, the barbarous character of the institution appears in its true symptoms of puerility,—forced mirth, and real dulness. Man is not made for stated seasons of hilarity, nor to put on and put off his cares by act of parliament. To judge by individual sensations, nothing in the range of pleasurable pursuit can be more wearing to the mind, more solemnly dull, than the last days of the carnival, when the exhaustion of animal spirits damps the very little stock of wit which the occasion sets afloat; when amusement is reduced to flinging lime in the morning, and in the evening to hearing complaints of inflamed eyes, of spoiled dresses, ennui, disappointed expectation, and congratulations on the approaching termination of the week.

The fair and bright side of the Carnival is the gentleness, the urbanity, and good humour of the people: neither the security of disguise, nor the privilege of the mask, can urge these kindly-disposed Italians to wound the feelings of an enemy, or trifle with the frailties of a friend. The absence of all personal rancour, of all impropriety upon occasions so fitted for their indulgence, evinces the natural superiority of a race, whom the bad government of ages has not been wholly able to degrade.

On one occasion he got up with great secrecy, the Triumph of Death, which was performed by torch-light. A black car was drawn by black buffaloes, and painted with skulls and crosses; Death sat triumphant on his throne, surrounded by yawning sepulchres, from which at every halt the dead arose, and sang a dolorous music "con trombe sorde e con suon roco e morto uscivano mezzo di quei sepolchri; e sedendovi sopra cantavano in musica piena di malinconia quella oggi nobilissima canzone, "Dolce pianto e penitenza."* Several men on horseback, painted to represent skeletons, were the escort, with *staffieri* dressed as the mutes at funerals, bearing black torches. The black standard of Death, with skulls and cross-bones, was borne aloft, while a mourning band thundered forth the *miserere*. The terrified people at first fled in horror; but, struck by the novelty, soon returned; and Pietro, as Vasari tells, was loaded with praises ("sommamente lodato.") Andrea del Sarto, his pupil, helped in the execution of this triumph, which was supposed to allude to the return of the Medici, then banished from Florence. It was the bad taste of the day thus to mingle sacred and profane allusions; and in the midst of the carnival festivities they sang the 50th Psalm.

* Vasari.

PASSION WEEK.—When the Church of England was obliged by the illumination of the people, and the force of public opinion, to abandon many forms of the Church of Rome, she seems to have relinquished every rite with a pang. The book of common prayer attentively perused proves how little has been changed. There the saint still has his day—the martyr his festival: confession is enjoined, absolution given, anathemas fulminated; and if penance is not commanded, if temporal punishments are not inflicted, nor indulgences sold, it is the people alone that are to be thanked for the moderation.

The feelings of the clergy appear upon the surface. Under the head of "Commination," they tell their flocks that "in the primitive church there was a *godly discipline* at the beginning of Lent, that such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to *open penance*, and punished in this world that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord," &c. "Instead whereof, *until the said discipline be restored, which is much to be wished*, it is thought good at this season, in the presence of you all, should be read the general sentences of God's cursing," &c. The ministers of the *reformed* church, having thus frankly expressed their regrets for the power they have lost, of convicting, exposing, and punishing in this world, under that *godly* discipline which preserved the despotism of the Jewish hierarchy, and having breathed their vows for its restoration, they proceed "to the general sentences of God's cursings," and at each malediction call upon their flock to say—Amen!*

Thus begins the Lent of the Church of England. Lent, on the contrary, in Rome, and throughout all Italy, begins and continues, not in anger but in sorrow. The theatres are closed, all amusements cease, and a public fast is enjoined, which falls heavy upon none; for those only observe it rigidly, who, from necessity, abstain from meat a great part of the year—the lower orders. As long as these have their polenta or maccaroni, their light wine, and abundant fruits, they can know few severe privations. Among the upper and enlightened classes of Italy, fasting is only observed as a form imposed by the Holy Alliance, by the Popes of Rome, England, and Austria.

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* This rite, like many others, preserved in both churches, is purely Jewish. For in spite of the admonitions of the Founder of Christianity and his Apostles, the *master-cast* clung fondly to the code of that race, whose lawgiver "sprinkled both the book and the people with blood;" and who declared, that "without blood there is no remission." St. Paul perceiving this returning tendency towards Judaism, even in the primitive Christians, commands Titus to "rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in faith not giving heed to Jewish fables."

To eat meat on Fridays is now deemed jacobinism in Italy, as in France. In Ireland, not to do so is Catholicism and disaffection. There a dish of roast beef on Ash Wednesday qualifies the feeder for any place under the government; while at Paris it is a turbot that evinces an attachment to Church and State which no revolutionary principles have contaminated. In Rome, the censure of the table is less severe; and those who most rigidly observe the fast are they whose cook can best dress an omeletta di Certosa, or can get up a soup maigre with *Robert*, whose name belongs to history, or with *Very*, whose life "fu consacré aux arts utiles." * For thirty years the Continental Catholics have been much released from this observance; and those who still practised it, did so more out of the amiable desire of not shocking the principles and prejudices of their aged relations, than from any confidence in its merits.

The termination of Lent is, however, eagerly expected in Rome, where the people are devoted to amusements, and where the passion-week contributes equally to fill their purses and satiate their pleasurable propensities. There is nothing more unholy in the fasti of mundane gaieties than the manner in which the holy week is celebrated in the holiest capital of Christendom. The rites observed on this festival have always attracted foreign visitors, and prodigiously augmented the power and wealth of the Church; in former times by the pilgrims of all ranks which they brought to Rome, and in more recent days, by the number of heretical foreigners whose curiosity they quicken and allure.

The restoration of the Pontiff to the chair of St. Peter has revived all the splendours of the "settimana santa;" and if the zeal of the flock is not proportionate to the efforts made in external forms,—if they have refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, the English heretics at least have been true to the shepherd's call; and they lent, in 1820, no small animation and *éclat* to the ceremonies of the time.

Rome during Lent was literally *città morta*, and no contrast could be more striking than Rome on the Friday, and Rome on the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday. Naples and Florence yielded up their winter residents to its religious gaieties. The fugitives, who had emigrated with the last day of the carnival, returned with the first day of passion-week. The Porta del Popolo, and the dreary region of St. John Lateran, alike teemed with an

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* See his monument in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

eager population. The roll of post carriages, the cracking of the courier's whip, the reading of passports, the overflowing of hotels, the cramming of lodging-houses, gave an entirely new aspect to the lately deserted streets. Whigs and Tories hunted in couples for places in the Vatican ; and leaders of opposition and chiefs of the treasury were for once seen on the same side of the house.

Meantime the *real* pilgrim band, all that faith could muster, or gain allure from the mountains of the Abruzzi, or the neighbouring villages, trudged sturdily in, supported by their *bordone* or pilgrim's staff, clad in their oiled-skin robe, " the scallop on their hat before," and the Virgin, painted on tin, suspended round their necks. These are the least profitable visitants that Rome receives. Long unused to such guests, she welcomes them with a coldness of which they alone take no notice. They are bidden to the feast by the Church herself, which provides for their lodging and maintenance: few send apologies; and all are ornamental, if not useful; for they are the supernumeraries of the establishment, and they fill up a procession, and bear chorus " as well as better men."

At this epoch all business is at a stand. Signore Vasi may shut up his " *Chalcographia*" (Anglicè, print-shop); the ingenious *Mosaici*, who set the Capitol in earrings, hang the Coliseum on the neck of beauty, and clasp the fairest arms with St. Peter in vinculis, may take down their expensive toys, and, to the relief of all husbands and fathers, close their windows: the curiosity shops no longer tempt the curious; the polishing wheel of the Scarpellino is silent; the antiquarian Cicerone pauses from his eternally repeated *giro;* Messrs. Fea and Nebbi find their " occupation gone;" and the dying gladiator may be a Persian king, or a Cornish wrestler, or any thing else he pleases: for antiquarian polemics are at rest, and all the disputants inquire is, where the Pope pontificates? at what hour the miserere is sung? and on what day the benediction is given? The galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol are deserted as the Campagna; and the antichambers of Cardinals and Ministers are thronged with applicants for tickets of admission for the Quirinal and St. Peter's. It is thus the trembling candidates for the honours of Almack's attend the high decisions of its councils, in the purlieus of King-street—that Troppau of English fashion, that Congress of the great *protectorates* of divine-righted and legitimate *bon ton!*

At length the important moment arrives: the ladies assume " a customary

suit of solemn black" (but too often negligent of the stipulated veil*); and accompanied by their male friends, from whom they decently part at the church door†, they proceed on Palm Sunday to the Quirinal, where the ceremonies of the week begin. The Pope pontificates, and distributes the consecrated branches, with hands rarely used but for the purposes of benediction. The Cardinals appear *en grande toilette,* and with more than usual splendour recline in their stalls; their caudatorj (or train-bearers), those truly meek and apostolic sons of the church, are seated at their feet. When the *funzione* begins, their eminences rise; their violet robes suddenly fall off, and they appear in all the splendour of their golden vestments, like the hero of a melo-drame, at the Porte St. Martin, who strikes his enemies with confusion, by throwing off his peasant's weeds, and exclaiming, "*Reconnaissez-moi à ma veste brodée!*"‡

In this irresistible costume they step out to receive the palm from the Pope's hands, which they make over to their train-bearers. The other dignitaries of the church follow; the caudatorj themselves get a sprig; till the whole building represents the miracle of "Birnham-wood moving to Dunsinane." After this follows the procession; a mass is sung; the Cardinals are nearly smothered with incense, administered by an officiating ecclesiastic; and the kiss of peace is sent round the chapel; being received from the Pope by a Cardinal, and by him transmitted to another Cardinal, and thence from man to man, to the humblest individual of the holy hierarchy.

Ceremonies of less importance occupy Monday and Tuesday; but on Wednesday commences the truly magnificent and imposing rites, which leave all other church ceremonies of Christendom, even the offerings of the "wise men" in the royal chapel of St. James's, far behind.

After the immense sums that St. Peter's has cost Europe, very few of the Church fasti are celebrated in its vast structure; even some of the most striking of the spectacles of the holy week are exhibited in the Sistine and Paoline Chapels. Though the greater part of the multitude upon whom

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* An order is issued that no woman shall appear before the Pope unveiled. The English ladies always forget this, and the Cherici are busily employed pinning pocket-handkerchiefs before their faces, and leading them to their seat in the chapel, as if they were going to play blindman's buff.

† This custom is still observed in many of the Cathedrals of England.

‡ Perichichipinchi, in *Le Tyran peu délicat.*

grace or curiosity may operate, rein in their spiritual or temporal impatience, and keep their forces, moral and physical, for Holy Thursday, still the Sistine Chapel is unequal to accommodate the numbers who applied for admittance on the Wednesday, to hear the first performance of the *Miserere*. The service of the day, called by the French, Tenèbres, has always been celebrated for the magnificence of its music, being of the most solemn and soothing cast, and sung by the whole of the Pope's choir, unaccompanied by instruments. On this occasion the utmost effect of vocal music has been supposed to be attained. There were parts in which the strains resembled the deep-toned mellowness of the diapason stop of the organ; and they fell upon the ear, and died away, like the sighing of the winds on the Æolian lyre. As the music proceeds in solemnity and sadness, light after light is extinguished, and the service finishes in the deep twilight gloom, as the last candle goes out. In the combination of these circumstances, and of the awful mystery to which they allude, there is much to captivate the imagination, and mislead the judgment; but either the execution of the music is greatly fallen off, or the accounts given by authors of its effects are exaggerated. Though a considerable portion of it has all the sublimity of extreme simplicity, some of the pieces are excessively rude; and as the voice dwells upon the protracted breves and semibreves, unsustained by an instrumental accompaniment, it falls by a physical necessity, and few passages finish accurately in tune. Some of the voices also are of a coarse and disagreeable quality. There are few good tenors, and the boys scream most disagreeably in holding notes in the alto parts. The effect likewise is too artificial and theatric; and when the freshness and susceptibility of inexperience has passed off, the mind rejects, as an attempted imposition, such studied contrivances; still, however, if they do not edify, they attract; and the opportunities are so few of hearing the music of Jomelli, of Pergolese, and of the old masters in Italy, that the Sistine Chapel is visited with curiosity and perseverence on all the three nights of performance.

On Holy Thursday, the whole foreign population of Rome rolls on in endless succession to the Vatican. The portico, colonnades, vestibules both of the Church and Palace, assume the air of the court of a military despot. Every epoch in the military costume is there gaudily exhibited. Halberdiers in coats of mail, and slate-coloured pantaloons, which pass upon the faithful for polished steel armour; the Swiss in their antique dresses of buff and

scarlet, and lamberkeens; the regular troops in their modern uniforms; the *guardia nobile*, the Pope's *voltigeurs*, all feathers and feebleness, gold and glitter; generals of the British army, colonels and subalterns of every possible yeomanry, with captains and admirals of the navy, and an host of nondescripts, laymen, and protestant clergymen, who "for the nonce" take shelter under any thing resembling an uniform that may serve as a passe-partout, where none are courteously received but such as wear the livery of church or state militant—all move towards the portals of the Sistine Chapel, which, with their double guards, resemble the mouth of a military pass, dangerous to approach, and difficult to storm. The ladies (and the English ladies ever foremost) press with an imprudent impetuosity upon the guards, who, with bayonets fixed and elbows squared, repress them with a resistance such as none but female assailants would dare to encounter a second time. Thousands of tickets of admission are shewn aloft by upraised hands, and seconded by high-raised voices; while the officer of the guard, who can read and tear but one at a time, leaves the task of repulsion to the Swiss, who manfully second their "*allez fous en*," with a physical force that in one or two instances incapacitated the eager candidates for further application. A few English, favoured by the minister, and all the princes and diplomatists resident at Rome, pioneered by their guards of honour, and attended by crowds of servile, crouching, crawling creatures, who in their long black robes, and short white rochets, look like the outcasts of either sex, make their way without let or molestation. One side of the space, separated from the choir by a screen, is fitted up for them apart: the other is for the whole female congregation, who are crushed in like sheep in a fold. The men, if in uniforms, or full court-dresses, are admitted to a tribune within the choir; while the inferior crowd, left to shift for themselves, rush in with an impetuosity none can restrain; for though none are admitted at all to the Chapel without tickets, yet the number of applicants (almost exclusively foreign) is much too great for the limited capacity of the place. A scene of indescribable confusion ensues. The guards get mingled with the multitude English peers are overturned by Roman canons. Irish friars batter the old armour of the mailed halberdiers with fists more formidable than the iron they attack. Italian priests tumble over tight-laced dandies; and the "*Via Via*" of the Roman guard, and the "*Fous ne restez pas issi*" of the Swiss, mingle with screams, supplications, reproofs, and the English "*God-dam*," long after the

solemn service of the church has begun. The Vicegerent of God on earth in vain represents, the cross of peace in vain shines above the high altar: tranquillity is only restored when suffocation begins.

The rites, which all come to witness, but to which none attend, are at last finished. The procession of the sacrament to the Paoline Chapel succeeds; and then comes "the tug of war." Some rush forward to get in time to the adjoining chapel; others stay to witness the procession (*d'ailleurs*, the same as that already described at the Quirinal). The Swiss sweep all before them to clear the passages for the ceremony, without consulting the wishes of any. Then the long file of priests, carrying lighted torches, moves forward, followed by the cardinals, with their hands meekly folded on breasts dazzling with gold, while their wondering and inquiring eyes seem to say "Is it only to see us that you are all here?" The Pope supported by prelates, his meek head imperially canopied, his gorgeous train proudly borne, totters slowly after them, chaunting from time to time some tremulous feeble notes, to which the rest respond in deep-toned chorus, until the whole procession passes into that immense vestibule, which serves as an antiroom to both chapels. The gates of the Paoline are thrown open, and its dusky walls appear illuminated with thousands of tapers, twinkling in the rays of the noonday sun, through an atmosphere of smoke. Few are able to enter the illuminated chapel, or to behold the deposition of the sacrament; and many who are informed of the program of the day, by endeavouring to catch at all the ceremonies, scarcely attain to any.

The desire of seeing the Pope wash the pilgrims feet, with the Cardinals waiting on them at dinner, and of beholding the Pope give the benediction from the balcony, divide the attention and impede the efforts of the distracted sight-seer. A prelate in pontificalibus ascends a flight of stairs, guarded by soldiers: the whole tide of spectators flows after him. They are repulsed by the sentinels; and in proportion as they are beaten back, the crowd from below increases. Some one hints that an opposite door leads to the pilgrims foot-tubs, or to the scaffolding erected for seeing the Benediction. Instantly the torrent directs its course in that channel, and is met by another crowd returning disappointed from the same direction, where cross doors have been shut in their faces, and guards have driven them back likewise. Then the efforts to get up, and to get down, to get in, and to get out, produce conse-

quences the most unsuitable to the solemnity of the season, and of the place. Shoes are lost, veils are torn, ancles are strained, shoulders dislocated, and ribs bruised; and those who escape uninjured to the silent solitary nave of St. Peter's, and neither see the Pope wash feet, nor the Cardinals serve maccaroni to hungry beggars, are by far the best off. Here gradually assemble, and patiently wait in tedious suspense for the arrival of carriages, or in fretful anxiety for more venturous friends, three fourths of the multitude, who come so far to see so much, and who return, having very literally seen—nothing: consoling themselves with the reflection, that though the pageantry of Holy-Thursday is lost, Good-Friday and Easter-Sunday are yet to come. The first anxiety on this occasion is to *get in*, the next to *get out;* and during the whole day the congregation are so occupied in taking care of their bodies, that in spite of masses and processions, no one ever gives one thought to the care of his soul.

On Good-Friday the turmoil is something less, because there are fewer sights to see. This day of gloom and sacrifice, of fasting and mortification, begins at the Vatican by a superb and sumptuous dinner given to the Conclave and the corps diplomatique, &c. *

Thus prepared for the celebration of the *Miserere*, which follows the dessert, as a sort of *chasse caffé*, the guests proceed to their places in the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinals move processionally from the table to the altar, to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest;" and with lips still moist with lacryma Christi, chaunt the responses to the seven penitential psalms. When the last light is extinguished, and the last strain of the Miserere dies away, every one gropes as he can from the Sistine, on his way to St. Peter's. The brilliant lighting of the colonnades, porticos, and staircases, the guards, the crowds

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* This dinner is given in St. Peter's under the notion that time is not allowed for the clerical functionaries to return to their homes. It is designed as an hasty refection, but is a splendid meal to which strangers of consideration are invited. Throughout the whole week the Cardinal Minister entertains. In another part of the Vatican the Arci-Prete, or Cardinal Dean, provides a dinner for the Canons and other officers of the Church. These dinners, though consisting of fish, (with sauces that belong to the mysteries of the Church) might feast a Lucullus, and make the despair of a French Amphitryon. This is, in the strict sense of the word, a feast for the Cardinals, whose moderate incomes do not permit them to indulge in daily excesses. The present Cardinal F——a said to a friend of ours, his relation, "This is a poor dinner to ask you to, but I cannot entertain now as when I was a Barnabite monk."

of pretty women and well-dressed men, give to the splendid avenues the air of a court theatre, and imitate, on a more magnificent scale, the Palace of the Tuileries.

THE ILLUMINATED CROSS of St. Peter's, and the adoration of the Pope and Cardinals, are the attractions of the evening. On this occasion thousands of all ranks and countries pour into the Church, where no tickets of admission are required; yet the mighty temple, made for the universe, still seems half empty. Many of the dim aisles afford safe asylum for retiring piety or clandestine love; and the vastness of the whole, contemplated through a well-managed obscurity, seems to extend beyond its usual limits, and to be lost in immeasurable distance. The hundred lamps which in their bright brazen sockets burn day and night round the sepulchre of St. Peter, are this day extinguished. A cross of flame, suspended from the cupola, before the baldachin of the high altar, alone lights the immediate space over which it hangs, and leaves all else in the majesty of darkness, here and there faintly dispersed by a twinkling lamp *. That illuminated spot seemed like a magic circle. It is hermetically closed by three files of armed men, and the beams shed from the cross fall only on spears and bayonets. This space is kept clear and untouched by vulgar and unblessed feet, that pontiffs, princes, and cardinals, may, unmolested by plebeian penitence, offer up the "sacrifices of their contrite hearts." At last these "powers and principalities" appear accompanied by a guard, who clear a passage through the gathering multitude. The troops that await them open their files, and close again upon their precious charge. The Pope falls prostrate before the cross, on cushions of down and velvet. The princes and princesses, with their little courts of little courtiers, (and less than these never crawled upon the robes of royalty) take their station on his right: on his left kneel the cardinals.

During this singular prostration, the most profound silence reigned. The Pope seemed unfeignedly absorbed in holy abstraction; and as the light fell

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* The effect of this illumination is far from perfect. The cross is permitted to descend too low, and approaches too nearly the eye of the spectator. It is too visibly oil and smoke, and material fire, while the smallness of its dimensions becomes too evident. Had it been elevated into the immense expanse of the dome, and its size been really sufficient for the illumination of the Church, it might have produced an ideal effect, and, resembling the blazing cross of Constantine, might have imaged the miracle to which the Church itself owes its existence.

upon his venerable head and faded face, and tinged his flowing robes, there was something mystic and ideal in his appearance; and to a faith which fancy had warmed or fanaticism deranged, his translation from a mortal coil at that moment might have appeared possible.

The pious votarists on the right, on the contrary, were all true "mortal mixtures of earth's mould;" and chuckle-headed princes, and ponderous princesses, squatted on their carpets, like Indian pagods, and thumped and bumped, and crossed and groaned in vain: none were edified by their devotional exercises; not even the mailed soldiery, who guarded them. The cardinals were the same "gallant gay Lotharios" at the foot of the cross, as in the salon. They circulated the snuff-box, shook their handkerchiefs, whispered their remarks, winked their drowsy lids before the lamps, and yawned or blessed themselves, for want of something else to do.

Meantime the less distinguished multitude were variously occupied, as grace operated, example influenced, or opportunity allowed. *Here* the Grand Penitentiary, seated on his throne of divine dispensation, extended his wand, and granted indulgences by its touch on one side; while on the other he received the confessions of the sinner, and assigned a penance for the sin. *There*, high mounted in balconies, the vestal-robed canons of St. Peter exposed the relics in their glittering shrines to the multitudes beneath, who revered in proportion as they could see nothing but gold and crystal. Moving slowly up and down the lateral aisles, were caught in flashes of light, and lost in masses of shadow, the processions of the confraternities, their members covered from head to foot in garments which resemble the cerements of the dead; and having their eyes alone visible. They bore torches in their folded arms, and circled in sad ostent and silent solemnity round the sepulchre of St. Peter, where they long continued to stand in mournful array, and with most dramatic effect.

In the centre of the Church crowded the beau monde of London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburgh, laughing, flirting, chattering, and love-making, through all the philological varieties, which might be supposed to make a converzatione in the Tower of Babel. There, vows were received that did not all belong to heaven, and oaths were taken at the statue of St. Peter, at which Jove laughs, if Peter does not.

There too, Roman beauties, who disdained the flaunting rites of noon-day ceremonial, moved in their long black veils, to meet at the appointed shrine some male devotee; and there, in true sincerity of heart and faith, knelt within

view of that cross, to which alone her eyes are directed, one alike "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Whole families of the middle classes were seated on the steps of altars, or at the feet of monuments, gazing on the varied spectacle; and bands of peasantry breathing garlic and *aves*, strutted every where about, piously amused, and adding much to the strangeness of the scene, whose grotesque groupings they aptly filled up.

As "night thickens," and St. Peter's thins, the slow return of the varied multitude, and above all of the pilgrim bands and confraternities, afford a picturesque and curious addition to the Good-Friday *sights*. These pilgrims are wretched ragged creatures led on by some Roman lady of condition, who, with the cross of her Redeemer in one hand, and her French ridicule in the other, gives out the penitential stave as she moves along, and is answered by the yell of her followers. As their dark bands sweep along the banks of the Tiber, and their red torches flash on the walls of the castle of St. Angelo, they raise the deep-toned, and, when softened by distance, occasionally melodious psalmody, that with exquisite skill they suffer to die away along those waters, over which Pagan priests have raised their "Io Pæans," or chaunted the funeral obsequies for the death of Adonis.

Saturday, unmarked by any imposing ceremony, is passed in silence and gloom. It images the descent of Christ into Hell. But the eve of Easter-Sunday portends, by various festive exhibitions, the joys and the triumphs of the following day, and the termination of that long penance and privation which precede it. The shops of Rome are then gaily lighted; and the *pizzicaroli*, the faithful allies of the Church, now offer "food for meditation" to the hungry devotees, whose long fasts are about to be recompensed by repletion. In one shop we saw St. Paul irradiated by a glory of sausages; and in another the ill-boding bird of St. Peter hung up with the apostle it had warned in vain; Madonnas curiously carved in butter, and Bambinos in lard, warmed the devotion of the inward man; and every eatable of plastic consistence, or of malleable form, was pressed into the service of architectural decoration and symbolic piety.

On Easter-Sunday the service is performed at St. Peter's, and it is then that the Church exhibits all its splendour, and exhibits its forces on a site worthy their display. The spacious Piazza of St. Peter, its porticos and colonnades, its beautiful fountains, its stupendous façade, glittering in the noonday sun, become the scene of action. Above its marble walls rise fantastic awnings,

for the accommodation of the spectators, who, at an early hour, crowd their elevated seats. The space below is lined with infantry. The light horse, with their shewy dresses, form a line within. The Roman military standards, once the banners of universal conquest, now serve only to deck the pageant and to flaunt above the gaudy little colours of the Swiss corps. In the centre of all, forming the inner circle, and crowding the steps of the church, are a multitude of common people. The *loggie* above the portico are filled with the cardinals; and in the centre, raised upon men's shoulders high above all, like some dimly-seen deity, and reduced almost to a speck by his elevation, appears the Pontiff. He is said to pray, but prays unheard; and when he rises to give the benediction, the act, scarce visible, is awfully announced, by the tolling of the great bell of St. Peter's, and the firing of the cannon of St. Angelo. The military ground their arms, and drop on their knees; the cardinals fling down the church's indulgences among the people, who scarcely stooped to pick them up, though each was the remission of years of frailty*. Drums beat, trumpets sound, the music plays, the troops file off, and the ceremony finishes at night with the illumination of the Vatican.

Of all the spectacles exhibited by Rome to wondering nations, this is the most beautiful, the most splendid, the most indescribable. The volley of many thousand rockets launched into the air at the same moment, may readily be conceived by those who have ever seen one rocket wing its solitary flight; and other occasions exhibit a profusion of temples, and mines, and Roman candles, and Catherine wheels, equally brilliant, costly, and evanescent; but the effect of the enormous pile of St. Peter's illuminated by myriads of lamps, the details of its architecture made out by

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* This most curious fact was generally remarked. The people used formerly to maim and hurt each other in their struggles for these indulgences. They now caught at them sportively, or suffered them to fall to the earth. At the benediction, which was once received with universal prostration, a few women and old people alone knelt. So few Italians of condition attended the ceremony, that the circumstance awakened the muse of Pasquin: when asked by Marforio, "where he was going in his court-dress"—he replies, "to the Vatican." "But!" says Marforio, "you will get no admittance."—"Pardon me," he rejoins, "I have lately turned heretick." The meaning is, that all civilities are reserved for the strangers, and that the ceremonies are kept up, rather for the amusement of the hereticks than for the edification of the orthodox. Pius VII. like Pope Ganganelli, was heard to say, on some proposed revival of an ancient ceremony, "Very well, but keep that for the English."

corresponding positions of the lights during the first period of its illumination, the almost instantaneous transformation it undergoes on the lighting the second portion of lamps, belong rather to the imaginary splendour of Arabian tales, than to the flat realities of life; and the whole, when seen, as we saw it, (at the distance of two miles) from the Pincian hill, has something so aërial, so fairy-like and delicate, as to produce, perhaps, the finest optical appearance that the ingenuity of man has invented.

On Easter Monday, a general rout ensues: "Give me a horse, my kingdom for a horse," is the cry. Post-horses and vetturino-stands are on that day all that the Vatican and St. Peter's were the day before. Some fly for amusement to the crater of Mount Vesuvius, others to the abyss of Herculaneum; rendezvous are given among the ruins of Palmyra, and parties are arranged among the cedars of Mount Lebanon; some return to seek hearts left at Florence or Genoa; and others, who amidst all the affectation of virtù and pretended admiration of a climate with which few are not disappointed, pant for the comforts of a British fire-side, turn their heads homeward, delighted to have seen Italy, and delighted to leave it. The Roman matron is left to prepare her "*pizza de pasqua*,"* undisturbed by her restless lodgers; and the Roman existence resumes its monotony, its indolence, and its quietude, with nothing to look to but the *mal-aria*, until "le passage des hirondelles" shall again bring a bevy of foreign visitants to the Porta del Popolo.

Note on Roman Statistics.

It is eminently difficult for the passing traveller to obtain positive information concerning the internal œconomy of the southern states of Italy. Public documents are extremely few, and upon many points absolutely wanting; and it is necessary to obtain the confidence of some educated and intelligent person, to break through the habitual reserve, indolence, and timidity of the Romans, before the commonest questions will be considered with interest, or answered with candour. The financial arrangements of Rome, like every other branch of that government, are very arbitrarily conducted. The principal direct tax is that upon land; its amount varies in different places, as well from the want of a *cadastre*, as from that of any general law

* Easter Cake.

on the subject *(il n'y a pas un code de finance)*. The construction of a *cadastre* is among the operations at present carried on by Cardinal Gonsalvi. The indirect taxes are those usually subsisting in the other Italian states: for taxes are a branch of civilization which receives every developement from example, of which it is susceptible; and a hint in this department is seldom lost upon neighbouring sovereigns.

All the taxes, both direct and indirect, are placed under the management of farmers-general, who in their turn rent them out to subaltern speculators; and both principals and deputies make considerable sums at the joint expense of the treasury and of the people.

Among the various bequests of the French, the papal government retains the tax on registration, the stamp duties, the system of *hypothèques*; and that of weights and measures. Of the merits of the *hypothèque* I have already had occasion to speak; its continuance does great credit to the Cardinal Minister who has saved it from the list of revolutionary *proscrits*. The decimal system of weights and measures is also a great advantage, both in respect to uniformity and subdivision.

Since the Restoration, a personal tax has been levied under the name of *Focativo* (hearth-tax); but there is no tax on doors or windows. The air (such as it is) is not taxed even in Rome: that philosophical and benevolent source of revenue, the parent of dirt and typhus fever, being a blessing probably reserved for the subjects of representative governments. In the *motu proprio* published since the return of the Pope, there is announced a diminution of the direct taxes; the total amount of taxation is, however, considered as exceeding that which was levied under the French regime, by at least a fifth; in some provinces the surplus amounts even to a fourth. There being no budget before the public, it is impossible to speak upon this subject with much precision*. The revenue of the state was calculated before the Revolution at about twenty millions of francs: at present it amounts to nearly sixty millions.

The public debt of Rome, which had been considerably increased by the ruinous magnificence of Pius the Sixth, was cleared off at the Revolution, by the sale of national property, which was exchanged against the paper money

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* One of my notes gives the increase of taxation at $\frac{60}{100}$; but there can be little doubt that this is an exaggeration.

at its current value: so that the Pope was, on his return, among the richest sovereigns of Europe. At the period of our visit to Rome, a debt of eight millions had again been incurred, without any ostensible cause, except general bad management; and the annual deficit was then stated as amounting to a million of piastres—five million three hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Rome, in the olden times, supported no standing army, save that of the Church militant; but at present the Pope also does not disdain to employ this main prop of social order. The papal military force consists of a regiment of artillery, two regiments of carabineers, or gens-d'armes, for the police; a regiment of dragoons, and three regiments of infantry; the whole, if complete, amounting to eleven thousand men. In fact, however, there are not more than six or seven thousand actually under arms. The superior officers are either very old or very young men; for of those who served under Napoleon, a very few only have been with great difficulty admitted to serve; the major part of them being placed on a sort of half-pay. Those who were received, were allowed only an inferior grade (a wise precaution for insuring the disaffection of the parties so trusted). To complete this picture, it should be added, that the minister of war is a reverend ecclesiastic, who presides in the council or *congregazione militare*. There is something eminently ludicrous in this coalescence of the terms "military" and "congregation;" but the things accord well enough with existing systems: for while the court of Rome is endeavouring to make its clergy soldiers, the English Bible Societies labour to consolidate social order, by making the conquerors at Waterloo—monks.

For the command of this formidable armament, there is one General *en activité;* but, in the true spirit of modern administration, the exhausted exchequer of the country maintains several honorary brigadiers and *maréchaux de camp,* who receive the pay of the state, and do—nothing.*

In the provinces there are maintained certain mounted troops, called *guardie provinciali,* some regiments of militia, who receive no pay, and the national guard.

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* It is, in fact, by useless expenses such as this, that the military establishment at Rome has become so oppressive. The number of field officers is extremely disproportionate to that of the troops; and the dress and accoutrements of the guardia nobile would not disgrace a levee-day, when Napoleon commanded in the Tuileries; and might even pass muster, for lace and finery, amidst the most *crack* regiments of the British establishment.

On rural economy there is little to be said. The immediate vicinage of Rome is a desert. In the Campagna, not more than one-sixth of the land is ever in cultivation; partly perhaps on account of the mal-aria, which renders the operations of agriculture difficult and dangerous *; but even this evil is increased, by the manner in which property is divided. Almost the entire of this district vests in a few individuals, and those the indolent and ignorant princes of the capital; who find a sufficient revenue in the cattle which are reared upon their estates, and do not look to eventual improvements, which would demand advances of capital, of labour, and mental application.

It is generally stated, that this class of persons has been much impoverished by the events of the revolution; but the fact has been vastly exaggerated. The principal losses which the nobility sustained occurred before the revolution, and originated in the fall of paper-credit, produced by the operations of Pius VI., which amounted almost to an absolute bankruptcy of the state. The French commissioners, in their first occupation of Rome, issued some paper-money; but the quantity was not great. During the Republican era, also, the nobles became indebted to France in letters of change, which were accepted as payment of the forced contributions; but Napoleon, when he came into possession of power, returned a considerable portion of this paper to the issuers. The principal loss, therefore, that the aristocracy encountered was in the expense of maintaining the troops quartered upon them, during the occupation.

The great feudatories, however, did suffer some considerable reduction of their fortunes, upon the suppression of feudalities. The abuse had been carried in Rome to its greatest height. The Dorias alone surrendered at this

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* Whole villages come from La Marca and Romagna to the Campagna, during the winter and part of the summer. Each colony has a different branch of labour; one party dressing the vines, another managing the corn, &c. &c. The man who can thus realize twenty piastres in a season, is reckoned lucky. They assemble at daylight, in the public squares of Rome, for hire; and their prices vary according to the demand in the market. They are a miserable-looking people, resembling the Irish harvest-workers in England; and they are accompanied by bands of dirty children, who are called *monelli* (little vagabonds). A gentleman high in office at Rome assured us that every year, one in ten of these wretches die of the fever; and those who escape, carry the marks of the poison in their swoln and sallow countenances. Very few are able totally to throw off the disease; and repeated exposure to the mal-aria, in successive seasons, never fails to destroy: so that, in the end, the whole emigrating population become the victims of the malady.

epoch above ninety fiefs; and the Prince Borghese nearly as many*. By this operation the Dorias were reputed to have suffered a diminution of fortune amounting to twenty thousand piastres.

Still, however, the landed proprietors hold immense districts: almost the whole road from Rome to Frescati, on both sides, is the property of one individual. Not a vine, nor a blade of corn, is to be seen in this district; even the poultry, which is used in Rome, is brought in carts alive, from distances of sixty or seventy miles: and the few miserable inhabitants, who are found within the Campagna, a prey to fever and the extremest misery, rob, or starve, or die, as chance and opportunity decree †.

In the remoter provinces, the land, more fertile and better laboured, is divided into small holdings; and on the side of Tuscany the country presents, in culture and external indications of ease, an aspect more nearly approaching that of the Florentine States. In the three legations, and wherever the French maintained a permanent jurisdiction, the appearances of agricultural prosperity, the neatness and comfort of the dwellings, and the clothing and countenances of the peasantry, are more gratifying to the feelings of the philanthropist. But in general, in advancing southwards, civilization manifestly retrogrades; and from Otricoli to Terracina, nature and society have combined to demonstrate the extremest powers of resistance, which the physical constitution of man can oppose to causes hostile to his nature and existence.

Note on Roman Law.

In England the course of justice is so regular, the conjoint effect of the trial by jury and of the printed publicity of the proceedings is so operative in producing judicial purity, that even under a very coarse, clumsy, and overladen code, both of civil and of criminal law, substantial iniquities in the administration are rare, of difficult occurrence, and the occasion of great scandal. When the words tyranny and despotism strike upon the ear of an Englishman, the first suggestions of his imagination extend not beyond a packed jury, a

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* In most of these the baronial chief had power of life and death over his subjects.

† See the Baron Bonstetten's excellent work on Latium, which is not to be read without tears.

prejudiced judge, an arbitrary attorney-general, certain petty vexations in the course of pleading, a verdict on evidence a trifle less than sufficient, and a harsh sentence, something more than proportionate to the quality of the offence. To these homespun notions, a little reading may add a vague impression of a *lettre de cachet*, or of a mandate of the Inquisition; horrible, indeed, in their nature, but from their very violence of less frequent infliction.*

To become acquainted with the marrow and soul of despotism, to learn how intimately it mixes with and corrupts all the institutes of civil life, where it once takes footing, mere reading will not suffice. It is necessary to study the monstrous combinations on the spot, to watch the playing of the machine as it moves, and to trace, by a course of practical observations, the various shapes of malady, the manifold deformities, the miserable mutilations, it inflicts upon the fair and goodly frame of social existence. Let him who is desirous of perusing this instructive, yet nauseating course, go to Rome. Let him examine the vortex of European wealth, sunk into abject poverty; let him remark the silent desolation of the streets, the poisonous solitude of the environs; let him view the fading splendour of the palaces; the accumulating ruins of the meaner edifices; let him mark the total absence of commerce, the hopeless struggle of lingering industry; let him watch the melancholy dejectedness of the lower classes, the complacent satisfaction of look of the prelates, the hypocritical but cunning obsequiousness of the priests, the more timid and servile humiliation of gesture of the laymen; let him observe the destitution of the multitudinous mendicants, and the freezing discomfort of the nobles beggared by the mismanagement of their overgrown properties. In short, let him extend his glance through every rank of society, from the Pope to the mendicant friar, from the senator of Rome to the lay beggar, and let him ask himself in which of the classes of Roman citizens he would willingly and preferably enroll himself.

In no part of Europe has tyranny obtained so durable, so perfect, and so unalloyed a possession as in the Eternal City; and the very longevity of which

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* The *lettres de cachet*, under Louis XV. were, it is true, multiplied to a fearful extent (having been entrusted to very subaltern authorities): but as they partake of the nature of open force, it is impossible that they could affect the entire population to the same extent, as those villainies which may be practised under the colour of justice; when the laws are obscure their administration is arbitrary.

it boasts, while it has accumulated on its head all the physical evils of a too prolonged existence, has concentrated in its constitution all the social imperfections, all the abuses, errors, and absurdities of authority and prescription. Its wretched code of laws (derived from every epoch, from the rudeness of the Roman Republic to the last corruptions of the expiring empire—from the savagery of the northern invaders to the imbecility of the existing conclave, overladen with expositions and decisions, and administered at the dictates of bribery or of favour,)—presents, both in theory and in practice, the worst system of jurisprudence that can be put into action in a Christian society; and if some semblance of civil polity yet survives within the walls of Rome, if some probity still remains to regulate the transactions between man and man, they must either be attributed to the inherent tendencies of the untaught animal, or to that absolute nullity of the Roman life, which buries alike the virtues and the vices of the individual in inactivity and slumber.

Among the most essential qualities of a system of jurisprudence, is that flexibility which enables it to receive a succession of modifications, to reflect the several phases of society, as they arise, and to accommodate itself to the varying illumination and changeable necessities of the people. This quality, of all others, is necessarily most deficient in the Roman code; for if it be the nature of all political institutions to tend towards the preservation of whatever is established, it is supereminently the character of the Roman government, to venerate the past, and to tremble at the approach of innovation and reform. Over and above this religious and political peculiarity in the Papal government, there should be placed in account the insulated existence of the Church dignitaries, who are bound by no human ties, and solicited by no social interests towards improvement or illumination. Without wives or acknowledged descendants to be influenced by their patriotism, they can only regard abuses as the instruments of present gratifications; and even where good dispositions, a kindly nature, or a sense of duty might prevail against mere egoism, the ignorance and indolence of the priestly character would hardly fail to prevent any protracted and persevering efforts at philosophical amelioration.

In addition to these causes, which have uniformly operated in the Papal administration, there was still one other motive in activity at the restoration of Pius the Seventh—the dread of the Revolution, with the consequent fixation of all hope in the revival of ancient institutions. The Cardinal Gon-

salvi alone, amidst the whole Conclave, seemed alive to the necessity of bending somewhat to the increasing illumination and energy of the people; and he too a churchman and a minister, even if uncontrolled, must still have been too tainted with the prejudices of legitimacy, to go the whole length which circumstances required. It is not, therefore, to be wondered, that with all its absurdities, inconveniences, and injustice, the old code of laws should have been renewed, and the improvements of the Code Napoleon rejected with horror. The *motu proprio* of the Pope, by which this revolution was effected, it is true, has, in a few instances, remedied an ancient abuse, and corrected an established imperfection. The abolition of torture, more especially, does great credit to Cardinal Gonsalvi, both as a minister and a man; but either his views have been thwarted and neutralized to insipidity, or his inclination or ability to do good are very unequal to the necessities of the age and country which he is called upon to govern.

In the *motu proprio* of the 6th of July, 1816, there is a promise held out of a new series of codes, whose compilation is entrusted to three or four commissioners. But the Romans themselves entertain no hope of improvement from any system based upon the old jurisprudence; and as the commissioners will not work with great rapidity, the probability is, that the death of the Pope, and the consequent change of ministry, will overturn all that may be done;—since Gonsalvi alone, in the whole Conclave, has any credit for views approaching, not to the age in which we live, but to common statesman-like policy and ordinary foresight.

The necessity for a new code is indeed imperative. The inextricable confusion of the Roman laws, rendered still more obscure by the jarring comments and decisions of jurisconsults through so long a succession of ages, is in itself a fertile source for every species of abuse; so that what Gravina has remarked of its earliest epochs, becomes more especially true, as the progress of time gives a greater bulk to the unwieldy mass; *aspera quidem illa tenebricosa et tristis, non tam in æquitate quam in verborum superstitione fundata.** But if the equivocations and violence to which this door is opened were not sufficient, the citizen of the Papal States is exposed to a new danger in the privileges of the clergy, and the facility with which they find a refuge (when pressed by the Roman code) in an appeal to the canon law. By this means they can

* De Ortu Juris Civilis, cap. 46.

suspend the operation of any civil sentence, and evoke the cause to Rome; and thus, in the distant provinces more especially, an expense of time, trouble, and money, becomes requisite to support a process, that operates a perfect and absolute denial of justice. It was perhaps an intimate consciousness of the imperfections of this system of jurisprudence which induced the compilers of the *motu proprio* in question, to allude to the "*calunnie colle quale è stata attaccata*"—the calumnies by which it had been attacked,—and to praise it as the means which had recovered Europe from the barbarism in which it had been plunged by the incursions of the northern invaders. But, even if this be admitted (a proposition nevertheless open to positive contradiction *), it does not by any means follow that a code of laws which, relatively to the twelfth century, might be esteemed good, should be adequate to the necessities or to the intellectual illumination of the nineteenth. It is a vain and false imagining to believe that there exists an abstract perfection in any system of laws: for laws, being the regulators of social relations, must change as the phases of society alter. If, therefore, the wisdom of antiquity were as perfect as it is notoriously rude, erring, and incomplete, its results must become daily less and less applicable to the existing contingencies of life. This mutability of relations is most especially a source of danger in all systems of jurisprudence, founded upon precedent and interpretation. For in interpretation and in the adjudgment of cases destined to become precedent, the rule which is followed is that of analogy; and in this there are two fertile sources of error: first, the

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* The single introduction of Jurisconsults to interpret obscure laws, and under that pretext to legislate for the people, is a sufficient set-off for all the advantages which modern Europe could possibly have gained from the Roman code. The most severe blows that liberty has received in England, have been struck by judges, manufacturing laws, by their decisions, such as even a corrupt parliament would refuse to sanction. An obscure law is no law at all—the interpreter gives it being, and not the legislator, who could not express his own meaning.

"La giurisprudenza che in effetti esiste è la scienza di mezzi proprj per abusare delle cattive leggi nell' amministrazione della giustizia: l'arte di trasformarne e svolgerne il senso secondo le circonstanze, facendole piegare al privato interesse ed alle particolari intenzioni. Tal' è stata la giurisprudenza Romana in tutti i secoli."—Delfico, "Richerche sul vero carattere della Giur. Romana."

"Jurisprudence, as it exists in practice, is a science indicating the means of turning a bad code of laws to abuse in the administration of justice—the art of transforming and twisting their sense to adapt it to circumstances, and of making it bend to private interests and specific purposes. Such has the Roman jurisprudence been in all ages."

want of a real agreement in the facts on which the analogy is grounded; and, secondly, the establishment of the analogy upon principles of law, and not upon the natural connexions of the things themselves. Now, when the rules adopted by a society existing in remote antiquity, under another religion, another tenure of property, another military and fiscal system, and allowing the abuse of domestic slavery, are to be applied to a Christian community of the present day, not only are the chief analogies wanting which should govern a decision, but the very grounds of many specific acts of legislation must be obscure, if not absolutely unintelligible. That a certain degree of duration may give respectability to a law, is true; but, abstractedly speaking, the most legitimate prejudice against any such act is founded upon its antique origin.

The principal tribunals of Rome are, the Sacra Rota, La Segnatura, and the A. C. or Auditors of the Chamber. The Rota is composed of twelve judges, called Auditors, who assemble on Mondays and Wednesdays in the Quirinal, and sit in sets of four, for the adjudication of causes. In this tribunal public pleading is not permitted; but three days before the sitting, printed documents relative to the cause are delivered at the houses of the judges; and the day preceding a hearing, the defenders of the cause wait personally on the judges, to instruct them more minutely concerning the matter at issue. The auditors vote in secret; and if they are divided in opinion, two and two, other two auditors are added; and then, if there remains a similar equality of votes, the affair is submitted to the whole twelve, when, to prevent a like parity of voices, the *ponente*, or judge conducting the process, is deprived of his vote. But even thus, before the Revolution, the sentence was not rendered definite. If the losing party were not satisfied, he might demand a new trial before the same tribunal; to be repeated again and again, as long as the purse and the patience of the disputants lasted. It has occurred that the same case has thus been tried more than twenty times; and that both plaintiff and defendant have gone to their great trial in the world to come, before a definite sentence has been obtained. It is among the reforms introduced into the late *motu proprio*, that two coincident sentences are to be considered as definite; so that the case can now never go beyond the third hearing.

The auditors of the Rota are, *ex officio*, prelates; but their appointment is not bounded either by age or qualification. Not long ago an individual, only twenty years old, was among the number. It is a singular and curious fact, that the election of these auditors does not vest

in the Pope, or his government exclusively, but in the governments of many foreign states. Germany elects two; Portugal, Spain, France, and Florence, each elect one. Some others of the States of Italy nominate also one each; and three only are of Roman appointment. The Pope, indeed, retains the right of confirming these elections; but it is rare that he ventures, by a direct opposition, to encounter the wrath of his spiritual children. The intention of this institution is to be found in the sort of jurisdiction which the Popes of old maintained over the temporal thrones of Europe, and the consequent appeal to the Rota in cases of foreign concernment. Such elections must necessarily depend rather on favour than on merit. The auditors are therefore rarely profound lawyers; and they usually trust considerably to certain jurists, to whom they give the title of their auditors, and who are said not unfrequently to sell their opinions to the highest bidder. When a definite sentence is obtained, it becomes precedent, and is added to the fifty or sixty folio volumes, which form part of the existing legislation.

The SEGNATURA performs the functions of the Supreme Court of Appeal. This Court consists, likewise, of twelve judges, who sit every Thursday in the palace of Monte Cavallo. They judge by sixes, and the senior of the six presides. The appellant has the choice by which of these sets he will be tried. The object of this division of labour is expedition; for, as the judges are limited to the hearing of twenty causes at a sitting, their power of proceeding is thus doubled. The whole twelve assemble in the same hall, and each half is present at the proceedings of the other. The Segnatura has jurisdiction over all the inferior tribunals, and can annul their decisions, when there has been a defect in the citations, an error of jurisdiction, or an error of mandate; but the cause of cassation must be expressed in the rescript of the appellant. The process is then referred either back to the original court, or to the Rota, or to the A. C. As this court is inferior to the Rota in dignity, so also it is in learning; but as it judges only of appeals, and enters not into the matter itself at issue, the evil of their ignorance is the less prejudicial. The debates of the Segnatura are private.

The A. C. *(atché)* is composed of three judges only, who are prelates. They are in some measure presided by a fourth person, who has the title of A.C. Met. *(Atchémet*, or *Auditor Cameræ Metipse.)* He is a prelate in close expectation of the Cardinalate, and supposed to represent the Cardinal Camerlingo, originally the sole judge of contentious matters at Rome. The A. C.

judges, in the first instance, all causes above eight hundred and twenty-five scudi (two hundred pounds), and by appeal, those of less importance. The sittings are public, and are held in the Monte Citorio; and *procureurs* are allowed to debate as advocates for the parties interested.

The mode of procedure in this court is the most intricate imaginable, and affords abundant opportunity for the defendant however wrong to escape from the consequences of his position, and to cheat his creditor. The multiplicity of acts, citations, and of papers necessary to be produced, renders it almost impossible that something should not be overlooked, which may be sufficient to vitiate the whole process. To the impropriety of the laws, the ignorance of the judges, the defects in procedure, are still further to be added the operation of pontifical bulls, local privileges, the rights of churches, and many other particulars of exception, which, though less numerous than before the abolition of feudal privileges, are still abundantly sufficient to impede the march of justice, and to form a labyrinth inextricable to all but gold and authority.

Of the criminal procedure absolutely nothing is known, since the whole process is conducted with the greatest secresy. The governor of Rome is the president of the sittings, which are held in the Palazzo di Buon Governo.* While the new criminal code is completing, the criminals are tried under the so called "*Bando Serbelloni,*" composed by the Cardinal of that name, a system execrably sanguinary. By this law, robbery to the amount of a scudo (four shillings and eightpence), publicly insulting a priest, placing dirt before a church, are capital offences. The governor has, however, power to change the sentence at pleasure; and, as he cannot render it more severe, he interferes only to mitigate it. The governor has the power of inflicting certain correctional punishments by his own arbitrary authority, such as whipping and the cavaletto, imprisonment, and hard labour, for as long as a year, and this without even the shadow of a process. He has likewise the power of arresting, without the assignment of any reason for the act.

Under the dominion of the French, the greater part of these abuses had found a remedy; but with the old government the old evils have returned. By the *motu proprio,* however, some favourable changes have been made in

* The day we left Rome, this public officer fled from the papal states, under an accusation of forgery and peculation.

the arrangement of tribunals, and, amongst others, the appointment of a public defender of the accused. Persons on trial are not bound to accept of this *ex-officio* advocate, but may chuse any individual amongst the licensed pleaders, to defend their cause. Together with the other modes of torture, Cardinal Gonsalvi has abolished the cord, an horrible mode of dislocating the arms, by forcing them to sustain the whole weight of the body in a checked descent. He has likewise improved the police system, by disbanding the sgherri, and establishing a corps of carabineers: these, however, possess the power exercised by their predecessors of arresting whomever they please.

With respect to the Inquisition, that tribunal is very generally asserted to have lost its terrors; exerting its jurisdiction almost exclusively over refractory priests, or such as, having broached an heretical or suspicious doctrine, require paternal admonition to re-establish the purity of their faith; and it is further asserted, that the discipline of its prisons is so mild and relaxed, that the food and lodging are better than a parish priest can usually purchase in his own home. Indeed it may be remarked of the Roman state, generally, that in proportion as the forms are detestable, the administration of them is mild: for first, the Church has a certain character of *douceur* to maintain, not necessary to temporal governments; and, secondly, there is an indolence in its movements which repels great and decisive measures; while the scourge of public opinion instils a more than usual portion of hypocrisy and falsehood in the movements of the state, and nothing is so much dreaded as a scandal. It should be stated also, that the quiet and half-animated dispositions of the Roman citizens, and their habitual submission to their government, render the necessity for political severity more rare than in other despotisms.

With respect to the payment of law-officers, by the late *motu proprio* the judges are to receive a fixed salary; but the fees formerly paid are directed to go to the public treasury, and are not suppressed. The amount of salaries is not easily known. At Bologna the judges are paid about one thousand crowns per annum.

In all cases affecting the revenue, smuggling, &c. the criminal tribunals of the Cardinal Camerlingo, and the Treasurer, decide; where, of course, they are at once parties and judges. The restrictions on commerce are numerous and oppressive, more especially on that of books; for the same fiscal jealousies prevail in Rome, which isolate the other states of Italy, and confine the industry of the inhabitants very closely within the sphere of their own territories.

CHAP. XXII.

ROUTE FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

View from the Gates of Rome.—ALBANO.—VELLETRI.—*Torre di Tre Ponti.*—TERRACINA.—*Banditti.*—FONDI.—*Fra Diavolo.*—ITRI.—*Mola di Gaeta.*—CAPUA.—AVERSA.—*Entrance and general Aspect of* NAPLES.

WHOEVER takes the high-road from Rome to Naples, issuing by the ancient Porta San Giovanni, may pause to contemplate one of the finest views of picturesque desolation which even Italy presents. In the rear, the mighty Lateran, the Church's foundation-stone, raises its marble domes above the ruins of time and the wastes of pestilence: in front, the Appian Way extends towards the Tomb of the Curiatii; in every direction the interminable arcades of Roman aqueducts converge towards the capital, ruinous and draped in the verdure of decay; arch above arch admitting glimpses of the dark-blue sky behind. Formless masses of mud and of marble, on either side the road, mark the sites of monuments and of tombs, those posthumous trophies of vanity provided by patrician pride and wealth, at once decking and saddening the most frequented of the Roman highways. Then comes the boundless desert of the Campagna, the grave of graves: no field, no garden, no human dwelling breaks up its dreariness, till the ruinous *Torre di Mezza Via*, the first post house, presents itself. Here, perhaps, a human form is encountered; stationed to ask that charity of which it will not long remain in want. Some traveller, possibly, returning from Naples, a pilgrim or a peasant, urging his way to a shrine or a market, may present himself on this gloomy route; but the soil once so fertile, the land once so populous, has no inhabitant. Ruins of villas are seen in the distance; but there is not a tree to shade, nor a blade of corn to nourish, where the voluptuary once raised his luxurious pavilions.

Beyond the post of Torre di Mezza Via, the blue hills of Albano become more definitely marked on the horizon; and the half-unpeopled town, from

which they take their name, is seen spread at their feet, covering, with its dilapidated buildings, sites once occupied by the sumptuous villas of Pompey and Domitian. To the left appear the heights of Castel Gandolfo, swelling above the infected plain, the only remnant of beauty and salubrity in this once lovely paradise. Upon this spot Power and the Church have seized; and the Pope's Villa (a vast palace), with a cluster of religious edifices, crown its summits and command the lake; on whose beautiful shores the Franciscans have raised a convent, precisely on the spot where the antique village of Alba Longa was placed, ere it was destroyed by the Romans under Tullus Hostilius.

The peasantry of Albano, with their curious costume, give life to the dirty and disorderly town, where already five convents are re-opened, and filled (as the innkeeper assured us) entirely with strangers. All the horrors of modern Latium lie towards the right: the marshes, and port, and prison of Ostia; galley-slaves, mal-aria, and, but a very few years back, asylums for murderers, under the protection of the Cardinal Albani.*

The dreary hill of La Riccia is ascended from Albano, crowned by the ruined town; still more dreary, and preserving monuments of the great causes of these terrible effects. La Riccia (Aricia) is black and mouldering, and fearful as its inhabitants, with their fierce and squalid features; save only the great Palace of the Chigi, and the vast Church that faces it;—yet they too are gloomy and dilapidated. Ancient names consecrate the view which presents itself as the town is quitted—Lavinium, Ardea, Laurentum! but the villa of Pliny and the journey of Horace are remembered in vain. Other objects seize on the senses, and obscure the visions of the imagination; the present is too potent for the past;—and the desolate road, the huts of humid straw and brambles, that rise at certain distances, with arms piled before them—and the grim countenances of soldiers peering from their apertures, and increasing the fears they are meant to quiet—banish the legions of ancient Rome, by recollections of the banditti, which scare its modern inhabitants; and substitute, for the glories of heroic ages, a painful feeling of the dangers and degradation of the actual moment.

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* Et tous les deserts d'Ostie ne sont-ils pas l'asile protegé par le Cardinal Albani, propriétaire de cet antique paradis.—Bonsteten, Latium.

The town of Velletri well belongs to this region of plunder and desolation; and before the gates of its filthy and incommodious inn, travellers assemble to pursue their route in company, and to give a reciprocal protection to each other, in the perilous journey which awaits them between Rome and Naples. On arriving at the Pontine Marshes, the Via Appia continues along a deep-cut canal, whose pestilential waters add to the poison of the atmosphere. This canal, cut by the ancients, and re-opened in modern times, forms the principal outlet, which gives a partial drainage to the surrounding country. The huts of the patroles continue to increase in dreariness, as their inhabitants are deeper steeped in misery. Many of these soldiers of St. Peter were without shoes, and did not scruple to beg a paul from us as we passed. From those to whom we spoke at the post-house, we heard a dreadful account of their sufferings, attested by their swoln and jaundiced appearance. They said they were sent there to die the worst of deaths,—by a slow poison; that they were compelled to remain in the same station for two years—(a period abundantly sufficient to render them the certain victims of the mal-aria) that their pay scarcely bought them mere bread; and that they were at a distance from fresh water, exposed to insupportable heat in summer, and to equal inconvenience from the damps of winter.*

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* The Pontine Marshes, under the best system of drainage, would never have been perfectly healthy. Pliny indeed states, on the authority of an older writer, that twenty-three towns once occupied their site; but, as he likewise mentions the reported existence of a large island off this coast, it is not improbable that the retrocession of the sea which joined this island to the continent, by increasing the difficulties opposed to a natural drainage of the country, increased the quantity of marsh, and brought the mal-aria nearer to the mountains. In the present geographical condition of the country, it is obvious that nothing, under a great and combined system of artificial channels, could have rendered it tolerably wholesome; and it is too much to attribute such efforts to the scattered and rude tribes inhabiting this coast before the epoch of Roman greatness. What, however, is of more importance, is the question of the feasibility of improvement at the present moment. When the Appian Way was formed, a canal was cut; and, under Augustus, another was made, which at present exists along the road-side. The country must have been greatly improved by these and similar efforts, since it was *then* the custom to pass down the canal in boats, on the way to Baiæ, &c., by *night*, as being the most convenient season for travelling: whereas, to sleep upon these waters in summer-time, would *now* be certain death to a stranger. Upon the destruction of the Empire, the works on the Pontine Marshes fell into ruin; and though various efforts have been made in different ages to restore them, the drainage has never been pursued to any effectual purpose. Hence has arisen an opinion, that the difficulties are insuperable. It is probable that there are certain districts, lower than the level of the sea, which must

These soldiers are of but little use, when the Brigands come down in great force from the mountains; and they are supposed to connive as much as possible at their operations.*

The only human habitations I remember, along the straight interminable road across the marshes, until Terracina (the last Pontifical town) was reached, were the ruins in which, at the several stages, the post-horses are kept; each with a name to render it worth a pilgrimage, but each exhibiting an aspect, that might have made an episode in the wildest romance—CISTERNA —the supposed TRES TABERNÆ of St. Paul!—TORRE DEI TRE PONTI—the Forum-Appii of Horace—masses now of murky ruins more dreary than the marshes in which they stand, than the bleak rude mountains which rise behind them; and fetid as the stagnant waters that mantle in their front. As the carriages drove up before them, a few squalid faces appeared through the sashless windows; and in the ruin of a convent, built by Pope Pius VI. at the Forum

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always prove refractory to art;—but that the greater portion of this territory is recoverable, can admit of no doubt; at least to an extent which, by bringing agriculture into play, would materially diminish the danger of the mal-aria, and repeople the upper districts with towns. One of the greatest difficulties encountered in modern times lies in the profit that is derived from the sale of eels, in which the marshes abound—a profit that induces the great proprietors to resist all attempts at improvement. Pius the Sixth gave a large portion of the marshes to the Braschi family, instead of availing himself of the possession, to couple an active system of drainage with the establishment of small independent properties, founded on an obligation to promote the great work, and to throw the land into culture. To the effectual completion of such operations, two states of society can alone pretend—that of civil liberty, and that in which great power is concentrated in wise and active princes. In the hands of the Popes, power and wealth have been vested sufficient for effecting any operation that can be achieved by man; but that wealth has been expended in vicious and selfish pursuits, and the power has been directed rather to extending dominion abroad than to consolidating it by œconomic improvements at home. The reign of each Pope is, likewise, too short, and his power too much opposed by the intrigues of the princes and cardinals, to enable a patriotic Pontiff, if such should arise, to effect so extensive an operation, as that here contemplated; and there are certain established misapplications of public money, which must ever cramp his happiest exertions.

* Two English gentlemen had been robbed between Terracina and Velletri, two days before we arrived there. The soldiers gave a very vague and confused account of the affair, although it occurred within gun-shot of their post.—Fear, if not corruption, is a sufficient motive to make the troops keep at a respectful distance from the brigands; but when the smallness of their pay, and the desperation of their position in the midst of the mal-aria, are considered, it is impossible to doubt that they must seek and receive bribes to facilitate the plunder of the traveller. Indeed they are accused of occasionally robbing on their own account.

Appii, (a sad miscalculation) a drove of wild colts from the mountains were shut in: their herdsman more wild than the cattle, and in better times a bandit. In these stations, the very postilions have something lawless and ferocious in their looks: their existence is bounded to driving a few miles one way or the other in this desert; they are out of the pale of humanity, and they look as if they knew they were.

The approach to TERRACINA, (the Anxur of antiquity) the last pontifical town, is magnificent in beauty, as rich in historical and classic recollections. The sea lies to the right, the mountains of Terracina seem to swell from the beach: the old town raises its black dens on the summit of an isolated rock, rude and shattered; yet from its clefts spring orange and lemon trees, in full fruit, the Indian fig, and the spreading palm-tree. The façade of a fine unfinished papal palace edged one of its lower acclivities; to the left of the town, on more elevated heights, stands the convent of St. Francis; its garden of myrtles and palms spreading down to the road-side. High above all, frown the black ruins of Theodoric's palace, their broken arches admitting the red rays of the setting sun; and the prospect terminates with a bold white perpendicular cliff, broken off from the great mass of rocks, and standing like the watch-tower of the region. From this point, the "white rocks of Anxur"* close hard upon the sea, and for some miles form a defile up to the gates of the Neapolitan frontier, that a small effort of courage would render impassable by any army. The whole of this line is guarded, or meant to be guarded by sentinels within hail of each other, to protect the traveller from the banditti,—those true lords of the region, for whom the Roman sbirri and Neapolitan carbonari have no terrors.

From TERRACINA to FONDI, from Fondi to ITRI, in a word, from the Pontine Marshes to the rocks of Scylla, is the true classic ground of brigandage; and has given birth to the most distinguished cut-throats of modern times†. Here the young ideas of that famous robber-chief, GIUSEPPE MASTRILLO, were "*taught how to shoot.*"

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* Saxis latè candentibus Anxur.—Horat.

† On the Via-Appia from Rome to Brindisi, many inscriptions have been found, to Mercury, the Protector; and Jupiter, the Saviour: so that this scene may always have been infested with robbers.

" Nella bella città di Terracina,
Nacque Mastrillo pieno di sottile ingegno;
Ricco di bene, e pieno di dottrina
Fa stupore a Roma e prejudizio al regno."

But *Mastrillo*, like other heroes, (as the epic of which he is the Æneas informs us,) was the victim of a

" Crudel destino, e sfortunato fato"—

And for the trifling crime of cutting off a head, (a rival's head) he was obliged to abscond, or, as his Virgil coolly observes,

" Fatto quest' omicidio s' è partito,
E in Campagna di Roma s' è retirato."

Reckless of pardon, he became the "*famoso Bandito*" *Peppo Mastrillo;* and, though his head now decorates the gates of Terracina, his memory is revered and his feats are sung from the Porta St. Giovanni in Rome to the Borgo St. Antonio of Naples—for in Italy, the legend of the saint and the robber come equally within the permission of the censors, and are alike open to the study of the people. The good fortune of Peppo Mastrillo (before his "*crudel destino*" doomed him to the gallows) left him many successors, and the road between Rome and Naples continued for a century to be infested with the most atrocious banditti, who kept their camps in the mountains, unawed or unpunished by the paternal governments of these countries, which were both supposed to be subsidized by these freebooters, bolder, but not more rapacious, than themselves.

Chief after chief took command of these predatory bands; and at the period of the French Revolution, one, whose fame surpassed even that of Peppo Mastrillo, came forward in the lists of depredators; and all Italy learnt to tremble at the name of *Fra Diavolo*, the bandit of Itri. It is a curious fact that the *brigands* of this perilous defile, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, the Gondolieri of Venice, and the rabble of Tuscany, were the most strenuous opposers of the changes effected in Italy by the French; and that legitimacy on its throne was not more inveterate in its opposition to revolutionary inno-

vations, than the Italian robber in his mountain-cave.* In 1806, Fra Diavolo had rendered himself formidable even to those whom Pontifical guards and Neapolitan troops dared not oppose. The murders on the highway between Rome and Naples were almost as numerous as the travellers that passed it: the bravest men in the French army were cut off by assassination, and the gallant Colonel Brugniere and several of his officers are supposed to have fallen by *Fra Diavolo's* own hand. The French, when in possession of Rome and Naples, instantly began a reform in this ancient branch of the legislature of "*the See*" and "*the kingdom*" *(Il Regno)*. The young General La Marque marched against the brigands, took many villages, in which they maintained a considerable armed force, sworn by dreadful vows to *exterminate the Jacobins;* and in the town of Marathea alone found twenty-two chiefs, shut up with a band a thousand strong; who were all taken, and the principals executed. Every defile was searched and cleared; the French police dispersed through the whole country; *corps de gardes* established in the most dangerous posts; and, in 1810, the traveller passed as securely from Rome to Naples, and from Naples elsewhere, as in any other part of Italy.† The law (an unknown engine in the south) had become so formidable, that those who had not feared the wheel, trembled at the very idea of the *chef-de-police*, Spinelli; his name unnerved the uplifted hand of the assassin, and "*Se non fusse Spinelli!*" was an expression heard to escape from the murderer's lips as he sheathed his stiletto, in the conviction that the death he meditated‡ would be expiated by his own. "La Révolution finie, (says the Baron Bonstetten, in his admirable Latium,) les assassinats recommençèrent, et les loix les plus barbares reprirent leur ancien vigueur." The overthrow of the French power

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* The wealthy of all classes were accused of jacobinism by the banditti; and their property was plundered, and their lives taken under this pretence, in the most audacious manner: for the robbers no longer confined their depredations to the road, but plundered villas and sacked villages.

† It is a curious fact, that nothing can persuade the Neapolitans that the *Brigands of the Abruzzi* mountains and of Calabria, were not in pay of the English.

‡ Durant dix-huit mois de gouvernement révolutionnaire, il n'y eut après les premiers châtimens, pas un *seul* assassinat à Rome, et cette colère si terrible des Romains devint même dans le vin et dans la licence révolutionnaire si douce et si prudente, que les bras armés du couteau restoient suspendus au souvenir de Spinelli, maître de police.—LATIUM, p. 66.

in Italy was, in fact, the restoration of the brigands. Laws relaxed or annulled, justice overthrown in favour of privilege, and the salutary police replaced by the ancient *sbirri* (worse than the banditti, with whom they are generally in intelligence), have delivered up this part of Italy to armed bands, whose chiefs carry on their murderous trade to the very gates of Rome and Naples; and if some straggler is seized and imprisoned, it is but "*pour encourager les autres:*" for the best room of the prison is assigned him; money from unknown hands supports him; and foreign visitors, ranking him among objects of curiosity they have come to see, visit him in his cell on their way to the Coliseum, or the Grotto del Cane, and pay him like the custode of a palace or a collection.*

The inn of Terracina lies down on the coast, a new and spacious building; and on either side the road lie scattered a few small white-washed houses. The ascent to the old town is sufficiently arduous for weary travellers, but we could not neglect a spot where Horace met Mæcenas after his hard day's journey towards Brundusium. If this was the Anxur of Horace! if the ancient town resembled that which now presents itself (and to judge by Pompeii, we may suppose it did) what dens the cities of antiquity must have been! The steep dark streets were narrow passages; in the centre of which the miserable population appeared to live in common. Some were supping, others working; but most lounging on the pavement, which, though filthy, was strewed with myrtles, in honour of some

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* The Banditti came in formidable array to the house of Lucien Bonaparte, at Frescati, for the purpose of carrying him off, for his ransom; but took his secretary by mistake. I did not hear of their having carried up any English traveller to the mountain; but the French and Italians find little mercy. Our mode of travelling between Terracina and Mola di Gaeta, in 1820, was as follows: the military posts, stationed at every mile, turned out a party on the approach of the carriage; the commander of the party informed us that we must have two guards, and that the alternative was left us either to take them on our carriage, or to go sufficiently slow for them to walk on either side: we always chose the former. One then mounted with our servant on the coach-box, the other took his station behind, on a trunk; but before they departed they took out their bayonets, which they delivered up to their officer; and we perceived their guns were stuffed with paper. The whole, I believe, is a mere form; for whenever the banditti think a carriage worth attacking, (and they have always previous intelligence,) these guards go for nothing. From Terracina the road is patrolled by Neapolitan troops; scarcely less wretched and discontented with their situation than those of the Pope.

festa*. As we proceeded with difficulty, and suffocated with stench, to the Convent of St. Francis (now a college), a lovely creature, that looked on the verge of girlhood and of the tomb, sprang from a group of rickety imps—her eyes of fire, her white teeth, and her dark complexion deeply tinted with the hues of the mal-aria, formed a frightful contrast. She touched my arm playfully with a myrtle branch, and begged with the smile of a young Sibyl, to accompany us, being, she said, a good "*cicerone per gli antiquità;*" but alas! we had already our *cicerone*, a poor lame distorted creature, hobbling with difficulty, and telling us, "the *mal-aria* (in his own words) *had done his business.*"

On reaching the convent (which crowns a fertile acclivity above this ancient town), and entering its cloistered court, perfumed with the fruit and blossoms of a gigantic orange-tree, the first thing that met my eye was an inscription of

"Le donne non entranno qui;"

and I was starting back at the prohibition, when a troop of the young students†, in their clerical habits, passed under the cloister, two by two—all courteously bowing; while the monk who accompanied them, after a few words of conversation, politely observed, that, "when ladies came so far to see their convent, the general prohibition lost its force." We found it clean and simple: a supper of vegetables was preparing in the kitchen for the boys. Over each little dormitory was written "viva Gesu, viva Maria."

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* Mr. Eustace says, "this town Terracina *seems* to have been rising rapidly into consideration by its increasing commerce, till the late invasion of the French checked its growth, and threw it back into insignificance!!! With respect to the truth of this observation, it is only necessary to quote, that he adds, "few places seem better calculated for bathing and public resort than Terracina."—Terracina, infected by the *mal-aria*, and infested by *banditti;* approached and left in all seasons under a military escort, not always then safe!! In summer the direst necessity only induces the natives to pass the road; to sleep on it is death; and the difficulty of overcoming an unnatural drowsiness is well described in Corinna, who trembles for the life of Oswald, regardless of her own.

† We were much affected by reading in the public papers lately, that this seminary had been attacked by the banditti, and several of the youth carried to the mountain. We have since heard, that those who were not instantly ransomed were put to death. These poor boys were from all parts of the Roman and Neapolitan States—some of them not above ten or twelve years old. The elevation of the college preserved them from the mal-aria; and their health, appearance, and manners, seemed sedulously attended to.

The antiquities of Terracina are rather sites than ruins; and the close atmosphere drove us away before we could examine some broken columns, said to be the remains of the Temple of Apollo, where the Cathedral now stands.

The *Torre dei Confini*, a castellated mass, guarding the frontier pass between the ocean and the mountains, and separating the Neapolitan territories from those of Rome, is one of those stations, where the traveller's patience and temper are tried to their utmost, by all those devices of fraud, extortion, and power, which obstruct the progress of the foreign visitors of Italy. This is the first Neapolitan custom-house, and we were detained for a considerable time, because the *Chef-de-Police* could not make out the passport of a gentleman, whose carriage preceded ours; and he would not allow us to pass before him. On our arrival at FONDI, we were again stopped for an hour at the *Dogana*, and money extorted. Here the delay arose again from the difficult passport of the carriage before us; the municipal officer declaring he believed this to be a forgery, because there was a place mentioned in it he had never heard of, and did not believe existed. This place was UTRECHT! He spoke nothing but Neapolitan, and could scarcely read Italian, much less French or German.

While we were thus detained in the streets, we had an opportunity of observing the half-savage and wholly degraded population. This is one of the chief towns of the brigands, and we saw many a gaunt fearful figure, wrapped to the eyes in his long mantle, nodding familiarly to the Neapolitan guard as they passed him; and probably returning to his station in the mountains. Here too we first saw the professional Neapolitan beggars, a curious class, all filth, dirt, gesticulation, and pantomime. Even the little children go through all the contortions and grimaces of their elders to obtain charity, which none here are ashamed to crave, not even *one* who appeared to us to be a subaltern officer of the guard, and who begged a carline.

From the filth, misery, and lawlessness of Fondi*, which Horace seems to have left "without reluctance," we proceeded by a scenery worthy of paradise to ITRI. The road lay along the coast, through groves of orange-

* The air of Fondi is particularly insalubrious from the stagnant waters of a great lake, which lies between the town and the sea, and abounds in large eels. The Appian Way runs through it, and the pavement of the street is the identical structure laid down by the Romans;—as may be supposed, rather the worse for wear, and some degrees worse than none at all.

trees. Close by one in rich fruit and flower, hung a gibbet, with the limbs of some lately executed criminal, tainting gales that breathed odours of Arabia.

The huts of the patroles were glittering with arms piled round them; mendicants, or creatures who appeared to be so, at the sight of a carriage started from the earth where they lay basking in the sun, raising their dinning shout of "Carità, Cristiani" and running as long as breath lasted them beside the wheels. In passing the craggy romantic heights of *Monte Sant' Andrea*, the military stations were doubled; but the soldiers lay stretched asleep under straw sheds. A herd dressed in a sheep-skin here and there presented himself, guarding his cattle in the glens of the mountains; and Itri, the birth-place of Fra Diavolo, the palladium of brigandage, was at last discovered reposing under a brilliant cloudless sky, in the midst of hills, covered with vines and oranges, rich in the foliage of figs, and myrtles, and olives, and laurels.

Itri, entered and passed through with difficulty and danger, from its narrowness and steep ascent, leaves an impression behind it never to be effaced. Let those who rejoice in the failure of the Neapolitan enterprise—in the vain efforts of the enlightened and the independent to shake off the tyranny which has poisoned the sources of humanity, and left the best gifts of God and nature worthless—visit Itri, and see there the effects of the government, in whose restoration they triumph. Let them see only once this nest of crime and malady, let them behold the well-known bandit, scowling at the door of that black dismantled shed, where he finds in his casual visit from the mountain, the brawling brood of famished imps, whom his portion of spoil can scarcely nurture, for whom the last human feeling that lingers in his hardened heart exists! Let them see that brood, destined to beggary or to their father's trade, disfigured by dirt and rags, issuing forth at the noise of a carriage-wheel, throwing themselves under the horse's feet to excite compassion, and raising yells, that move more by terror than by pity. Let them view that listless vicious mother, with her look of sagacity sharpened by want, handsome in spite of filth, but the more terrible for her beauty, lying at her door in utter idleness, the knife perhaps still reeking, which her husband has plied too successfully within view of the gibbet of the orange-groves of Fondi, perhaps near the image of the Madonna.—Here is the sum up of the results of the Neapolitan despotism of centuries' existence; want, vice, disease, bigotry, and assassination. Such is Itri, the stranger's terror, the native's

shame, the bandit's home. The king lately passed through Itri on his sumptuous visit to Rome. He must have found great difficulty in doing so; and his eye must have been shocked, his royal senses been nauseated, at every step! yet nothing was done for this miserable place, though his royal subjects of his *good town of Itri* washed their blood-stained hands to fling a flower in his filthy passage! They felt it was his misrule that left their calling unquestioned; but they knew not that it was such misrule, that had made them the slaves they are! Yet Itri was once one of the fair cities of the Appian Way. The *Urbs Mamurrarum** of Horace, whose pavement was trod by the steps of Varius and Virgil,

"Alme piu candide
La Terra unqua non diè."†

in whose neighbourhood stood the Villa of Cicero! in whose neighbourhood still stands his tomb.

From Itri to *Mola di Gaeta*, a "*paradise is opened in the wild.*" The mountains to the left gradually retreat, raising their grey and craggy summits to the heaven, while their sloping brows, covered with orange and lemon trees, and skirted with natural hedges of myrtle, terminate on the coast, and the Appian Way winds romantically between both. The picture increases in beauty, as *Mola di Gaeta* is approached. A villa (now an inn) on the sea-side, yet half hidden in orange-groves, marks (or is said to mark) the site of Cicero's villa.‡ Near it rises that picturesque and ruined tower, which the freed-man of Cicero raised, to mark the spot where the "*last of the Romans*" was slain; even the little pathway mentioned by Plutarch, as turning from the Appian Way down to the coast, where he was met in his litter by the centurians, as he was hastening to embark, is shewn by the common people; and the excavations and fragments of marble under the orange-groves of the *Villa-Inn*, are called his Baths, or Villa Inferiore, and might have been so. At a short

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* In the Italian itineraries they call it *Itri (Mamurra)*. Near the town stands an ancient temple, or mausoleum—antiquaries have not decided which.

† Horace Satir. 5.—Italian translation, Devonshire edition.

‡ His *Formianum*. I copy local tradition, and leave to antiquaries to decide the fact. Over the door of the classic inn, the most beautifully situated in the world, Cicero hangs as a sign, in a purple mantle, and pair of lemon-coloured pantaloons, surrounded by appropriate inscriptions.

distance across the bay, but with all its architectural outlines of fort and tower, and dome and steeple, clearly sketched on the horizon, the ancient city of Gaeta seems to rise out of the ocean: the little tongue of land which unites its foundation-rock to the shore, is not perceptible, and its seeming isolation adds to the characteristic beauty of its position. The *Mola di Gaeta*, at half a mile's distance from Cicero's villa, spreads its white-walled houses along the coast. A fleet of fishing-boats anchor on its strand. The rich coast, looking like the loveliest inland scenery, again succeeds. This is the *region of Circe*, and well it might be; and this the scene in which Homer places the interview of the cold-hearted Ulysses with the daughter of the King of the Læstrygones. On these delicious shores Horace quaffed the famed Falernian, and sang its merit. Even satire lost its sting in the luscious scenes of Gaeta; and Martial, who praised little, praised much here. The women of this coast realized the fables of Circe, and their beauty, as well as their dress, long continued proverbial. Nature here is still the same; but the moral world is all changed. The younger part of the population were, when we visited Mola di Gaeta, wallowing in the sands, or basking in the winter-suns, filthy, squalid, and importunate; they rose to join the clamours of the beggars, and, whether they failed or succeeded, again threw themselves on the beach. Though the women exhibited fine features, and rolled their long tresses, mingled with soiled silken bands round their fine heads, and though the vessels they filled at the fountain, or the spring, were of Etruscan form, and were carried with an antique grace, still their ragged slovenliness, and disfiguring impurity, left more to pity than to admire. The rudiments of a superior nature were however still there.

At Garigliano the ancient Liris is crossed, but not without considerable delay; which allows time for a coup-d'œil on the ruins which skirt its shore, and the inscriptions over the gates of this river pass. Here the Via Appia is left, and the Via Domitiana is entered; and the mount of Falernum (the Mecca of good fellows) is seen purpled with the setting sun-shine, as St. Agata is reached. St. Agata is a solitary inn, the true locanda of the middle ages, with few of its windows sashed, and its open corridor running round a court containing little sleeping-rooms, bare and rude as a hermit's cell. It is, however, a frequented sleeping stage: it stands in the midst of the most enchanting scenery, and at a short distance from the ruins of the ancient Minturnæ.

Capua succeeds to St. Agatha. But here Hannibal now could have nothing to fear, but from the constant and filthy occupation of the inhabitants, whose efforts at personal cleanliness are extremely offensive, and not always innoxious. The modern Capua lies at a little distance from the ruins of the ancient city.* In the cathedral, the only church worth visiting, we found the canons, not chaunting, but howling the service: a young priest seated in his confessional, exhibited a very amusing appearance; one half of his face was exposed to us, with a look of idle curiosity; the other was hid by the skreen of his confessional, outside of which knelt an old peasant dame, her eyes turned to his, and her mouth in the ear of her confessor. With what combinations must the minds of such men be furnished, the greater part of whose lives are passed in listening to the ludicrous home-spun gossipry of such filthy old women as most frequently present themselves (for want of something else to do) at their tribunal! What endless details must they treasure, of eggs stolen, and hens purloined, and of the evil passions engendered by the unmerited prosperity of some neighbouring "*Mrs. Grundy!*"

The little Norman town of *Aversa*, built in the twelfth century by those adventurers who subdued Naples and Capua, stands at the entrance of that noble avenue which leads to the city of Vesuvius. The dark curling smoke of this master feature of the scene is observable at a considerable distance, staining the bright blue atmosphere. As Naples is approached, all becomes glow and lustre, and light and life. As the height was descended, which dominates the city, it appeared to us, in the full splendour of sun-set, like some fabled city of the east, the dream of Arabian poets. Turrets and towers that look like minarets, cupolas roofed with many-coloured tiles, churches that might be mistaken for mosques, and glittering spires fitter for the crescent than for the cross, a teeming population issuing from the gates, with countenances such as might people Arabia Felix, and dresses that seemed the plunder of a Sultan's wardrobe, conspired to complete the delusion.

The Dogana passed, the spacious, populous Borgo di Sant'Antonio traversed,

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* About a mile.—Some remains are visible of an amphitheatre, and a triumphal arch.

the Toledo was entered in the height of the Corso; but this was not the Corso of Rome—the funereal procession of that drowsy city. Here the carriages flew along, and flew amidst a close-packed phalanx of pedestrians, whose dense and impenetrable groups set danger at defiance. The windows and shaded balconies of the high, handsome, well-built houses were filled with laughing, talking groups; and looked like a series of fantastic pavilions, raised for the purpose of some specific festival. Under the awnings of the numerous caffés stood or sat multitudes of gentlemen, in the most genuine English costume, but with true southern countenances; conversing with great force of gesticulation, or reading the newspapers, or chatting over their ice. The Corso was left to the ladies; and at the moment here described, political fermentation and mental energy were the order of the day.

The guide sent by some English friends, to conduct us to lodgings previously engaged, (a necessary precaution against sleeping in the street, which some foreigners of distinction were nearly reduced to do,) directed our postilion to turn into the *Largo di Castello**; and a new scene presented itself. This spacious place, the site of popular enjoyment, and the stage of many popular atrocities, opens to the Bay, commands Vesuvius, and is terminated by the *Mola*, with its picturesque pharos. On one side rises the flanking towers and massive walls of the Castello Nuovo. Its donjon is of the thirteenth century, and its towers and bastions were added by Frederick of Arragon and Gonsalvo of Cordova, in the sixteenth. Its fortifications bear down to the shores they were raised to guard, and the triumphal arch of Frederick terminates the whole. On the other side stand little theatres and little churches, and wine-shops, with a shrine on one side and a puppet-show on the other: here a preaching monk exposing the crucifix, and there a clown spouting or eating fire. Every where are spread the fantastic stalls of the fruiterer, and the

* The squares, which are termed *piazze* at Rome, in Naples are called *larghi*. These terms should not, however, suggest an idea of the regularity and neatness connected with their English equivalent, since they are applied to all open spaces, whatever may be the dimensions or concomitants. The Largo di Castello is a wide and irregular space, combining the images of a sea-port town with others familiar in the Boulevards of Paris.

aquajolo, all flowers and foliage, supported by cupids and angels, surmounted with a Madonna in heaven, or sinners in purgatory, and streaming with flags of gilt paper and red stuff. Half-naked beggars stop to "*ber fresco*" (drink iced water), or eat an ice confidently trusted to them, with a silver spoon, by the merchant they habitually deal with. Close by, stands the itinerant bookseller, largely supplied with "*La Santa Bibbia,*"* and "*La nuova Istoria della Vita e Morte di uno famoso Banditto.*" Crowds, the most grotesque and characteristic, group round the stages of the mountebanks; the pavement is strewed with mounds of oranges, and the air resounds with that acute Babel-like noise which belongs exclusively to Naples, where the spirits of the people are all abroad, increased, but not overpowered, by the clang of trumpets, the winding of horns, and the tinkling of guittars, which summon the votarists of amusement to its several temples.

On turning the corner of the Largo di Castello, and arriving at our destined habitation (a terrible old palace near the Mola), we left our servant, driver, and hosts in the hands of the fierce wrangling Lazzaroni, (who seized on the carriage, and would not suffer an article to be removed but by themselves,) and hastened to the open balcony of our large dreary apartment. It commanded the bay, the port, the shipping at anchor, the circular sweep of Portici, with its villas and palaces, and Mount Vesuvius crowned with wreaths of smoke, the whole still coloured with the red and purple lights of the departing sun. But these rich tints gradually faded into aërial hues; a deep dim twilight succeeded; what was smoke on Vesuvius a moment before, brightened into flame; bursts of dark red fire shot up into the black atmosphere, and a stream of deep-red lava flowed like a torrent down its acclivity, and seemed in the distance to quench its living waves in the sea beneath. A dim spark of light glimmered from the pharos; here and there the transparent awning of a vessel appeared illuminated within; and lights from the town, or the lanterns of gliding barks, danced on the water. The moon rose like a northern sun! black shadows and red lights softened and grew dim beneath her silvery influence; high

* Although by the title-page this must be taken for the Bible, it is only an abridged and selected paraphrase, something in the style of Mrs. Trimmer, not containing a fourth part of the original work. It is all, however, with which the common people are trusted.

masts, and towers, and forts, were tinged with her rays, and when she rode all resplendent

"At her highest noon,"

there was nothing to contrast her pure bright radiance, save the fires of Vesuvius—like herself a splendid mystery of creation—a part of some eternal law, some inscrutable necessity, which man—the atom!—dreams were made for him!

CHAP. XXIII.

NAPLES.

NAPLES.—*Site.*—*Coast of Pozzuoli.*—*Baiæ.*—HERCULANEUM.—*Portici.*—ROYAL VILLAS.—*Madame Murat.*—MUSEO.—*La Favorita.*—*Vesuvius.*—POMPEII.—*The Statue of the Priestess Eumachia.*—MUSEO BORBONICO.—*Galleria di Pompeii, &c. &c.*—*Hall of the Papyrus.*—*Shores of Mare-chiano. Posilipo.*—*Mergellina.*—*Sannazarius.*—*Virgil's Tomb.*—*The Grotto of Posilipo.*—*Shores of Pozzuoli.*—*The Lake Agnano.*—*The Solfatara.*—*Baths.*—*Monastery of the Cameldules.*—THE CATHEDRAL.—*The Church of* SAINT CLARE.—*Monument of King Robert.*—*Queen Giovanna the First.*—*The Convent of Saint Clare.*—PALACES.—*Chieja.*

NAPLES is the ordinary termination of the stranger's pilgrimage to Italy. The memory, overloaded by the numerous remembrances committed to its keeping—the mind exhausted by the reiterated calls made on its perceptions—novelty exhausted, curiosity blunted, all dispose even the most ardent traveller to a repose, whose indulgence has become both morally and physically necessary. More churches to visit, more palaces to see, more monuments to study, would become a duty, and cease to be an amusement; and it is a relief, rather than a disappointment, to learn that Naples contains few of any of these objects, worthy to arrest that attention on which Florence and Rome have already so deeply drawn. The antiquities of Naples, and its environs, are its sites, its buried cities, and classic ports; its historical recollections are the perpetuated horrors of a foreign despotism, registered in its Moorish, Spanish, and Arabic architecture: but its great, its distinguishing feature is the singular and sublime character stamped on its region by Nature! In

this point of view Naples stands alone; taking her perilous position on the brink of destruction, reposing her luxurious villas on the edge of a crater, and raising her proud towers on the shifting surface of an eternally active volcano. Such fatal but inevitable engines rarely allure the proximity of man; they are found lording the desolation where human interests end, amidst the ice deserts of Kamtschatka, the altitudes of the Andes, the outskirts of the world; but the gay, brilliant, fantastic city, which pours its restless, busy, bustling population at the foot of Vesuvius, with an electric fluid for its atmosphere, and rivers of flame, and showers of ashes, for its ordinary phenomena—such a city is well worth visiting, though it had not one attraction besides that of its awful and uncertain site. Here the plain of to-day is the mountain to-morrow*; and Nature performs her greatest operations with all her rude materials round her, within the view of man, and the precincts of his daily neighbourhood. Here she is seen revealing her processes of creation, changing, combining, exhausting, renewing, and recreating, but never destroying!—her means and modes exposed to every eye—but what her object and her end? the most prying of her creatures, man, has never yet, and never may discover!

In Rome, and its surrounding deserts, every thing depicts the death of Nature. In Naples, and its environs, all evinces her vigour and activity—an activity that preys upon itself, a feverish vitality that consumes while it brightens. The air is fire, the soil a furnace. Sun-beams bring death† as they fall! and the earth, when struck, sends up burning vapours!‡ Every where the ruins of

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* The Monte Nuovo (at a short distance from Naples). In the night of the 29th of September, 1538, after a violent trembling of the earth, a terrible volcanic explosion took place, and after three days awful fermentation of the elements, the hill now called Monte Nuovo, arose out of the plain. During this sublime but terrific operation, showers of cinders fell to the distance of twenty-four miles, and the spacious hospital of the Tripergola, was swallowed in the abyss, with many private dwellings. See Marc-Antonio de' Falconi, Degl' incendj di Pozzuoli.

† The *Coup de Soleil.*

‡ The moment the surface of the Solfatara (the Forum Vulcani of Strabo) is struck, a column of hot vapour rises, as if by the touch of an enchanter. One almost expects to see the Genius of Brimstone gradually incorporating and rising out of them. Its soil, of many-coloured sulphurs, affords a new aspect of nature.

time and man are mingled with the fragments of an over-wrought creation; and the amphitheatres of Augustus and Pompey, the villa of Cicero, and the altars of Caligula, identified by prostrated masses of sculptured marbles, lie scattered amidst the extinct volcanoes of Pozzuoli.* In the environs of Naples there lies subject-matter for the antiquarian, the painter, the naturalist, and the philosopher! Its coasts are bathed by the sea of Homer! its lakes and its hills afford the topography of Virgil.† Its vineyards bloom over caves where the Cumean Sibyl composed her oracles; and every cliff and headland is a history, the register of a crime, or the land-mark of an adventure which has made the immortality of him who recorded, or him who performed them.‡

From the multiplicity of objects which present themselves worthy of description and tempting to describe, it is difficult to reject one, and vanity to attempt any. The painters, historians, antiquarians, and travellers of modern times have left nothing new to tell—nothing untouched to delineate. Naples has been a fertile, and is now an exhausted subject: to view its volcanoes

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* Pozzuoli, the most ancient historical site in Italy, (and in the height of Roman glory, characterized by its grandeur and magnificence,) contains the ruins of the Temples of Serapis, of Diana, and many other monuments. The villa Puteolana of Cicero, and his stadium, are sites rather than monuments, visited and disputed over by wrangling antiquarians. Caligula, in his mad passage over the bridge of boats, paused in the Temple of Neptune, in Pozzuoli, to offer propitiatory sacrifices. Here too Cæsar, on his way to give battle to Antony, sacrificed to the winds, to Neptune, and the sea.

† The road from the town of Pozzuoli leads between the Via Cumana and the *Monte Nuovo* to the Lake Avernus; and all the scenery of the eleventh book of the Odyssey, and of the sixth book of the Æneid, spreads beneath the eye;—but when we visited its *Cimmerian* shores, they were glowing in sunshine; sites that awed the spirits of Hercules and Ulysses, now looked invitingly gay; and the terrible Avernus of antiquity resembled the carp and tench lake of an English park. Still the superb ruins of the Thermæ and Temple of Apollo strewn near it, meet the dreams of the imagination; and a subterranean passage, with its classic name of the Sibyl's grotto, realized one at least of its poetic visions; even though a little Christian chapel dedicated to St. Januarius rose in the centre.

‡ The scene of the terrible tragedy of which Agrippina was the heroine lay on the beautiful coast of Baiæ;—the monument or sepulchre, called Sepolcro di Agrippina, lies on the shore between the picturesque Castello di Baiæ and the headland of Misenum. The whole of these shores look as if they were etched and painted—the drawing and colouring equally exquisite: they are not very accessible; but they well repay the fatigue and trouble of visiting them. The sea-pieces of Salvator Rosa are recalled at every step.

and reach its classic shores, the north of Italy has been rapidly and carelessly run over, its histories unsearched, and its monuments unexamined; and to the traveller of the present day nothing is left, but cautiously and briefly to obtrude upon the reader some object of overwhelming importance, whose impression is deep-seated, and whose description, if not new, may at least not be languid.

After days and nights given to the coasts and land scenery of Naples, to Pozzuoli and Baiæ, to the lovely ascents of Posilipo and the lava shores of Portici, the objects which struck us most were those which strike all!—Vesuvius and Pompeii, the grotto of Posilipo, and the burnt wastes of the Solfatara. From Naples to Pompeii, the route along the bay includes not only one of the loveliest of the many lovely views of this region; but most of the principal objects for which the naturalist and antiquarian visit this extraordinary region—Herculaneum, Portici, Vesuvius. A long suburban line of buildings—some shattered and miserable (the abodes of the people), others spacious but deserted (the villas of the nobles), leads to the royal palaces of Portici, by the village of Resina—the first stage in this journey of wonders, at which taste or curiosity is induced to stop; for the streets of Resina cover the buried ruins of Herculaneum. A mass of formless buildings, inhabited by dingy, dirty beings, are sunk to the right of the road, where the visitor descends from his carriage, and is met by the grim gaunt guide of Herculaneum, who having distributed a candle to each of the party, and furnished himself with many, proceeds by a cavernous aperture in the earth to descend the sloping surface between its black and gloomy walls, over which so many centuries have passed. A descent of eighty palms (for it is said that seven layers of lava lie between the soil of Herculaneum and of Resina) leads to the subterranean defile, where there is so little to see, and so much to sadden.

The terror lest the lights should be extinguished in this dense dark tomb, increased by the caution with which the experienced guide multiplies illumination, by sticking a candle here and there against the lava walls, as he proceeds, as land-marks to return by—the dim glimmer of these distant lights, as the winding of the narrow labyrinth is followed, with a thousand horrors conjured up by the impressions of darkness, leave on the mind of the nervous and fanciful but one dominant feeling—the desire of returning to day-

light and fresh air. Little indeed is to be seen in the depths of Herculaneum but the ruins of the amphitheatre, round whose orchestra the guide leads his protegés*; but the whole is so partially excavated, and the darkness so impenetrable, that the view is indistinct, and the impression carried away incomplete. The monuments are indeed so buried in the lava, (which must have fallen in liquid floods, pouring into every space,) that the most accurate idea which can be formed of this terribly preserved city, is that given by fossil forms impacted in their matrices. In one place we saw the impression of a comic mask in the lava; and other objects were pointed out by the guides, to which *one* of the party, at least, gave more faith than examination. The sound of the carriage-wheels over our heads, as we re-ascended, driving through Resina, and the first ray of daylight, awakened the pleasantest sensations to which this visit to Herculaneum gave birth. Every reflection connected with it is terrible; and yet the villages built over it swarm with inhabitants, who may, every time Vesuvius explodes, expect the same fate as the great city beneath has experienced.

The high road of Portici runs through the old-fashioned paved court of its royal palace—a heavy cumbrous fabric, commanding the bay. Though one of the most considerable and finely situated of the royal villas, it must have been a most gloomy and incommodious one, before the elegant improvements made in it by its late active, but transitory queen. The old custode, who shewed us the apartments, had some difficulty in naming his late mistress by the title of *Madama Murat*, instead of "*her majesty*," and had evidently got up a new vocabulary for the new (or old) regime. On entering, he observed to us that the whole of the very elegant vestibule, in which we stood, the broad and double staircase, the spacious corridor, and the beau-

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* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that, in 1726, an accidental excavation made by the Prince d'Elbeuf, who was building a villa at Resina, occasioned the discovery of *Herculaneum*, buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79; whose ashes are said to have fallen in Egypt. In the course of the excavation by Charles the Third, father to the present King, a portico, two temples, a magnificent theatre, and several private houses were discovered; but to the disgrace of that government, whose exchequer was inadequate to pay spies and pensioned favourites, these great works were stopped, and the excavations already made filled up; so that nothing now remains but the proscenium and some other parts of the great amphitheatre.

tiful little theatre*, into which it opens, were all "*fatti da Madama Murat.*" Again, a gallery ornamented with superb candelabras, and accommodated with elegant ottomans, extorted the laconic "*fatto da Madama Murat.*" In a word, we found that endless suites of apartments, baths, cabinets, book-rooms, green-houses, orangeries, &c. &c. were all either painted, decorated, and furnished, or planned and erected "*da Madama Murat.*" Some of the rooms exhibited a very extraordinary degree of taste in "consulting the genius of the place." The walls were covered with paintings, copied from the Pompeii, and the furniture was imitated from objects discovered there, and still preserved in the *Museo* at Naples. The draperies of the richest silk, were all of the Neapolitan loom; for "*Madama Murat*" made a complete clearing out of all the old and tawdry furniture of this palace: so that on the return of the royal family, they knew it as little as many other objects of her reformation and improvement; and expressed their surprise and admiration, with a naïveté that still contributes the current coin of anecdote to the circulating medium of ridicules in Naples†.

The apartments of the Ex-Queen are models of elegance and feminine taste. The bed-room, dressing-room, boudoir, and library, are eminently so; and have been left precisely as she last occupied them. Her dressing-boxes are on the toilette; a miniature of her nephew, the little Napoleon, (hung by a ribbon) decorates the chimney piece ‡; her *dejeuné*, on an English tray,

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* The theatre was arranged, even to the fixtures of the scenes and wings, as it had been left on the last night of performance, three or four years back, when a play was acted for the late King of Spain, who came from his monk's cell at Rome to congratulate his brother of Naples. As King of Spain, this worthy Bourbon would never go to a public theatre, and on the present occasion, it is said he did penance for the indulgence, with the Queen and the Prince of Peace who joined in the ceremony.

† The King, on the Restoration, sent the Prince, his son, to look about him and bring him the news from Naples; for, having, like Falstaff, "*run away upon instinct,*" he had an instinctive apprehension of returning, without first making inquiries as to the "king-traps and grass-snakes set there." The Prince returned in raptures with his improved and beautiful palaces and city, exclaiming in the presence of many courtiers, "Oh! papa mio! if you had only stayed away another ten years!" An admirable "*Ana*" might be made of the bon-mots of the royal family of Naples: a race, which, in its hereditary intellect, recalls "Jocris père, Jocris fils, et Jocris petit fils."

‡ In her dressing-room was a superb bust of the Ex-King of Rome, by Canova. The boudoir was decorated with paintings by M. Forbin, the protegé of the Bonaparte family; one of whom told me, that these pictures were commanded to encourage the young artist. Gonsalvo di Cordova, visiting the Alhambra by moon-light, forms the subject of one of the best. This M. Forbin is now the Director-general of the Musée at Paris.

stands in the centre of the room; and some pretty *étrennes* (worked and embroidered for her by her ladies a few days before her reverses) are scattered on a sofa. "*Niente cangiato,*" said the Cicerone, "except this!" (and he approached her magnificent bed, and pointed to two large black crucifixes, and a pendent vase of holy water hung at its head)—"*Non è quella una moda Francese.*"* On the King and his wife † sleeping one night at Portici, these sacred images were hung up for the occasion. In the dressing-room, all the necessaries of the toilette, in crystal and silver, still remain; even some silver brushes lying where the femme-de-chambre of the late fair inhabitant had left them. It is said, that Madame Murat carried even to affectation her determination of not removing any thing that belonged to her royal state, and took only what she considered personal and private property ‡. Portici was her favourite residence, and the numerous English and Irish nobility, whom she received there, can vouch for the courtesy and hospitality with which she did the honours of her palace.

Murat's apartments join his wife's: they were equally luxurious, splendid, and commodious; the hangings all silk and satin; the carpets all English and

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* "Nothing is changed—this is not a French fashion."

† This lady, the wife of a left-handed marriage, has no other title than that of "La Moglie del Rè. To this marriage the princes his sons had some objections; and, among others, the Hereditary Prince hinted to his father, that the lady had not escaped the breath of scandal. The King, playfully tickling his august son under the short rib, exclaimed in reply, "E la Mamma, caro figlio! E la Mamma!" Many anecdotes were recited to us of his majesty's joy, at having escaped from the conjugal despotism of La Mamma! and in contrasting "*La Moglie del Rè*" and his minister Medici, with Caroline of Austria and her minister Acton. He frequently exclaims, in his Lazzarone dialect, "How happy I am! with a wife who lets me do what I will, and a minister who leaves me nothing to do."

‡ She is said to have left Naples with a considerable property in jewels. She, however, left all the palaces newly and superbly furnished, with plate, linen, pictures, &c. &c. &c.; two hundred horses in the stables, and one hundred and eight carriages. The King found the national debt cleared off; though in 1789 it amounted to twenty-nine millions, and was considerably increased during the interval of their Majesties return from Sicily. All this, however, has not softened the implacable king, whose hatred to the name of Murat is so inveterate, that on the occasion of a law process, which occurred while we were at Naples, the name of Madame Murat occurring in the course of evidence, the crown-lawyer, to avoid mentioning her name, called her "La Moglie dell' Occupazione Militare," "*the wife of the military occupation.*" It was said in Naples that nothing would satisfy the King, but the life of the unfortunate Murat; and that half doubtful of the good news being true when it reached him, he expressed himself like the vindictive little boy in the drama of the "*Children of the Wood,*" "*Kill him again, Walter—kill him again.*"

Turkey. The toilette splendid and *recherchée*, as that of the vainest petite maitresse, or royal beauty. Close to his superb sleeping-room is a simple little cabinet, with a small white dimity camp-bed, where his secretary slept. Here, in this little bed of the ex-secretary, sleeps the Royal Bourbon—the legitimate King of Naples, when he makes his visits to Portici. It is said that he walks about the palace in endless amusement, admiring all the elegant finery of which he has become the master; but still adhering to the little dimity bed, and the secretary's closet, which resembles his own homely bed-room in his palace at Naples. He has added nothing but a large crucifix.

In an old lumber-room of this palace all the portraits of the Murat and Bonaparte family are huddled with broken chairs and mouldering tables; but there is a cicerone to shew them, who expects to be as handsomely remunerated for the exhibition of *the lumber-room*, as for the museum of Portici, which is attached to the palace. This museum, so often described, and so well worth describing, by those who can do justice to its merits, though now despoiled of its ancient bronzes, which are to be seen in the Musée Bourbon at Naples, still contains several hundred paintings, in fresco, taken from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. Though buried for eighteen hundred years, the colours of these antique paintings are wonderfully fresh. There was one that struck me particularly—it was a *Sappho;* her stylus pressed to her lip, and her tablets lying open before her. It probably decorated the cabinet of some learned lady of Pompeii; for many of the paintings still remaining on their sites, were evidently appropriate to the rooms they decorated.

Within a mile of the Portici Palace stands the villa of the late legitimate Medusa, the well-known *Favorita*. In the second flight of the King of Naples to Sicily, this being the best furnished of the villas, the Queen carried every thing away with her; but every thing is now reinstated, after twenty years wear and tear. To each ragged chair-cover of old-fashioned French damask, or English calico, the Custode of the Favorita observed, "ha fatto il viaggio di Sicilia!" (this has been to Sicily!) The Favorita is an ordinary building, miserably furnished, with nothing new or splendid but a fine crystal lustre, made in Naples, and lately hung up in the ball-room. It adds to the singularity of the villa, (but not to its agrémens,) that Vesuvius hangs so immediately over it, that the lava seemed almost pouring into the windows, as we stood at them; the volcano being then in great activity, and a very slight shock of an earthquake having been felt that night at Naples.

During the whole of our stay in that capital, the mountain, though it never raged with that fury which adds alarm to admiration, was sufficiently active to excite an incessant interest. The ascent commences at Portici, where carriages are abandoned, and mules hired. The road is steep, but picturesque; and affords frequent views of the town and bay of Naples, of the greatest loveliness. As the elevation increases, the road is more frequently intersected by lava, the products of old eruptions, which pass, like dark and turbid torrents, through the vineyards. In one place we found a small space of a few square feet, between two streams of lava, an *oasis* in the desert, where the vegetation was not destroyed. On passing the hermitage, (where prayers and provisions, Litanies and Lacryma Christi, are prepared for adventurous travellers by two Franciscan monks, who constantly inhabit it,) an extensive plain, black and wavy with old lava, leads at once to the external base of the crater. Here the mules are left, and the journey is continued on foot. The guide takes the bridle of his mule, and, winding it round his body, gives one end to the traveller, and almost drags him up a nearly perpendicular acclivity, partly formed of lava and partly of loose sand: this ascent, which requires an hour and a half to accomplish, is descended, on returning, in a few minutes. On arriving at the summit, the great crater was visible at a short distance, throwing up, at intervals, showers of stones, with a tremendous noise, which kept us at a respectful distance; and we turned to the right, towards the side of the hill, to seek a lateral opening, at that time discharging a constant torrent of lava. To accomplish this object, we passed over an extensive surface, which resembled a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of its wildest agitation; and covered with huge masses of scoriæ, often sufficiently warm to be unpleasant. On reaching the desired spot, (which a few days before had been liquid fire, and from which smoke and a sulphureous vapour were emitted at frequent air-holes,) by the sudden turn of an angle, we came unexpectedly upon a group of English dandies, of both sexes, of our acquaintance—the ladies with their light garments something the worse for the adventure, and all laughing, flirting, and chattering over a chasm, which exhibited the lava boiling and bubbling up within a few feet below where they stood. This was very pleasant, but it was very provoking! To have travelled so far!—to have endured all the exhaustion of inordinate fatigue, and other annoyances equally out of the sphere of daily habits of ease, in the vain hope of snatching at a new and a strong sensation (the great spell of existence)—of meeting Nature, all soli-

tary and sublime, in the awful process of one of her profoundest mysteries!—and then, to be put off with a *rechauffée* of the St. Carlos party of the preceding evening, and the sight of faces seen for nothing in the Paris circles during the preceding winter;—this was a terrible sacrifice of the sublime to the agreeable!—for, after all, it was no ungracious sight to behold so many laughing lovely English faces; and to see their fair owners led by a laudable curiosity and an energy of character that belongs alone to British women, seemingly superior to fatigue, reckless alike of the sun that sullied their bloom, and the lava that burnt their *chaussure*, and excoriated their feet. Still the intention of the visit was frustrated; it was in vain the mind returned to its sublime and terrific object. There was no awe mingled with its contemplation! It was vain to gaze on the thin and trembling crust which vaulted the crater, and separated the spectator from an abyss of flame! There was no recoil of the imagination: inquiries, compliments, and recognitions, mingled with the deep subterranean murmurs of the volcano; parties were made, for distant days, on the brink of the engine of instant destruction; and the surprize most audibly evinced, was that of a rencontre so strange! Each knew the other's face was

"Neither new nor rare—
But wonder'd how the devil it got there!"

To the geological student, Vesuvius is an inexhaustible treasure; and it is singular to observe, that the products of the lava are not now the same as in the older eruptions. Whatever new information the subject affords, the scientific public may expect from Sir H. Davy, who, with his habitual zeal for natural knowledge, was repeatedly on the mountain. Signor Monticelli, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences, possesses a most extensive and invaluable collection of volcanic products, which the learned geologist will visit with the greatest advantage. The dabbling sciolist may purchase selected specimens at Portici, sufficient to give him a tolerable idea of the most remarkable features of volcanic formations.

The Town of Pompeii now stands revealed to view, no longer roofed with cinders, and covered with vineyards, or imperfectly excavated and dimly seen; but lighted with the same bright sun that shone on it a moment before that convulsive heave which buried millions, and poured destruction in showers of fire. Among all the great monuments of antiquity there is nothing comparable to this preserved specimen of the domestic architecture,

domestic accommodation, and civil existence of the ancients. The city of Pompeii, after an inhumation of nearly eighteen hundred years, is now cleared and laid open; and it is entered like any other Italian town; except that the cry of "*Niente per la Dogana?*" does not grate on the stranger's ears, and barrier police and *gens d'armerie* do not scare his eye*. The streets of Pompeii are narrow lanes, so narrow that no modern carriage could pass through them, though they exhibit the marks of wheels. They are lined with the façades of small plain buildings, precisely the modern Italian house of the middle ages. The street entrance passed, a little court (the modern cortile of Florence and Rome) presents itself, surrounded by a low range of building divided into small separate apartments, generally not so large as the cells of a convent. The walls of these little cabinets are frequently painted in frescos, the birds, beasts, and flowers, sometimes well executed; the pavement in the better and larger houses, is of many-coloured mosaics; but, except in one superior mansion, called the house of Sallust†, we did not observe one room long enough to contain an English bed. In the centre of the court almost universally stood a marble fountain, or cistern for water. Many of the houses had shops turned to the streets, the signs carved in stone over the door. In a dairy

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* The entrance to the city is, in fact, the exit from it, as it is the last part shewn by the Ciceroni. It is a long narrow paved avenue, thickly lined on either side with tombs. Prints giving a very accurate idea of this scene are not uncommon in England; but it would be very difficult to give a faithful representation of the moral effect it produces on the traveller, when seated upon one of the stone benches or alcoves which the ancients have placed along the road. In this scene of universal desolation, the order of associations is reversed; and the tombs, indicative of the regular course of nature, are less appalling and less melancholy than the habitations of living men overthrown and scattered by an occasional violence. The monuments thus placed by the ancients, where they daily met the eye of the population, fulfil their office more effectually than those of modern times; which, shut up between the four walls of a remote cemetery, seem rather raised for the purpose of oblivion. It is not, however, easy to determine which practice is to be preferred. Piety has a heavy discount to sustain on the score of ostentation; while the wisdom of encouraging or excluding ideas which refer to those who no longer make part of the living system of things, must be left to the sentimentality or epicurism of the reader.

At the epoch of the eruption which destroyed Pompeii, an earthquake also assisted in overthrowing the buildings. The appearance of the streets is therefore that of a town destroyed by fire, the lower stories alone remaining undisturbed.

† This house stands in one of the most spacious of the streets, and is comparatively large; there is a little cabinet with a mosaic pavement, exquisitely beautiful. I think it was here we saw a good kitchen with places for stew-holes &c. &c. &c.

shop, the counter and places for the pans remained. An apothecary's shop was once designated by its contents, now removed to the museum; and a place of public refreshment was shewn us, which one of the guides called a Caffé*. The inference to be drawn from the smallness and incommodiousness of the private houses is, that the ancients, like the modern population of Rome and Naples, lived more abroad than in the house; and that the Forum, and the Temple, and the Circus, left them independent of home. The Forum excepted†, this is the existence of the present Italians, made up of the Corso, the church, and the opera.

To the simplicity and diminutiveness of the private edifices, the public places of Pompeii afford a striking contrast. Several of them, though roofless and dilapidated, gave a perfect impression of their original state and arrangement. In the temple of Isis the hour of sacrifice seems but just to have passed; and, except that the sanctuary is now open to the profane, it is precisely now as it was at that tremendous moment, when nature overwhelmed the impostors who were‡ debasing their dupes, by forcing a belief that the sacrifice of an innocent life could appease an angry Deity! (an *angry* Deity!) If the altar is not stained with the blood of the victims, if the utensils of immolation are not scattered at its steps, if the gods adored (the *Saints* of those days) do not fill their niches, if the candelabra and the lamp do not glitter on the superb Doric columns, (still so perfect,) the change is not due to time; for time left them as research found them, hermetically sealed, and perfectly preserved. Even the priests stood beside the altar in their monkish habits§ (the Fran-

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* A modern traveller has added that the marks of the coffee-cups were visible; a remark also made by our guide, from whom perhaps he copied the observation.

† The Forums are spacious, and strewn with broken columns and fragments of sculpture. In one of them we found all the workmen seated on blocks of marble or little wheel-barrows: it was their dinner-hour, and they were eating some fruit and bread. The number employed is small. The chief workman told us, that Murat used to turn a legion of soldiers in to dig, which accounts for more being done in the last few years, than for half a century before.

‡ In clearing this temple there were found the skeletons of two priests apparently occupied in their holy functions, in which they were surprised by the shower of cinders. The lamps, &c. &c., in which it abounded, and the statues of Venus and Bacchus, and of other minor deities, were all removed and the whole very neatly cleaned and cleared out, as if some English housewife had presided over it.

§ Some portraits of priests, in grand pontificalibus, were found depicted on the walls; their tonsures and woollen robes strictly resembled the monastic costume.

ciscans or Dominicans of the order of Isis), and the Lotus bloomed, or the Ibix, sported on the wall, as when many a knee bent devotionally before them, —when they were sacred as the lily of St. Joseph, or the lion of St. Mark. But the furniture of the magisterial house, the sacred utensils of the temples, the very pavements of the forum, were all carried off from this great and matchless relic, this precious bequest of Time and Nature to posterity. If only one house had been left furnished, only one temple had been permitted to remain, with all its accessaries, an illusion, worth a thousand realities, might have been preserved for the enjoyment of enthusiasm and taste; the imagination might then have been transported to ages "*gone with those before the flood;*" and one might, in fact, have occupied a seat on which Pliny reposed, or looked in the mirror that reflected the beautiful face of the patriotic and popular Eumachia!*

In the enjoyments of virtù, there are few sensations more pleasurable than that with which the MUSEO BORBONICO is entered, after a visit to Pompeii; when we proceed to that range of apartments specially consecrated to the relics of the buried cities of Vesuvius, and called "LA GALLERIA DI PESTO, POMPEII, POZZUOLI," &c. &c. &c.

This collection presents a series of history taught by forms! of records preserved in material objects; and the precise degree of civilization to which

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* It was our singular good fortune to visit Pompeii, just as one of the finest statues yet found there was discovered and excavated. It stood on the spot where it was dug up, without the least injury, supported by a wooden frame, on which it was to be carried off to the Museum at Naples. The inscription found near it intimated that it was the Priestess Eumachia, whose munificent donations to her native city were already well known and attested by inscriptions.† Nothing could be more beautiful than the face (of course a portrait), and the figure was full of grace and majesty. It is remarkable that the drapery was stained with a rose-coloured paint. M. Sommariva, so well known as a patron of the arts, was still more lucky than we were; he was on the spot, when the implement of a workman first came in contact with the head, and he saw the whole process of the excavation. He assured us, that "Cela causa un très forte sensation;" and I can well believe it, even in one less devoted to the arts than himself. Through his representation, the removal of this statue was prevented. It is now set up under cover, in the precise spot where it was found.

† Of these we copied the following, newly discovered. It is likewise repeated, in large letters, round the magnificent frieze of another building. Eumachia L. F. Sacerdos. D. Publ. nomine suo et M. Numistr. Frontonis fili. Chalcidicum, Cryptam, Porticus Concordiæ Augustæ Pietati, sua pequnia fecit eademq. dedicavit.

the ancients had attained, is here learned more effectually in the details of their kitchens, banquetting-rooms, and toilettes, than in the familiar letters of Cicero and Pliny, and in all the ruins, or all the rubbish of Rome. Here nothing is wanting to complete the series of information conveyed to posterity, but the generation itself who benefited by these accommodations and elegancies; and who seem to have been buried alive for the information of future races. Nothing but such a convulsion of nature as annihilated the unhappy inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum, could have preserved such memorials of ancient habits and manners, during the one thousand eight hundred years which have intervened.

The first room of the gallery contains the furniture of kitchens evidently belonging to some houses *bien montées*. The French *baterie de cuisine* seems to have invented nothing, not to have added a *casserole* to the gastronomic necessaries of antiquity. From the elegant silver butter-melter of a Parisian Amphitryon, to the capacious turbot-boiler of an English alderman, every culinary article may be found among the *débris* of the kitchens of Pompeii. The specific purposes of these vessels are evident; but the elegance of their workmanship leaves modern luxury hopeless. Cullenders, sieves, pots, kettles, saucepans, &c. &c. are almost all of bronze or fine metal. Many afford evidence of having been silvered within; and the handles were of such exquisite forms that any one of them might afford a subject for taste to descant on. To the kitchen succeeded the contents of the pantry—knives, forks, spoons, &c. The water-urn, having a place for a heater, was beautiful beyond description, and might now serve the purposes of the most *recherché* tea-table. A stove that shews an anticipation of Rumford discoveries, and combines great elegance with economy, is in form and construction infinitely superior to the modern Italian brasier*, and, like that, probably was placed in the centre of the apartments. The household bell is not only most exquisite in its workmanship, but clear and silvery in its tones. The scales are finely wrought, and the weights moulded in beautiful busts. Several dishes of bronze, silvered, and exquisitely

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* The stove represented a fortress, with a double wall and four towers. The platform on which it stood, might be filled with hot water, with a cock to pour it out. It served at the same time for a chauffe-pied. There were several ingenious modes of heating water, and all evidently with a view to economy of fuel.

chased, with handles to come off and on, evince the fine organization of a people who sought, even in the coarsest details of life, for forms to gratify their elegant and high-wrought imaginations.

The furniture of an adjoining room is still more sumptuous and ingenious; it contains objects belonging to the best apartments of private houses, and to the temples. The principal and most beautiful among these are the lamps, endless in variety of form, size, and workmanship. Some of them, with other toys, were the furniture of some Pompeian girl's baby-house. Numbers were hung by the most beautifully wrought chains, others were for standing on their own bases, or with branches, &c. &c. Some now stand on fine-formed tripods, as when they lighted a vestibule, or a sleeping-room; and both are so delicate and small, that a French petite-maitresse, having sealed a billet-doux with the flame of the lamp, might have put the lamp and tripod into her ridicule. Many of the tripods are made to shut up in a very small compass, and are portable. The vases of bronze and alabaster are countless and unrivalled by any thing in modern invention, both for shape and ornament. Seats, of the most beautiful bronze, fold up like garden-chairs. The writing-stands might equally answer for a Pliny, or for an Aspasia.

Then comes a series of evidences of the dissipation and vanity of the ancients: dice, tickets for the theatres (like the opera-bones of the Haymarket); some probably belonging to the genius of fashion—the Lady J——, of Herculaneum; dressing-boxes that might answer for the trousseaus of the royal brides of the Bourbons; mirrors small and portable, of polished metal; rouge more durable than *Martin* ever sold*; bodkins, bracelets, and combs of every size and form, not only most delicately wrought for the golden tresses of patrician beauty, but great horn-combs for the matted locks of negligent plebeians—a hint to the government of Naples, on which it might improve, by establishing a comb-manufactory, and issuing an ukase to oblige the people to buy and use its produce.

The number of vases, indiscriminately and vulgarly called Etruscan, is immense; many made of fine earth, and representing beautiful groups on their polished surfaces, seemed to have been the porcelain of antiquity; and, by the *cups* and *ewers* of the same material, one might be tempted to adopt

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* If it be not, as has been said, placed by the late Queen amongst the antiquities for a *hoax*.

the creed of the Cicerone of Pompeii, and suppose that the Roman ladies sipped coffee at their villas on the coasts of Portici and Posilipo. The elegant little bronze bedstead on which the idols were placed at certain festivals of the gods (when scenes were represented like the Presepio's of * Christian Italy), give a perfect idea of a domestic couch, and account for the smallness of the rooms in which they were placed: they differ but little from what is called the *Grecian scroll* in modern furniture!

A collection of Egyptian vases and figures, which were the *antiquities* of our *ancients*, give an idea of their antiquarian cabinets, and aptly close the most interesting and singular collection in the world.

The *Museo Borbonico* is a noble, spacious, and very ancient building, raised by a Neapolitan noble, before the name of Bourbon was ever heard of in Naples. It was originally intended for an écurie, and was afterwards converted into the palace of the university by the Count de Lemos, a Spanish viceroy. It is open for the public, and the public has rarely an opportunity of benefiting by a more delightful privilege. It is divided into various schools, or salas, dedicated to the arts; and besides those already described, contains a gallery of marbles †, of bronzes, of Egyptian antiquities, of medals, of articles in crystal, ivory, bone, plaster, &c. &c. the room of the papyrus ‡; a library

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* The Presepio is a scenic representation of the Birth of Christ, got up in many of the Churches, and in some private houses, in Rome and Naples, at Christmas time. We saw one in the old church of Ara Cœli at Rome. There was a regular stage, with side wings, &c. &c. The back-ground was mountain-scenery; several peasants (large wooden puppets) were descending with panniers of real fruit, flasks of oil, &c. &c. The front scene was the stable; the infant Christ, superbly dressed, in the cradle; the VirginMother in an old opera-dress, tawdry and faded, receiving the Wise Men and their offerings, &c. &c. Several living devotees were depositing baskets of fruit, &c. &c. while we looked on.

† The wounded Gladiator, just struck and falling to the earth, and the *Aristides* of this collection, appeared to us the finest, because the most *vital* (if the term be admissible) we had seen—not even excepting the Miracles of the Vatican and the Capitol:—both of these statues seem actually in movement.

‡ In this room we visited Sir Humphry Davy, who was employed in unrolling the manuscripts which, reduced to a state of charcoal by the eruption, have thus been preserved for modern inspection. There has been already unrolled a Treatise on Music, by Philodemus; two books of Epicurus, and the fragments of an heroic poem attributed to Rabirius. Most of the seventeen hundred manuscripts found in Herculaneum, are, it is said, capable of being unrolled. Those which are daily found in Pompeii are reduced to dust by humidity, and are beyond recal.

The process by which the MS. are displayed is curious. A small frame, resembling a bookbinder's sewing-frame, supports the tissue to which the scales of the volumen, as it is unrolled, are

containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, four thousand of which are of the fourteenth century, and three thousand manuscripts, &c. &c. &c. In ascending the grand staircase, a spacious window commands a view of a Greco-Roman cemetery in a neighbouring garden. Here many Greek and Roman tombs have been discovered, and many still remain to be excavated; it is a most curious and interesting object.*

The most beautiful site in a picturesque point of view, in the environs of Naples, is the new road laid out by Murat. It winds round the acclivities of the delicious promontory of Posilipo, hanging above the bay, looking down on fine ruinous masses of ancient palaces washed by the waves, and reflecting on the blue waters every form of dilapidated architecture which painters love, and moonlight heightens into the very *ideal* of romantic scenery.† These ruins, beautiful in decay, recall various epochs in Neapolitan story. Here moulder the last traces of the Gothic pavilions of the famous Joan of Naples, whose beauty, genius, asserted crimes, and real misfortunes, form a counterpart to the fate and story of *Mary of Scotland!* Then come the shattered halls of Spanish viceroys, where many a sumptuous revel was held, furnished at the expence of a people's privations; and the less noted masses of tottering villas which skirt the Scoglio di Virgilio, unite the last modern casino of a tasteful English lady ‡ to the sites of the Mare-chiano, where stood the villa of Pollio,

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attached with a strong gum. The characters traced upon the substance are only distinguished by a slight shade of difference in the blackness of the whole charred surface. The operation has succeeded so far as to discover the text (with many lacunæ, indeed, but tolerably legible); but there is little to be expected from this source in the way of discovery. An immense number of volumes have been so far unrolled as to ascertain their contents, and there are scarcely any of intrinsic value; but are such as might be expected in the obscure library of an obscure country town. Much more may be hoped from the labours of the Abate May, in retracing the half obliterated MS. of palimpsestic parchments.

* See on this subject Memoria di un antico Sepolcreto Greco-Romano da Lorenzo Giustiniani.

† Naples, the country of Salvator Rosa, has always been a favourite residence for foreign painters, who, leaving their native places to fix in Rome, generally finish by settling in Naples. Here Angelica Kauffman established her home; and the Swiss Huber, and the Dutchman Pilloo, having seen Naples, could no longer exist out of it. Were it not for the social evils perpetuated by its despotic government, and all the fatal institutes it has revived, Naples would undoubtedly be the most agreeable residence in Italy.

‡ Her Serene Highness the Margravine of Anspach, whose beautiful little garden and pavilion, looks as if she had carried it from the banks of the Thames to the shores of the Mediterranean packed up in an etui!

and the maritime retreat of Lucullus, which forms the extremity of the promontory of Posilipo, a savage rock, from among whose wild entangled shrubs springs the Indian fig.*

Above this enchanting coast, which places within view so many islands and islets of classic interest and picturesque beauty, rises that hill, whose Greek name is said to intimate its original beauty, and which will ever be remembered by those who have visited it, as one of the loveliest sites on which nature and art have conferred their combined gifts—the hill or promontory of Posilipo! Its chain of undulations girdles a great part of the city, and spreads its paradise for three miles along the southern coast. Pleasure and Piety have alike chosen it, in all ages, for their enjoyment or retreat. Here Tiberius and Lucullus have revelled, where the dark Dominican† and rigid Carmelite now hold their tribunal, and raise their shrines. Here the pious Muse of Sannazaro‡ chaunted her hymns in groves and gardens, which Paphos

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* The site occupied by the ruins called Scoglio di Virgilio, is said to contain the ruins of Lucullus's villa, one of the many which that elegant voluptuary possessed along this coast. At the Cape of Posilipo is also the supposed site of the fisheries of Vidius Pollio; but all this is now debatable ground, since the new light of antiquarianism has shone in upon it—and

"Nothing is but what is not."

† The church and convent of the Dominicans, in Santa Brigida, and the convent of the Carmelites, in Santa Maria del Paradiso, are on the Posilipo.

‡ On the eastern acclivity of the promontory stands the famous *Mergellina*, given to Giacopo Sannazaro, the secretary of Frederick, King of Naples, as a recompense (and by the poet thought an inadequate one) for his services. Its beauty, if not its value, rendered it, however, infinitely precious in his eyes, and his palace and his gardens rivalled those of Armida—when lo! one of the Emperor's (Charles the Fifth) generals (a Prince of Orange) led his barbarian Germans over the Elysium of the Mergellina, and wasted the gardens and plundered the palace of the poet. In the spirits occasioned by this disaster, brought on him by these Vandal plunderers, Sannazaro gave up the world, and founded a church on the ruins of his villa, which he dedicated, strangely enough, "*Al Santissima Parto della grande Madre del Dio*," 1510, having composed four *books* on the same subject. In this church is his tomb, and two antique statues of Minerva and Apollo, christened David and Judith. In the sixteenth century, the general of the Emperor of Germany levelled to the earth the dwelling of one of the greatest poets of the age. In the nineteenth, an Emperor of Germany, the native and lord of Italy, boasts of never having read one of the greatest poets Italy produced in any age—Ariosto! Francis the First, however, *is not Charles the Fifth;* nor has one of the redeeming qualities of that clever despot descended with his crown to him; so often and so well termed by his conqueror and son-in-law, "*Ce grand ganache d'Autriche.*"

could not rival. Here Virgil sleeps in his bower—the altar of Boccacio's pilgrimage; and Minerva and Apollo still receive the homage of the pietist, under the venerable names of Judith and David. Every where the spires of churches and convents mingle with villas and belvederes, amidst lovely scenes that still recall and justify the eulogiums of their inspired tenant, whose tomb adds new interest to the site he celebrated—

O lieta piaggia, O solitaria valle!
O accolto monticel! che mi difendi
D'ardente sole con le tue ombrose spalle.
O fresco e chiaro rivo, che discendi
Nel verde prato, tra fiorite sponde,
E dolce ad ascoltar mormorio rendi, ecc. ecc.

SANNAZARO.

There is one ascent of the Posilipo peculiarly romantic and sequestered. This narrow and steep defile is richly wooded, skirted with brambles and underwood, clothed with clematis and honeysuckles, and shaded by lofty oaks and elms: it abruptly terminates at the edge of a precipice, in a little grass-plot before a hermit's hut, or at least a little cell, which some cenobite might have raised with his own hands; myrtles and laurels spring from its crevices, and the rich ivy which embosses it falls before its rugged entrance, like a fantastic drapery. The interior answers to the romantic rudeness of all without; the earthen floor and humid walls are dimly lighted by a little arched window, half shaded by plants. From this aperture the scene beneath is one of magic!—some wizard's cave! or sibyl's grotto! wondrous to gaze on, and impossible to account for! The long narrow perspective would escape beyond the eye, but for the bright blue beam of day admitted at either end, and reduced by distance to a point of light! while the centre, above which the spectator gazes, is hung with lamps pending from the rocky roof, shedding at distant intervals a yellow lustre upon the massy walls, and falling with still more striking effect on the moving groups which pass and repass in silent haste this subterraneous excavation. Sometimes their rays fall on a monkish procession, following an uncovered corpse upon a bier, with torch and crucifix; sometimes upon the gaudy-dressed peasant of Pozzuoli, laden with market panniers, or driving a team of mules; and sometimes on the elegant English barouche, or the Neapolitan calesh, laden with its numerous and

most grotesque fare. The eye grows dim as it gazes on the moving and magic panorama, from the dizzy height above! and the spectator often withdraws to contemplate the cell from whence this cavern is best viewed. The cell—is the sepulchre of Virgil! the cave is the grotto of Posilipo!*

The country on this side Naples, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, &c. &c. will occupy the most cursory antiquarian for many days. For several miles the coast abounds in the remains of temples, villas, amphitheatres, and the sites of ancient song; every rood leaves a point to investigate, or a dispute to decide. Among the multifarious objects, however, there are few sufficiently perfect to interest the general inquirer, by their power of illustrating the internal œconomy of civil life, like those of Pompeii. But the indescribable richness of the loveliest scenery that can delight the senses, makes ample amends for the fatigue of descending into holes, nicknamed the caves of sibyls; of plunging into the damp chill atmosphere of buried amphitheatres, not very unlike wine-cellars; or of wandering over broken rubbish among tottering walls, by courtesy dignified with historic titles. The whole of this line of country is also the site of an extinct volcano, whose activity most probably ceased when that of Vesuvius commenced; though the formation of the Monte Nuovo is of a far more recent date. The lake of Agnano forms one crater, the lake of Avernus (a lake in Virgil's time) is another, and the eye of science will trace many more within a few miles. The hill of Posilipo is tufa, and the same substance, seamed with frequent veins of lava, forms the soil of the whole country. The lake Agnano yet retains two traces of its original formation, in the *Grotta del Cane,* emitting for ages an unceasing stream of carbonic acid; and within an hundred yards, the vapour-baths of St. Germano, which are

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* Called by the natives *Grotta di Pozzuoli.* To avoid passing this grotto, the only road from *Naples* to *Pozzuoli,* Murat imagined his fine road along the edge of the outside of the hill. Of this singular monument there is nothing new to be said: it is still doubted whether it be the work of the inhabitants of Cuma or of the Romans. Strabo and Seneca, who passed through it, have both described it; but the most material changes and improvements have been made in it by Alphonso the First, of Arragon, and the Viceroy Don Pietro de Toledo. It is now kept in good order, and well lighted in the centre day and night. On entering it, and on leaving it, the effect is indescribable. The tomb of Virgil is still disputed by antiquarians; but what it is gracious to believe, it is folly to doubt; and one is tempted to consider the laurel which still grows over it, like a crown.

produced by simply scratching the earth; when dense and hot mineral vapours exhale and form an atmosphere esteemed powerful in the cure of rheumatism. The Solfatara, a crater that can scarcely be said to be yet extinct, emits at all times a dense smoke; and sufficient sulphur is sublimed from the abyss below (whose vault resounds like thunder to a blow struck on the earth) to supply a manufactory, which, when Sicily was shut out from Naples, provided for the consumption of the continental kingdom. There is also a considerable manufacture of alum; and there too, baths, more active than those of San Germano, are said to prove highly serviceable in pulmonary diseases. But these objects of scientific and antiquarian research are alike foreign from the scope of the present work and the acquirements of its author. They are amply detailed in the writings of the scientific and even of itinerary compilers, to which the public has an abundant access: to repeat their details here would be alike superfluous and presumptuous.

On the highest of the high hills which encircle Naples, stands the superb monastery of the *Cameldules*. It is well worth ascending to, though scarcely *rotabile*, as the Italians call their *coach-roads:* it commands a view of Vesuvius, Solfatara, Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Misenum, and even the shores of Cuma and Gaeta! —the finest natural panorama that can well be imagined; yet almost rivalled by other hills, crowned with forts and convents, the true representatives of the government and its institutes—force and error.

It is the fashion to decry the architecture of Naples, and to echo the laconic observation of a modern French traveller, "*Ici pas un bon morçeau d'architecture!*" But if the architecture is not good, it is singular: sometimes picturesque, sometimes grotesque, but never out of the pale of the imagination, save when its cumbrous imitations aim at the Grecian. Some of the three hundred and thirty churches of Naples are extremely well worth seeing (though not a duty imposed by the Cicerone code). Some built by the princes of the House of Anjou, are Gothic and ponderous: such is the cathedral where the miracle of Saint Gennaro (or Januarius) is still performed, to the amusement of the mob and the disgust of the better orders*, and the church of San

* During the first occupation of the French the miracle failed, and was so designedly conducted for the purpose of agitating the people, and producing a re-action; but the French general sent a very peremptory order to the Saint to "do his spiriting gently," under pain of making an example

Dominico, raised in the year 1284. Others have a Moorish character, like that of San Giacomo dei Spagnuoli; where the fine mausoleums of Pietro di Toledo and his wife are well worth observation. The church of San *Giovanni a Carbonara* (a name that I suppose will soon be changed, as one of ill omen even for a church) is the Westminster Abbey of Naples, and abounds in fine old monuments dedicated to its rulers of all countries. Here the Anjous and the Arragons repose at last in peace, and mingle their dust together.

The Church of Saint Clare (Santa Chiara) is, for its antiquity and magnificence, the most attractive in Naples; begun in the year 1318, by Robert, King of Naples, and the Queen, Sancia of Arragon, his wife. The fine monument of its royal founder is its principal ornament. Take it altogether, with its great antiquity and beautiful workmanship, it is one of the most singular mausoleums in Italy. There is here also an inscription to the unfortunate Giovanna, the first Queen of Naples; though her ashes rest in the Church of Saint Francesco. She was praying in her oratory, in her prison of Monte St. Angelo, when four Hungarian bravoes, the subjects of her cruel brother-in-law, and the instruments of her protegé Charles Duras, rushed into her holy asylum and strangled her. Naples abounds in monuments and recollections of her, who was the patroness of all the learned of her day, and the friend of Boccacio.*

The Convent of Saint Clare, attached to the Church, was one of the most distinguished and wealthiest of Italy. It was founded exclusively for ladies of noble birth; and was, in fact, meant to afford means of getting rid of the over-stocked population of the aristocracy of Naples; where the elder daughters of the nobles alone found suitable alliances. This vast monastery, a short time before the Revolution, contained four hundred nuns, though the order is the most rigid in Naples. When that epoch arrived, the convent was dissolved; the noble and wealthy dames were pensioned off, at ten scudi a month; and the estates of this opulent establishment went to clearing off the

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of the attending priests, which he promptly obeyed. When the miracle fails, the people load the Saint with all manner of abuse and execration, and woe to the foreigner who shall continue in the church in this juncture; the failure is soon attributed to his heretical presence, and he is sure to be outraged, if not injured.

* Voltaire and Mignot have both made the defence of this beautiful and witty Queen—accused of sanctioning the murder of her husband, another Darnley, when but nineteen. She has afforded to La Harpe the subject of a very feeble tragedy.

national debt, and other purposes. Since the Restoration, the convent is re-opened, if not in all its wealth, at least with all its honours and distinctions; and the number of young and lovely women, of rank and family, already incarcerated within its gloomy cells, amounted, when we were at Naples, to an hundred and forty. For them there is no world—no ties—no human feeling: the dark high walls once past, the ponderous gates once shut, the fate of the victim is inevitable; and anecdotes were related to us of sacrifices made, and victims immolated within the "*darksome rounds*" of the monastery, which chilled the heart of the hearer. Many of the old Neapolitan nobles—poor, proud, and bigoted—sanctioned in their ancient prejudices by the reigning order of things, have readily availed themselves of the revival of convents; and many fair young persons, educated liberally and elegantly, during the last ten years, have been obliged to submit to a fate, which can only be rendered endurable by the ignorance, credulity, and bigotry of those who may voluntarily submit to it.

We entered the Church of Saint Clare by one of the long cloisters leading to the Convent, as the Church was undergoing some preparations for the ensuing Passion-Week. This cloister had precisely the air of the property or painting-room of a theatre. Here were literally drop-scenes, the wings and ornaments of the Presepio, sky-hangings, representations of cottages and stables, cows, and wise men of the East, painted offerings, worn-out Madonnas and Magdalens, not worthy the asylum afforded them. Two workmen were boiling size, and laying gold-leaf on a piece of machinery,—the "note of preparation" for the ensuing season, when the scene of Mount Calvary was to be represented at *Santa Chiara*, as we saw it at Rome. Saying something on the subject to one of the workmen, he raised his brush from the canvass he was gilding, and observed, "*Sarà una scena stupenda!*"—"*It will be a stupendous scene!*"

Behind the great altar of this truly magnificent church runs a long iron grating, every bar pointed with iron spikes, directed against the eyes of the profane spectators, whose curiosity approaches to see "*that within which passeth show.*" It is the choir, a most impressive scene. The distinguished seats and *Prie-Dieux*, for the abbess and dignitaries of the order, and all the paraphernalia of piety, which decorate this living tomb, were sad spectacles. This choir, where the nuns attend public service, is, in itself, a fine church, strongly marked by monastic splendour. The gilded cage of the captives, a

gallery or cloister of gilt lattice-work, runs entirely round the exterior church, and communicates with the convent. Here the nuns are permitted (themselves unseen) to take glimpses of that world they have abandoned for ever. Here they behold friends! parents! perhaps *one* that was more than either! in the nave below, issuing forth (their duty paid) to those scenes of sunny loveliness which they themselves shall never more behold! This latticed gallery, and its purposes, remind the observer of the gilt and skreened galleries of the Turkish seraglios, where nuns of another description are imprisoned by the tyranny and folly of man—Nature's laws equally violated or transgressed by the followers of Mahomet and the professors of Christianity.

Of the Royal Palace of Naples, and the Royal Villas, there is little to be said; the former is spacious but heavy, united by a bridge to the old fortress of Castel Nuovo, and all its appanage of arsenals, magazines, and the dens of the galley-slaves.* The villas of the Poggia Reale, Capo del Monte, Caserta, &c. &c. are most remarkable for their position. Some of them serve the King as hunting-lodges, but are otherwise rarely inhabited.

The old palaces of the nobility, in the dark narrow lanes of the old part of the city, built round little cloistral courts, are melancholy fabricks, ill furnished, and bearing every mark of time and negligence. Those of a more modern date, in the Toledo and the other comparatively spacious avenues, though large, are little notable for the beauty of their architecture: and the elegant modern houses of that unrivalled site, the Chiaja, the "*Vaghissima Piaggia*" of the Neapolitans, present a striking contrast, in their freshness, elegance,

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* The King is said scarcely to have known his Palace on his return to Naples, Murat having cleared away all the confined avenues that surrounded it, thrown down two convents, which, with their cemeteries, stood immediately opposite to it, and raised those elegant edifices and colonnades in their place, which still remain to be finished. This change is said to have surprised and pleased Ferdinand the Fourth; no less than the fine furniture, clean rooms, and flower-knots of Madame Murat; and more than once he expressed himself in good Neapolitan, much to the same purpose as one, who, like his Majesty, was the victim of an incomprehensible transition—

> "These fifteen years, by my fay, a goodly nap!
> Am I lord! or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
> I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
> Upon my life I am a lord indeed,
> And *not a tinker*, nor Christopher Sly;—
> Now Lord be thanked, for my good amends!"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

and accommodations, to the edifices of the Anjous and the Arragons, and those of the Spanish Viceroy, or the lawless Neapolitan barons. These residences are all of a modern date; and white walls, green jealousies, light balconies, and gay verandas, accord well with the beautiful gardens of the Villa Reale, which spread before them, without excluding the view of the Bay over which these public gardens hang.* The Chiaja is principally inhabited by the corps diplomatique, and foreign visitants of all countries, who either hire apartments in the houses of some Italian Prince or Noble, or occupy apartments in the numerous hotels, in which the Chiaja abounds—in either case, the price is enormous; and in every respect Naples, to a stranger, is perhaps the dearest place in Europe after London.

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* Among the Neapolitan houses which we frequented, the Palaces of the Princess Belmonte, of the Marchese Berio, and the Archbishop of Tarentum, (Monseigneur Capecelatro), were good illustrations of the various epochs of architecture here alluded to. The very ancient Palazzo of the princess Belmonte stands in a street so narrow, that having entered it in a carriage, there is no retreat, as there is no room to turn even with crane-necks. The Palazzo Berio, in the Toledo, with very ordinary architecture, is rendered, by the taste of its master, one of the most elegant residences in Italy. The sitting-rooms abound in rich hangings and English carpets. The spacious gallery contains some good original pictures; and the beautiful, the cultivated garden, a paradise of flowers, though in the heart of the city, contains a Grecian temple, in which stands Canova's famous group of Venus and Adonis; it is a parting scene—Venus still detaining him, and Adonis so evidently impatient to be off, that one is tempted to turn the key on him. The Palace of the Archbishop of Tarentum is a most irregular building, on an eminence commanding the whole Bay-scenery: the private apartments are luxuriously commodious, elegant, and cleanly; the state-rooms are spacious and noble. The gallery contains some pictures of Salvator Rosa, Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Caravaggio, Luca Giordano, and Morillo; but his medals and engraved gems are much more rare and valuable than his pictures—

"*Né pour tous les arts, il a tous les talens.*"

CHAP. XXIV.

NAPLES.

HISTORIC SKETCH.—*Greek Antiquity.—Normans.—Houses of Anjou and Arragon.—Viceroys.—Insurrection of* MASSANIELLO.—CHARLES THE THIRD.—FERDINAND THE FOURTH.—CAROLINE OF AUSTRIA.—ACTON.—*Their Mal-Administration and Proscriptions.—French Revolution.—Re-action of the Populace.—Return of the King.—Massacres.—Second Abdication.*—JOSEPH BONAPARTE *King.—Salicetti.*—MURAT *King.—Restoration.—State of Naples during the Spring of* 1820, *and antecedent to the Constitutional Revolution.*—SOCIETY.—*General Observations.—The People.—Their Influence in the late Revolutions.—Itinerant Readers.—Lazzaroni.—The Upper Classes.*—THE CARBONARI.—*Accademia Nobile.—Private Society.—Distinguished Characters.—Anecdotes.—Music.—San Carlos.—Opera of Moisé.—San Carlino.—Pulchinello.—Commedia Sagra.*

NAPLES, with her fabulous origin and Argonautic foundation, the land of the Syrens, the Parthenope of antiquity, preserved the religion, habits, and language of Greece, from whence she was colonized, even long after she became a part of the Roman empire. In the fifth century the Neapolitan territories shared the common fate of the rest of Italy; and, after a long struggle for independence with Greeks and Saracens, with the upstart princes of Benevento, Capua, and Gaeta, Naples fell under the dominion of a band of Norman adventurers; and the sons of Tancred de Hauteville ruled lords of a soil so long coveted with avidity, and disputed with ferocity by Popes and Emperors. The race of the Norman barons degenerated as rapidly as it had risen; and the crimes of William the Bad, the son and successor of the Prince Roger, did not permit his flatterers to place an inscription on his tomb.* The in-

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* 1166.

trigues of the Popes and the ambition of the Emperors still continued to have Naples for their object. The treasonable habit in which the Pontiffs indulged of resorting to foreign aid, and calling armed strangers into the plains of Italy, was fatal to Naples above all other States. The House of Anjou, invited to oppose the claims of Arragon by the jealousy of successive Popes, perpetuated war and anarchy, despotism and licentiousness, which desolated the kingdom under its various sovereigns for more than a century; and Spain and France alternately ruled or spoliated the fairest portion of the peninsula.*

In the latter end of the fifteenth century, the death of Alphonso of Arragon, King of Naples, who died without heirs, brought to issue the claims of his nephew, Ferdinand the Catholic, and of Louis the Twelfth, the successor of the ancient Kings of Naples of the house of Anjou. Less romantic than Charles d'Anjou and Peter of Arragon†; these royal candidates, setting aside the rights of Frederick, the reigning legitimate prince, shared the spoils between them; while Pope Alexander the Sixth (the faithful ally of the *Grand Turk)* consecrated their acts of violence by his countenance and sanction. Disputes however arose in the division of the plunder: Louis the Twelfth was defeated, and gave up, in 1505, a crown to which he had no right. Naples then became an appanage to the house of Austria; and Charles the Fifth, his monster son Philip the Second, and their cruel and bigoted descendants, successively governed this beautiful and unhappy country, by that refinement upon all bad government, *the delegated power of foreign despotism.*

The misrule, cruelty, and exactions of the Spanish viceroys, threw the suffering Neapolitans beyond the pale of civilization. Their imposts upon the abundant produce of that teeming soil, on which Nature has lavished all her bounty, continually reduced the people to famine, perpetuated their poverty, and drove them, in 1647, into that well-known and formidable insurrection which has given the name and feats of an obscure young fisherman to posterity, and bequeathed to the people of Naples the threat, so often

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* La nation Napolitaine a toujours été la victime de leur défaites, comme de leur victoires.—Revue Encyclopédique, vol. iii. p. 294.

† See an account of the duels fought between these rival pretenders to the crown of Naples, and by Louis Duke of Anjou, and Charles Duras, in the Mémoires Historiques, Politiques, et Litéraires du Royaume de Naples, par M. Le Comte Gregoire Orloff.

and so vainly used under the reiterated oppressions of centuries.* The sufferings of the Neapolitans then induced them to seek and accept any succour that was offered, even from the wildest adventurer. The romantic Duke de Guise became their champion; and a republic in Naples, like that of Holland, was dreamed of both by the chief and the people. It is curious to remark, that both had nearly gained their object, and that the party of De Guise was as strong among the nobles as the people, when, by a *ruse de guerre*, the Spaniards possessed themselves of his person, and carried him prisoner to Spain.

The Spanish kings reigned undisputed masters of this fairest portion of Italy down to the moment when the feeble grandson of Louis the Fourteenth occupied the throne of Charles the Fifth, when the House of Austria put in claims not worth discussing, and the wars between France and the empire long continued to desolate Europe, in the cause of two despots, who had neither any legitimate right to reign over a distant land of whose language they were both ignorant. It is sufficent to observe, that after treaties, and breaches of treaties, by which a few individuals disposed of the fate of nations, and bartered by the stroke of a pen the liberties and rights of millions, Don Carlos, son of the then reigning King of Spain, and already Duke of Parma, took possession of the kingdom of Naples in 1734, which was guaranteed to him in 1736 by the same pact which, issuing from the Troppau of that day, secured

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* "I Massaniello non sono morti." "The Massaniellos are not dead." The imposts laid upon fruit of all descriptions, called Gabella de' frutti, by the tyrannical Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of Naples under Philip the Third, in 1647, caused the insurrection of the people, of which Thomas Anello, called by the people "Mas' Anello," was the chief. His story and fate are too well known to need repetition.

When we were at Naples the venerable Archbishop of Tarentum, who has so many claims to esteem and celebrity, shewed us a most curious original picture of *Massaniello* and his good dame, taken on the day that he forced the viceroy to sup with him at Posilippo, and that his wife and sisters went to pay the vice-reine a visit of ceremony at the royal palace. There is something semi-barbarous in the expression of their countenances, which contrasts curiously with their grotesque finery.

Cardinal Fesche shewed us another original picture in Rome of this piscatory demagogue! He is dressed in his fisherman's simple and picturesque habit. I think, but I am not certain, that his Eminence told us this picture was done by Salvator Rosa. This is at least possible, as that true Neapolitan spirit took an active part in Massaniello's revolt, and amused himself in the cave of the conspirators by drawing all their fierce pictures by torch-light.—See "Vita di Salvator Rosa," prefixed to his Satires.

(or was supposed to secure) Lorraine to France, Parma and Milan to the Emperor of Austria, Tuscany to the Dukes of Lorraine, and the cities of Tortona and Novara to the new King of Sardinia; while Poland, unhappy Poland, was left for the future spoliation of other royal riflers. On the accession of Don Carlos the Third, King of Naples, the people of that distracted country, for the first time after the lapse of centuries, saw a resident king. This sovereign evinced a disposition to reform, whose impulses were directed with considerable wisdom; and, during his short reign, enough was done to give great promise of future benefit. He lessened the privileges of feudality, more oppressive in Naples than elsewhere in Italy; and circumscribed the power of the barons, which had left the people without property, real or personal. The national energies began to develope themselves: subsistence became more easy to acquire; the people, less harassed, became also less lawless. Still many abuses, the growth of centuries, remained. The administration remained in the hands of lawyers (a body who, with the name of "Paglietti," amounted to thirty thousand), and the "law's delay" embarrassed every procedure. Each minister acted in his own department independently of the rest, and without any union or council. Each rank in life was amenable only to its own tribunals; and interminable disputes concerning the competence of the different courts, scarcely left the thirty thousand lawyers idle.

When the death of the King of Spain called his brother the King of Naples to the throne, in 1759, Naples, ere breathing-time was allowed her from her former miseries, entered on a new era of suffering and degradation. Don Carlos had three sons, none of them worthy of such a sire. The eldest was destined for the throne of Spain, and succeeded to it; the second was set aside from absolute fatuity; and the third, no very promising child * of seven years old, was proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies, by the title of Ferdinand the Fourth, as his father embarked for his new empire of Spain.

With an increase of power the wisdom of Don Carlos seemed to decline, and his ambition

"Grew with what it fed on."

* Young and neglected as was this little king, (his present Majesty of the Two Sicilies,) an anecdote of his childhood proves his early vocation towards "son metier de roi." The King, his father, hesitated which of his sons he would make King of Naples. On the decision being known, the Prince of Asturias, who was playing with his brother, observed—"I then am destined to govern the greatest States in the world." The little sovereign of Naples replied—"Yes, you *may be* a king, but I *am one*." The Prince of Asturias was the late King of Spain, who died almost a monk, at Rome.

Sovereign of a vast empire, embracing the most fertile territories of two hemispheres, he could not resolve to give up his Eden kingdom of Naples. His son was destined to be the shadow of a monarch, and the Two Sicilies were again fated to be governed by the distant councils of the Escurial.

Whatever might have been the natural disposition of Ferdinand the Fourth —whether he inherited the valour of the early Bourbons, or the vices of the latter—whether circumstances might have rendered him a Henry the Fourth, or a Louis the Fifteenth—it were now difficult to decide. Treated from his cradle as a puppet of representation—denied alike the education given by books or things, by theories or practice—doomed to a systematic neglect*, kept in ignorance of every thing that concerned the interests of state; two pursuits only were open to him—the church and the chace. All his physical animation was expended on the one; all his mental powers were enveloped with the other: his religious zeal threw him early into the hands† of the designing, and his Nimrod habits associated him chiefly with the rude and the uncivilized. He soon acquired the manners of the people, who loved him for his resemblance to themselves. He spoke, and still speaks, the dialect of the Lazzaroni, the Neapolitan patois; and by this and by other points of resemblance, he attached that ferocious body to him by ties which still subsist. Through all these disadvantages, originating in a false and cruel paternal policy, and confirmed irretrievably by time, gleams of a disposition worthy of a better fate occasionally broke forth; and native intelligence, superior to all restraints, might have triumphed over the errors of his neglected education,—when in a moment, fatal alike to him and to the country over which he was called to rule, he became the husband and the slave of a daughter of the house of Austria, one of the "*Weird Sisters*" of Maria-Theresa's brood. Oh, had some prophet spirit presided at these fatal nuptials, to have warned the prince and his people of the consequences of this fearful union, never had the unhallowed rites been celebrated! What hearts might then have been

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* His tutor, the Prince de St. Nicandre, went probably beyond even his royal father's restrictive order, and left him in the grossest ignorance of the commonest events.

† The Knights of the Order of Constantine, on an absurd pretence of a relationship between Ferdinand the Fourth and St. Antonio, the abbot, proposed to the King, that all property under the invocation of the Saint, belonged of right to himself. The King readily believed them; and turning all the occupants out of their lands, he bestowed them on the Knights.

saved from breaking! What tortures might have been spared! what lives rescued! what virtues and talents preserved, to add to the sum of human worth. Spirits of the murdered many—of the gallant Caraccioli! of the hero Carafa! and the enlightened Cerillo! ye would not now be invoked as martyrs, though your virtues would have left you to be worthy the reverence of saints.

Caroline of Austria, Queen of Naples, so fatal by her family relations to the interests of Italy—so dangerous by her vices and propensities to the country over which she was destined to rule—united to the violent passions of more than one of her imperial sisters, the shrewdness, the love of intrigue, and strong volition of her despotic mother. Frail, yet destitute of sensibility—prone to preferences, yet inaccessible to sympathy—dogged, and ignorant; sometimes to be led, but never to be convinced—without genius, as without virtue, this woman (for she had at least the beauty and allurements of a woman!) became the spring of three coalitions; and her influence, her intrigues, and intelligence with Austria, assisted most materially to modify the affairs of Italy and of Europe. Her mastery over her ignorant and unresisting husband, was as immediate as their union, and she became the sole sovereign of the Sicilies, from the hour she became the wife of their King*. Her first open act of power was a violation of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, an offence to the Salique prejudices of the Bourbons. She entered the council-room, and claimed and took a seat, which she never relinquished but with her throne. Tenucci, the faithful friend and minister of Carlos the Third, the chief of the regency during the long minority of his son, and still his minister, opposed this innovation. He was persecuted and dismissed: for the courts of Vienna, Madrid, and Versailles, supported the pretensions of

* A gentleman (from whom I had the anecdote) stationed as an Envoyé at the court of Naples, had, by his attentions to the King, when none else paid him any, won his confidence; and chance leaving them for a moment alone together, the King told him, that at the Queen's supper the night before, he had heard them talk of "*un certo* Messer Voltaire," who wrote comical stories, which he would like much to read, if the book could be procured unknown to the Queen, who had told him that, as Voltaire was a wicked philosopher, he ought not to be seen with his works in his possession. The gentleman promised to procure him "*Candide*;" and the King received it with boyish pleasure; but a few days afterwards he called his friend aside, and told him he would find his book hidden under a sofa-cover in a certain antiroom, for that the Queen had lately watched him so closely, he could find no opportunity of escaping her vigilance.

the Queen. From that moment the government of Naples, always purely and frankly despotic, assumed a character of Eastern tyranny; and though the form of a council existed, (composed of six counsellors and four secretaries of state,) yet the advice of these court tools was seldom resorted to; and the affairs of the nation, and its relations with Europe, were discussed, and were settled in the Queen's dressing-room. Zambuca, one of the secretaries of state, sometimes assisted,—the King was occasionally present; but the presiding spirit of this diplomatical Divan was *Acton,* the minister of war, and of the marine,—the favourite of the King,—to the Queen all that a man could be, who was employed as an efficient agent of her political ambition; and more than a minister should be, to a sovereign, who valued her power as a prince even more than her triumphs as a woman! John Acton, the son of an English physician settled in the South of France, and the grandson of an English Baronet, was a political adventurer in the strictest sense of the term. Belonging to no country, attached to no system, governed by no principle, uneducated and inexperienced, without temperament, and without passions, he became a minister by chance*; and he urged on the cause of tyranny, not from any preconceived notions, but because he found it the short road to personal influence and permanent power. Recommended to the King of Naples by naval services performed for the Duke of Tuscany, he was employed to create a marine capable of resisting the Barbary pirates (the natural enemies of the coast). He exceeded his mission, to the ruin of the finances of the state, by creating an useless and extravagant navy, and a ponderous standing army in time of profound peace; and at a moment when the expenditures of the court and the mal-administration of all public affairs, had nearly induced a public bankruptcy, the awkward efforts of Acton to cover out his wanton† prodigality of the public money, served but to add to

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* He was said to be wholly destitute of talent, and even incapable of forming any views beyond those which daily expediency opened to him: "Non aveva altro talento (says *Cocco*) che la scelleragine; sarebbe mille volte caduto, se avesse avuto in fronte un altro scellerato."

† The annual donations not sufficing for the wants of the state, were followed by banking operations. There were seven private banks at Naples, possessed of a capital of thirteen million dollars, to which the people had trusted another twenty-four millions. Up to 1793, the deposit had been kept sacred, when the Queen succeeded in converting these private banks into court banks; first, for the purpose of pensioning her favourites on these establishments, secondly, to lend money to others of her intimates, and thirdly, to advance large sums for Acton's various and ruinous

the financial embarrassment of the royal exchequer. His first attraction in the eyes of the Queen was apparent indifference to her charms, to which none save him, in the Sybarite court of her husband, had appeared insensible.* His second, was his being a foreigner, and his coincidence, real or affected, with her deep and genuine hatred, her profound contempt of the people, over whom she was called to reign. By their joint influence, the court and all the offices of the state were inundated with foreigners; while national merit was but too fortunate, if it could escape persecution, by sinking into oblivion. The manufactures of England, Germany, and France, were substituted for the produce of native industry. The English were invited and the Neapolitans banished from the court. French became the language of the circle; French fashions set aside the Neapolitan costume; and French authors were substituted for the works of native writers, till it became a mark of vulgarity to be caught reading Tasso or Ariosto. But, in intro-

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projects. Thus began a long series of iniquitous transactions, only to be effected in a despotic government; accompanied by the subtraction of the capital, and (when that was exhausted) by the fabrication of paper, to the amount of about thirty-five millions, without a sous of property to represent. The paper gradually was depreciated to the amount of two-thirds of its nominal value, and the agio was increased by the operations of the court, which continued to sell fresh issues, for any sums they could fetch. To remedy the evil, when it was too late, the court applied the allodial property of the crown; but this could neither be sold with sufficient facility, nor did it exist in sufficient quantity, to cover the debt. A portion of ecclesiastical property was also sold, and twelve millions five hundred thousand ducats of the paper thus redeemed were immediately thrown again into circulation, and the debt was thus doubled. An act of personal fraud of the Queen's is worth mentioning: Having levied a tax of *three hundred thousand* ducats to open roads for the interests of commerce, the people, in all their distress, cheerfully paid it: she pocketed the money, and never made the roads.—Such was the daughter of Maria-Thérèse.

* The Princess ***, an old friend of the Queen's, and one of the first ladies of her court, assured me that she could trace the passion of the queen for Acton, to his natural insensibility to female charms:—his inexpressive countenance was as cold as his heart; and, when the Queen conversed with him in the circle, his eye alone did not sparkle at the distinction. *Piquée au jeu*, she began to play off those coquettish arts, in which, like her sisters, she was an adept—and Acton, flattered, though not subdued, was about to yield, when a friend suggested to him that, if he submitted, he was lost; that, instead of being the sovereign of Naples, he would be but one of the queen's *mille et un*. Acton took the hint; and the Queen, unused to such cruelty, became devoted, as she was hopeless. She at last irremissibly committed herself, by writing to this ministerial Adonis. From that moment she became his slave; and through her, the King was but the agent of his plans, which nearly ended in the ruin of all, but mostly in that of the unhappy and oppressed people.

ducing French literature, French language, French habits, and French fashions—the Queen and Acton saw not they were opening the way to those FRENCH PRINCIPLES, which were soon to become the bugbear of their rest: and when they discovered that the epidemia of the Revolution had reached even the purlieus of the court, they considered it as a miraculous and isolated event, and perceived not that they themselves had supplied the means by which that miracle had operated. When, however, Acton saw a rival in one suspected of liberal principles, he blasted the rising preference in its bud, by attempting the ruin of its object; and the young Medici*, accused of jacobinism by the minister he was one day to succeed, was removed from the royal presence, by being thrown into the dungeons of a state-prison. The Queen was, by temperament and education, the victim of distrust; and Acton, master of all her passions, seized upon this master-one as the engine of an influence which her roving heart might soon cease to acknowledge. Thousands were doomed to suffer or to bleed, that he might preserve his ascendancy; for he was the very abstraction of those ministers, who, to retain their power, stop at no crime.

The French revolution was in progress, when some young fashionables of Naples took up the habit of parading the Corso on horseback, and none were deemed of the *bon genre* who were not seen on the Chiaja, "*per far il Corso a cavallo.*" This manly innovation upon the old custom of going in carriages, was converted by Acton into a political offence; and the Queen was persuaded by her minister, that this new practice was the renewal of *the Olympic games!!* Her imagination instantly took the alarm, and the police were ordered to watch the movements of the young imitators of republican antiquity.—It had become the fashion to read the French Gazettes, and to follow the progress of the political events they detailed; and their contents (discussed in the opera-box of a mistress, or chatted over, while under the hands of a hair-dresser, with a valet de chambre,) became matter of fresh suspicion to the court. Such facts, collected by the Queen's paid spies, and exaggerated to the King, were soon considered as subjects of accusation against the imprudent and hot-headed boys, who, to their own astonishment and that of their friends, were arraigned of *treason.* A fearful tribunal, by the name of "*Giunta di stato,*"

* The Count de' Medici, favourite and premier of Ferdinand the Fourth of Naples in 1820; but no longer suspected of jacobinism, even by the most furious Ultra.

was then erected to try the delinquents. The known characters of some of these inquisitors alarmed others of more probity, who were associated with them; and many of the wisest of the magistrates, trembling for the fate of the accused, endeavoured to throw themselves between the ministers and the sovereign, and to prove that the term *treason* could not be applied to youths, whose incontinence of tongue was a proof of imprudence, but not of conspiracy. The Queen, however, was the victim of her fears and her prejudices. The hatred she had awakened in her subjects was exaggerated by her counsellors; and, believing herself marked out for national vengeance, she resolved on punishing the imaginary enemies, her conscience and disordered imagination had conjured up. Whoever attempted to prove the fealty of her subjects, incurred her hatred: she thirsted for blood; and her ministers, who reigned by her fears, hastened to satisfy her even to satiety.

The Giunta at last ascended the judgment-seat, and three unhappy youths chosen for sacrifice, after a mock trial, were condemned to death, upon charges the most frivolous and unfounded. The day of execution was one of mourning to the Neapolitans—of terror to their sovereigns. The report of a general rising to the rescue spread alarm through the royal palace, and troops, pouring in from every quarter, converted the capital into a garrison. Two of these youths were executed in the presence of the third, the young and gallant Emmanuel di Deo. As he ascended the scaffold, an offer of life was made if he would discover the rest of his associates in treason: his bold answer was that he preferred death to infamy, and had nothing to reveal. This decided his fate, and his life paid the forfeit of his generous intrepidity. The seeds of distrust between the sovereign and the most enlightened of his subjects, were now deeply sown, *never, never* to be eradicated! and those who were long feared and hated by their governors, learned to hate and fear in their turn. The first Giunta having performed its work of blood, it was dissolved; and a new conspiracy was rapidly got up, to give colour to the organization of a second Inquisition, of an infinitely darker nature! This tribunal was composed of men at whose names the Neapolitans *still* shudder—*Castelcicalà, Vanni,* and *Guidobaldi!* Vanni, the principal inquisitor, took the lead, under Acton. Conspiracies were multiplied as the Queen's fears increased—all who opposed the rapacity of the minister were stigmatized by the usual terms of persecution, *Revolutionist* and *Jacobin!* The nation to its furthest extremity was over-run with spies. The Queen, from the centre of her court circle,

declared her open protection of them * as her own emissaries—and their denunciations always sufficed to incarcerate, if not to *prove* the crime of their victim. The forts and prisons became filled to overflowing, with persons to whom it was refused even to know the nature of their accusation †; and though some at the expiration of four or five years were liberated from their noxious dungeons ‡, for want of the slightest pretence to detain, or evidence to convict them; yet health destroyed, spirits extinguished, and youthful virtue taught that fearful lesson,

"That vice might triumph—virtue vice obey,"

left them hopeless of the future, and blasted by the past §.

Four years of every species of oppression and cruelty, ruinous to property, to liberty, and to life, had almost maddened, but had not degraded, the most respectable classes of the population. The lawyers, who had boldly undertaken the defence of the incarcerated victims, were incorruptible, and the results of their liberal education, their integrity, and their talent, shone forth in every trial, where tyranny itself could not give sufficient colour to its accusations to destroy the object of its vengeance. The class persecuted were not of the people; they were the younger branches of the aristocracy; the most distinguished members of the liberal professions: in a word, all whose education fitted them to see into the abuses of the government; and whose spirit, patriotism, talents, and consideration, rendered them formidable at a

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* Her words were, (and the courts of Europe have since realized the prophecy,) "Sarebbe un giorno giunto a distruggere quell' antico pregiudizio per cui si riputava infame il mestiere di Delatore." That a time would come when the old prejudice would be destroyed, that considered the trade of a spy infamous.

† "Si gittarano in un orribile prigione privi di luce e di tutto cio ch' era necessario alla vita—vi si languirono per anni senza poter ottenere nè la loro assoluzione nè la loro condanna, senza poter sapere la cagiono delle loro disgrazie." Saggio Istorico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli.

‡ Lady Hamilton, in a letter to Lord Nelson, dated from Naples, June 30th, 1798, says, "The Jacobins have all been declared innocent, after suffering four years imprisonment; and I know they all deserved to be hanged long ago," &c. &c. &c.

§ Vanni's cry to the Queen was, and he addressed himself to willing ears—"*almeno dovevamno arrestarsene venti mille*," "at least we must arrest twenty thousand." The King sometimes paused in his sporting pursuits, to intercede for his unhappy subjects, and even called Vanni to an account; but the Queen answered for her minister; and the King, silenced by that voice which had so long held him in utter subjection, affected to believe all she advanced—put an heron's foot in his button-hole, to save himself from an evil eye, and set forth confidently to the chase—while his Queen remained to be in *at the death at home*.

moment when the French revolution was striking terror into all the feudal despots of Europe.

The King, in spite of the power which the Queen and Acton exercised over him, could not shut his ears against the groans of thousands—murmurs of discontent became loud and general. The tribunal saw it had gone too far, and Castelcicala turned evidence against Vanni, from private hatred, and from dread of a public re-action. The Queen, to throw the odium from her lover and herself, sacrificed her faithful agent: Vanni was dismissed, and then sent into exile. Driven to desperation by the triumph of his rivals, he grew melancholy mad, and having written a note, supposed to be intended for his faithless royal mistress *, he destroyed himself. His death left Castelcicala at the head of the Queen's Inquisition, when the progress of the Revolution gave more substantial grounds for apprehension than had hitherto existed to justify the dark coercion of the despot Austrian, and her feeble consort; and the miserable state of the whole kingdom, had prepared the Neapolitans, (at the least of the highest orders) to receive with joy any change that might be offered from the political circumstances of the day. The people were, what ages of despotism and anarchy, bigotry and misrule, had left them, the least civilized, and most debased population of Italy! The elements of society thus discordantly amalgamated, proved the misery of the nation, and accounted for all its past, and all its present failures in the efforts made by a part to save the whole.

The Queen, in her visit to Germany, on the marriage of her daughters †, was said to be the prime promoter of the first legitimate league entered into by the sovereigns of Europe against France ‡. But when the King of Naples and his poltroons were beaten in their first expedition against the

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* The note, written in a steady hand, was as follows:—

" L'ingratitudine di una corta perfida, l'avvelenamento di un nemico terribile, la mancanza d'assilo, mi han diterminato a togliermi una vita, che ormai mi è di peso; non s'incolpo nessuno della mia morte, ed il mio essempio serva a rendere saggi gli altri inquisitori." " The ingratitude of a perfidious court, the calumny of a terrible enemy, and the want of an asylum, have determined me to take a life, which has become a burden to me. Let no one be blamed for my death, and let my example be a warning to the other inquisitors."

† The present Emperor of Germany, her nephew, was married to her daughter.

‡ " La Regina nel viaggio che avea fatto per la Germania e per l'Italia in occasione del matrimonio delle sue figlie era stato la primatrice di quella lega che di noi si vide scoppiare contro la Francia." Saggio, &c. &c.

French, the councils and the court were distracted by irresolution and fear: cowardice and indecision universally prevailed; and on the first invasion of the French, ere danger had approached the threshold of the realm, or necessity urged retreat, the King, governed by his fears, or by the representations of a perfidious minister, and a woman who had long sacrificed every failing to her tyrannical passions—fled*. Sicily was chosen as a place of temporary retirement till the storm should blow over; and the old court, with all its vices, was congregated at Palermo. The people of Naples left to themselves, freed from a despotism of a thousand years' duration, with the mark of their chain deeply impressed on their necks, and the debasement of slavery operating powerfully on their characters, felt only that they were *free!* but, unpractised in the enjoyment of liberty, their views were the results of instinct rather than of principles.

On the flight of the King, a municipal body, called the *Città*, took possession of the public authority. This corps consisted of six nobles and one commoner, who were elected by the five *sedili*, into which the nobility were divided (a vestige of the Fratriæ, or divisions of the city under the Greek government). On the suppression of the parliaments, the Città had been the depositaries of the national privileges; but had gradually sunk into nonentity. Such however as it was, it became entrusted with the management of affairs; and a national guard was formed, which was rapidly filled by the best and most virtuous of all classes. Meantime the French advanced upon Capua; and Pignatelli entered into an agreement with them to surrender all the kingdom north of that city, and to pay two millions five hundred thousand francs for two months' armistice. The people, however, flew to arms, which they seized from the arsenals. Pignatelli and Mack, the Austrian general, following the King's example, fled; and the latter, in escaping, fell into the hands of the French. Anarchy now prevailed, and amidst indescribable confusion the people shouted, "*Viva la Santa Fede!*" "*Viva il Popolo Napolitano!*" Moliterni and Rocca Romana, two young soldiers, contrived to get themselves chosen leaders, in order to rein in the popular fury; and for two days they repressed violence; but a deputation sent to meet the French at the gates of

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* In this flight the Court, assisted by Lady Hamilton, took with them the valuables of the palaces of Caserta and Naples, the best objects of the Museum of Portici and Capo di Monte, the Crown jewels, and about twenty millions in bar and coined gold.

Naples, to deprecate their advance, having been repulsed with menace and insult, the people became maddened: a thirst of plunder was soon added to other stimuli; and fanatic priests, blessing the arms of the populace, drove them to the greatest excesses of fury and of audacity. In this confusion the Città ceased from its functions, and the people being thus left to themselves, the town became the scene of every species of horror. The Duca della Torre and his brother, Filomarino, were among the first victims, as supposed anti-royalists; others shared their fate; till at length the Republicans (that is, those who possessed education and property) mixing with the mob, and feigning to participate their sentiments, in some degree moderated their fury; and Moliterni and Rocca Romana succeeded in getting the Lazzaroni out of the fortress of Sant' Elmo. But the people, without a chief, continued to defend themselves against a conquering army with a courage worthy a better cause*; and when they found themselves ousted from the fortresses and placed between two fires, they retired—less depressed by their losses, than enraged against their fellow-citizens.

At this epoch there was a total want of union in men's minds: the people, it is true, no longer loved the king; but they were much attached to their country, and more to their religion: their hatred to the French was an inheritance; while the conduct of the Directory still further alienated them from that nation, from whose invasions they had so often suffered. The dislike of the people to their barons was perhaps more inveterate than even to the French; and thus many causes contributed to prevent a favourable result from the revolution. On the other hand, a large body of the revolutionists, consisting of almost all the educated and professional men in Naples, believed the presence of the French necessary to the establishment of the new republic; and the breach between them and the populace became daily widened.

While the nation was thus unprepared for revolution†, no plan of govern-

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* There certainly was no want of courage shewn upon this occasion. The Queen is said to have counted much on the re-action of the Lazzaroni, and at her departure left her agents behind, to keep up their spirit of resistance, and to animate them to desperation. It was industriously circulated that the French Jacobins aimed at the destruction of the Church and the worship of the Virgin Mary; and the rage of the people was so ludicrously violent, that an eruption of Vesuvius having occurred just as the French had obtained some success, the Lazzaroni exclaimed, "Ahi, Vesuvio, tu sei Giacobino!"‡

† The absence of any national feeling was the necessary result of the previous government. What-

‡ Ah! Vesuvius, thou art a Jacobin!

ment had been formed to meet the emergency. The French entered Naples the twenty-second of January, and twenty-five persons, formed into six committees, were placed at the head of the executive. The grievances incidental to this order of things multiplied rapidly, increasing the discontent, and dividing the country between the French occupants and the insurgent people. The bulk of the nation, attached to the forms and festivities of their religion, were indifferent to, or ignorant of its dogmas; while the clergy, already at war with Rome for the recovery of the liberties of their national church, were not unfavourable to considerable reforms*; but the business was committed to subaltern agents, and was prosecuted with a violence and spoliation, which indisposed all classes towards its promoters. The suppression of the feudalities, and of the provincial tribunals, placed out of employment eight or ten thousand persons (the *armigeri* attached to the barons and to the courts), for whose provision no thought was taken; and they immediately joined the insurgents. A foolish proclamation was also issued, saying that "those who had served a tyrant had nothing to hope from a republic;" which gave many more families to the partizans of the King. The two millions and a half levied by the French General Championet, together with fifteen millions more laid on the provinces, were raised much more according to the opinions than the fortunes of the contributors; and jewels and ornaments were taken, when coin was not to be had. The territory was newly divided into departments, at war with all geography; and roving commissions of democratization trampled on every prejudice, and beat down every interest. Still, however, "the republic" effected some improve-

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ever civilization and instruction subsisted, was wholly French or English: hence the educated classes despised too much their countrymen. In rising societies the progress of civilization goes hand in hand with the developement of the moral sense, and a system of laws arises almost spontaneously from the force of things. But in nations fallen into corruption and retrogradation, good laws must precede good feelings, and they can only result from a moral force exterior to the population.

* Immediately before the Revolution the Pope's feudal pretensions over the kingdom of Naples had been vigorously repelled, and the annual *hackney* refused. Among the ablest writers of this period against the usurpations of the holy see, was the now *ex*-archbishop of Tarentum, an enlightened minister of state, a polished gentleman, and an elegant scholar. His work attracted the ill will of the court of Rome; and as a mark of its displeasure, the Pope neglected to forward some customary dispensations the archbishop had *ex officio* demanded. On a second application, the independent divine hinted at his own canonical right to issue them as archbishop, and at his intention of availing himself of that right to relieve his Diocese. The papers required arrived by return of post.

ments. In five months, from the revenues of two provinces alone, it redeemed one million five hundred thousand ducats of debt; but the wretched state to which the people were reduced under their long despotism was evinced through the whole progress of their Revolution.

The small number of the French occupying Naples, and the multiplicity of causes of discontent, soon gave birth to the insurrections in the Abruzzi, Sora, and Castel Forte. This revolt, instigated by the intrigues of the court of Palermo, was committed to a ferocious and implacable Calabrian priest, Cardinal Ruffo, who, master of the tempers and dialect of the Calabrians, marched into their mountains, and sounded the tocsin of that dreadful reaction, unparalleled in the annals of humanity. But even in the remote solitudes of Calabria, this warrior priest found its savage inhabitants divided into royalists and republicans, and capable of forming opinions, and defending them. Ultimate success, however, attended his efforts. Altamura, a city held by the Republicans, was taken and sacked; and the dying and the dead were cast promiscuously into a fire, and burned in the presence of the Cardinal. The French at length retreated, and the forts of Naples (after the Patriots were defeated by Ruffo and his band of brigands on the Ponte Maddelena) were surrendered, on the far-famed capitulation, to Ruffo, Micheroux, and the Turkish and English commanders of the fleets of those countries.

This treaty (as it is but too well known) Lord Nelson, under the influence of Lady Hamilton, and urged by the Queen, most disgracefully violated. Thirty thousand persons were arrested*; and the Giunta formed for their trial not being sufficiently harsh in punishing all who had adhered to the Republic, were eliminated. Guidobaldi, to save the public purse, engaged the executioner, not as of old, by the head, at six ducats an execution†, but at a

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* In alluding to this dreadful epoch, Count Orloff, in his admirable work on Naples, observes, "Il approche le denouement de l'un des plus déplorables Drames politiques dont l'Italie ait été le théâtre." Mémoires Historiques, &c. &c. &c., de Naples, par M. le Comte Gregoire Orloff.

† "Il n'y avait plus dans cette grande Cité que deux classes d'habitans, des bourreaux et des victimes. Ceux-ci étaient déchirés en lambeaux par une foule de Canabales—qui dévoraient leur chairs palpitantes. D'autres après avoir été trainés dans les rues, étaient jetés, ou morts ou mourants, dans les buches allumés sur les places publiques. Ibid.

These almost incredible horrors related by Count Orloff, we were assured, were so far from being exaggerated, that they fell short of the truth, to which hundreds—thousands! now living in Naples were witnesses.

monthly stipend. By an *ex post facto* law, all who had held place under the Republic—all who had expelled the Lazzaroni from St. Elmo, or fought at Capua, (conspirators before the occupation)—all who had fought against Cardinal Ruffo, or in sight of the English vessel which brought home the King, (fifteen thousand persons)—all who had assisted in raising the national flag in the Largo Santo Spirito, when the statue of Charles the Third was thrown down, or at the national feast, when the flags of England and of the King were torn—all who by writing or preaching had offended the royal family, and all who by any decided act had shewn attachment to the Republic—were condemned to death! Under this act Madame *San Felice* was executed at the end of a year, for having prevented massacre by the revelation of a royalist conspiracy. The lists of proscriptions came from the Queen at Palermo. All forms were violated, all means of defence were denied, and even boys of twelve years old were put to death under this law, while in some instances those acquitted by the Giunta, were executed by order of the King.*

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* Many traits of heroism occurred during this detestable violation of all faith. Cerillo, when asked his profession, replied, "A physician." "What were you under the republic?" "A representative of the people." "And now, in my presence, what are you?" said Speziale, the ferocious minister of Police. "In faccio a te," said Cerillo, "un Eroe." "In your presence an hero." Manthoni to all questions answered only, "I capitulated, and if that defence be not sufficient I would blush to offer any other." The young Vitagliani was found playing the guittar in his dungeon, when his sentence was pronounced: he continued to play till he was led to execution. Carlomagna and Granali paused on the steps of the scaffold to reproach the populace with their ferocious joy. As Nicolo Palomba was about to suffer, his life was offered if he would give up his accomplices: he replied, "Vile Schiavo, io non ho saputo comprar mai la vita colle infamia." "Slave, I have not learned to purchase life with infamy." "I will condemn you to death," said Speziale to Velasco in the Hall of Judgement—"I shall die," was the reply, "but not by your order"—and he flung himself out of the window near which he was standing. Eleonora Pimentale was a young person, celebrated for her talents, her graces, and her patriotism. She was accused of having written some patriotic effusions in the "*Monitore Napolitano*," and was condemned to die—she met her fate with courage and heroism. She took coffee a few minutes before she ascended the scaffold, and said smilingly to those who risked their lives, by testifying their sympathy for her untimely fate, "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!" Rosso Vincenzo, a celebrated orator and patriot, author of a political work of some celebrity ("*Pensieri politici*") while he stood on the scaffold observing the executioner preparing the instruments of death, conversed with so much eloquence and spirit, that the officer who attended him, never mentioned his name, even many years after his death, without shedding tears. During the dreadful period of this royal retribution on subjects who, abandoned by their king, were released from all allegiance, the noblest families in Naples, such as the families of Carafa, Torrilla, Pignatelli, Neri, &c. &c. lost

Another change in the fortunes of the French brought them a second time to Naples; and Napoleon, in making provision for his family, assigned the crown of that country to his brother Joseph. The King again took shelter in Sicily, where, under the protection of England, (such protection as the stronger always afford to the weaker in political affairs,) he remained the shadow of a monarch, while all the power was wielded by the English diplomatic and military agents. Napoleon married into the house of Austria; and the Queen, losing sight of all her ancient prejudices and principles, began to coquet with the Conqueror, till she was arbitrarily forced to abandon her throne and leave the island. A parliament was formed, a constitution given on the model of that of England, and the barons were stripped of all their feudal privileges (the

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their brightest members.* The fate of the admiral Caraccioli is already well known. The Queen was impatient for the destruction of this brave and gallant seaman, who, the Neapolitans were wont to say, was a fleet in himself; and the jealousy of Thurn and the weakness of Nelson (*la viltà* di Nelson, say the Neapolitans,) signed his fiat; although he had been solemnly released by the King himself, and permitted to return to Naples. The admiral was walking the deck of his ship, and reasoning on the construction of an English vessel which laid beside his own, when his sentence was announced to him. He heard it, and finished his discourse. The sailors who were appointed to fix the rope to hang him, wept, and protracted their sad task: he exclaimed cheerfully, "Sbrigatevi, sbrigatevi!"—then, after a pause, added, "E ben graziosa che mentre io debbe soffrire, tu debbe piangere." He was hung at the yard-arm of a Sicilian vessel; and his death has blasted for ever the memory of Lord Nelson. The anecdote of his body floating on the waters, as the King and Nelson leant over the side of the English admiral's ship, is perfectly true. When the author of these pages was too young or too ignorant to interest herself in the political transactions of any country, she had listened with admiration to Lady Hamilton, as she described to her the beauties of the shores of Naples, and her own distinguished position, when, during the calm of many a moonlight night, she had sat in the English admiral's ship, on the right of the Hero of the Nile, and sung over the waves of the Mediterranean the national hymn of "Rule Britannia," which was chorussed by the whole crew: but had her auditress known that while the Syren sang, thousands perished, and that these nights of revelry closed days of blood, she would have fled the voice of the charmer, as she now (and more particularly since her visit to Naples) holds her memory in utter abhorrence. Let those who rejoice in the defeat of the Neapolitan patriots of 1821, remember the fate of those who were exposed to the royal clemency of Ferdinand the Fourth, in 1799.

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* The young Prince Carafa died with a gaiety and heroism that is still often talked and wept over by his friends. We had the honour of knowing his nearest relations, and of judging of his merits and talents by theirs. Besides these lay patriots, thirty or forty bishops, twenty magistrates, and a large number of physicians, lawyers, and men of letters, fell victims to this re-action: four thousand were slain in the provinces, and eighty millions of capital were taken out of the country, by those who saved themselves by flight, and who, with their families, are still scattered over various parts of Italy.

people being almost driven into rebellion against their legitimate King, by the British agents, to effect the Revolution.) On this occasion, Ferdinand assumed a firmness and dignity, little to be expected from his *laissez-aller* character: protesting to the English Minister, that force alone should drive him from his throne.*

A new change, however, in political combinations, produced another view of things in the British Cabinet; and that King, whom our Ministers would not let reign in his own kingdom of Sicily, during the power of Napoleon, upon his fall, they chose to replace in all the despotism of ancient abuse over Naples, which had rejected him. Then the British Constitution, which it had been the boast of hypocrites and jugglers to have given to Sicily, was suffered to dissolve in air. The nobles deprived of their ancient rights, and the people thrown back into their primitive slavery, left the King even more absolute than before; and those unfortunate Sicilians, who, confiding in the promises of Ministers, and the honour of nations, had lent themselves to English politics, were abandoned to sink or swim, as Ferdinand's habitual good-nature, or jealousy of kingcraft, might happen to prevail. Every where alike, the same short-sighted and *journalier* policy of the British Cabinet, bungling on from expedient to expedient, has necessitated similar breaches of faith, and violations of solemn engagements; till it has become impossible for an Englishman to leave home, without encountering the execrations of deluded

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* The King, persecuted by the interference of the English, (who had compelled him to adopt their Constitution,) had retired to the shelter of an old castle (La Zisa) to avoid their further importunities. On hearing that an armed body was marching to force him back to Palermo, he fitted up a canopy in one of the state-rooms, and, surrounding himself with his few followers, awaited on his throne the arrival of the English commander. In the interview which followed, obstinacy amply supplied the place of courage, and of political wisdom. He positively refused to return; and when his English friends advised his surrendering the crown in favour of his son, he replied, "Shew me your authority. If the English Government demands this sacrifice, I have no force to oppose, and must obey." The diplomatic answer was in character: "That no force was intended; that the measure was merely advised on the personal suggestion of the individual." Then said the King, "I will not abdicate."

At the Restoration, many Sicilian noblemen, who had taken part in these proceedings, claimed the mediation and protection of the British Minister. I can scarcely credit, what on respectable authority I am compelled to write, that the official note was handed to the King, and the lives and liberties of these friends and allies of the British nation thus betrayed into his power. It is but justice to Ferdinand to add, that he made no ill use of the information thus conveyed to him.

and enslaved nations; and finding the rites of hospitality withheld, wherever strong personal ties do not overcome the gloomy indulgence of national antipathies.

The reign of Joseph Bonaparte in Naples was short, and embittered by the intrigues of SALICETTI, a minister who reigned by abusing the credulity of his master with a succession of imaginary plots, and urging him to acts of injustice and persecution.

Of the reign of Murat, who succeeded, on Joseph's promotion to the throne of Spain, enough is already before the public. The good and the evil he effected belonged alike to the system which raised him to power. Bold, frank, and gay, his courage, which was brilliant in the field, was not seconded by talents that should give éclat to the statesman in the cabinet. Formed rather to please than to govern, he was better fitted to represent in a court, than to sway a council. The system, however, worked of itself; and reflected alike credit upon the King, and comfort on the people. The civilization of France, operating upon the comparative savagery, which ages of misrule had burnt into the Neapolitan character, could not but be advantageous. The activity of revolutionary councils, acting upon the indolence and inertness of the agents of ancient despotism, could not but animate and invigorate the worn out institutions of the country. Every branch of administration, of finance, war, education, and justice, received developement and improvement. Society was mounted upon the Parisian scale; French literature was imported; the French Code superseded the cumbrous and vicious jurisprudence of ancient Naples; and the nation, notwithstanding its subordination to the Imperial politics, and its participation in Napoleon's wars, was fast emerging from its forced barbarism, and rising to take its place amidst European nations, when the fall of Napoleon again threw it back upon the institutes of the Anjous and the Arragons, and the misrule of the sixteenth century.

Murat, who had brought immense wealth with him as his private property, spent the whole among his new subjects; and the taxes which he raised, though large in amount, fell less heavily on the people, from the increase of their means; while the expenditure, arising out of a vast variety of improvements, splendid furniture in the palaces, excavations at Pompeii, making roads through the country, establishing schools, &c. carried arts and civilization through the land. Amidst all these benefits, the greatest was

wanting—Murat neglected to bestow the promised constitution, which could alone consolidate the civilization he affected to advance, and the press was still left in utter slavery.

When the reverses of the French, and the advance of the Austrian army, overthrew the government of Murat, the city of Naples was again upon the brink of that anarchy, plunder, and massacre, which signalized the first revolution. The Lazzaroni exhibited their accustomed disposition to revolt, inherent to casts living in the bosom of society without possessing property, or partaking of its other advantages; and if the Neapolitans escaped, they gratefully acknowledge their obligations for their safety to Murat's queen *, who, with an energy worthy of her brother Napoleon, was on horseback through the whole day, and remained to the last hour, visiting every post, and assuring herself of the vigilance of all the authorities, till the approach of the Austrians drove her to her ship. Of the miserable end of Murat, his ill-fated expedition, and summary punishment, there remains nothing to be told: the only fact to be added to the eventful history is, that Ferdinand had prepared every thing for a third flight, before he gave the order for Murat's execution; and was determined most valorously to decamp, if his order met with the slighest resistance.

The restoration of legitimacy † was attended by vast expense: Austria received a whole year's revenue of the state. Metternich and divers other ministers are currently reported to have received considerable sums; the army of occupation was supported for three years. Provision was made for

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* There was scarcely any military force left to guard the city, or protect it from the Lazzaroni who were already gathering in multitudes to spoliate and destroy. The houses of the English merchants and bankers were particularly marked out for plunder, (though the Lazzaroni, like the people of Abruzzi and Calabria, always affected to consider the English as their natural allies.) *Madame Murat*, on this occasion, assembled the national guard herself, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. Her life was in danger to the moment she capitulated to Captain Campbell, of the Tremendous, who received her and her children on board his ship, to which she was followed by the infuriate Lazzaroni, insulting and shocking her ears by the most licentious songs, even in spite of the interference of Captain Campbell, whose conduct was described to us at Naples as being the most gallant and generous.

† Caroline of Naples did not live to share this triumph. It is well known that she died a wanderer, execrated and unpitied.

the *king's wife* (by a left-handed marriage), and for a vast number of the king's retainers, who came back from Sicily in a state of great poverty. The revenues of the Two Sicilies had been seven millions of ducats. Murat raised that of Naples alone to twenty-two. Yet these sums were speedily absorbed. Murat had likewise sold great quantities of national property; but, the payment having been delayed, the money fell eventually into the coffers of the King, and thus he obtained about ten millions. Seven or eight millions more were got by the revocation of all the grants bestowed by Murat; which were resumed notwithstanding that the property had undergone repeated legal transfers. To such causes of discontent were added prohibitive laws affecting the interests of commerce, and absurd and disproportionate duties of import and export: these abuses, together with the total loss of all hope of constitutional liberty *, had already predisposed men's minds for fresh changes; and they would probably have given a different result to Murat's expedition, had it occurred at something of a later period†.

With respect to the unfortunate Revolution, which sycophancy will now call revolt, it was evidently preparing at Naples when we were there; although its immediate explosion could not have been anticipated. One of the cleverest and most clear-sighted of our Neapolitan friends, in the course of a conversation on public affairs, had asserted that Naples was nearer a Revolution than France, an opinion which, though justified by events, did not seem then very probable.

Had this Revolution not been disturbed by the unprincipled interference of Foreign nations, it must have led to the happiest consequences. Its deplorable catastrophe is easily explained—The Revolution, (as all Revolutions

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* On the return of the King, he was doubtful whether he should preserve the French system, or import that adopted in Sicily; but the financial advantages of the former carried the day.

† It is but fair to add, that the minister Medici was far from pushing despotism to its limits; while the King (taught by experience the ill effects of his wife's proscriptions, and too happy to be rid of her, to think of adopting any of her plans,) had shewn great lenity towards the adherents of Murat. In 1816, the Prince Canosa, a Neapolitan, and minister to Ferdinand of Spain, was recalled to be placed at the head of the police. He allied himself with a band of ruffians, the refuse of the people, and entered on his office by persecuting and imprisoning the *Muratists*. His system was discovered, and he was exiled. Whenever any thing goes wrong in the provinces, or tumults arise, the King always attributes it to his old followers placed in office there, and is sure to observe—'Ci sono i miei fedeli!' This is the work of my faithful adherents.

must, which occur among a people whose civilization is concentrated in the upper ranks of a capital,) was effected by a comparatively small number of persons, and resembled in that respect the English Revolution in 1688, which was altogether an aristocratic movement. Having the army in its favour, there was no occasion for the effusion of blood. It was the talent of the country thrown into action; and knowledge obtained in France and England, would have been applied to the improvement of the entire kingdom. In this Revolution there could have been no theoretical equality, no contempt for the rights of property, no proscription; it would have been a simple communication of the intellectual light of a few, to the entire mass.

But when a foreign invasion rendered it necessary to call upon the physical force of the country, the fortunes of the nation were embarked with the discretion, the courage, the good-will of a corrupted, debased, bigoted, and brutally ignorant populace; who could neither perceive the objects for which they were called on to fight, nor conceive the necessity of fighting at all. The bold and brave spirits who ventured on the Revolution have had to work with worthless tools, and their operations have consequently failed. Austria is once more in possession of the country, illumination is proscribed, patriotism is set at a price, commerce is frighted from the shores, and the nation is again driven back to the barbarism of by-gone ages, to wooden kings, and wooden virgins, to turbulent Lazzaroni, and mountain-robbers!!

It is a calumny against Providence, and a solecism in philosophy, to assert that there are nations so marked by physical tendencies to evil, so instinctively devoted to particular vices, that they remain unredeemable by good laws, incorrigible by wise institutes! Almost all civilized nations have assumed a different moral phasis, according to the direction gradually given to them by political institutes. The heroes of Thermopylæ in one age, have, in another, been the slaves of barbarians, and a monk now governs, where a Cæsar trembled to assume the slightest insignia of power! The true instrument of man's degradation is his ignorance. Nature, which too frequently permits him to err, never teaches him to be vile; and the history of all countries bears out the philosophical observation of Dante, that

> '——— Se 'l Mondo laggiu, ponesse mente
> Al fondamento che Natura pone,
> Seguendo lui, avria *buona la gente*."—Paradiso, canto ottavo.

It has been the fashion to accuse the Neapolitans of an inherent viciousness, over which external circumstances could hold no controul; but the prejudice has only obtained currency in European opinion, since that country has been the slave of Spain; for conquered nations are always subjects of slander to their foreign masters, who seek to sanction their own injustice by assuming the worthlessness of their victims. The base and bigoted descendants of Charles the Fifth, having maddened or degraded the Neapolitans by a delegated and odious government, well suited to produce such an effect, assigned the results of their own despotism to the idiosyncrasy of a people. The Neapolitans, however, thus accused of cowardice and incapacity, in former ages had assisted the Romans to drive Hannibal out of Italy, and had preserved their independence at an epoch when the rest of Italy had lost it. The kingdom of Naples gave to ancient Rome, Ennius, Cicero, Horace, Ovid, and Statius; and to modern Europe, Tasso, Sannazaro, and Salvator Rosa.* Naples, in the lower ages, was the asylum of the little learning then left; and the greater part of the classics which have reached posterity, was preserved by the learned industry of the Benedictine monks of Mount Cassin and Otranto. The flame of science was rekindled in the schools of Salerno; the pandects of Justinian (the code of legitimacy) were found at Amalfi; and in the sixteenth century, its society, according to Apostolo Zeno, was so literary, that the intellectual of all countries might have chosen it for their residence, as, in the Augustan day, it was the favourite retreat of Virgil, of Seneca, of Livy, and of Claudian. But, above all other European countries, it was the glory of Naples to have resisted the Papal power from its first foundation, to have disputed the asserted prerogatives of the SEE in all ages, and to have refused, invariably and successfully, the admission of that worst and most powerful of all engines of terror and degradation, the INQUISITION!

The first impression given of the Neapolitan population, on a general and rapid view of all classes, as they are seen in the streets and the vineyards, in the Largo di Castello, or the salon of a palace, is that of a people created out of the elements of their own brilliant and fervid region, for whom the word

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* Salvator Rosa is here cited as an elegant poet and satirist. He was also a comic actor of great humour, and the first improvisatore of his day.

*genius** was invented, a people whose character is as volcanic as their soil! The fires of Vesuvius seem to circulate in their veins; the brilliancy of their skies to be reflected in their imagination. Their organs are more acute, and their impressions more vivid, than those of other nations; and their over-abundant vitality, uncalled on by their torpid institutes, bursts forth as it can, and wastes itself in shrill sounds, rapid movements, and vivacious gestures, that render the language superfluous which they are called on to second or assist.

These are fine materials for an able legislature to work out a noble national character! When deteriorated by pernicious institutions, they are calculated, indeed, to render barbarians more barbarous, and to give to crime its last tinge of atrocity; but under a wise and beneficent order of things, they could be impelled, with equal force, in a contrary direction. An ardent temperament is the soil of great virtue, as of great talent; and strong feelings, and kindling fancies, were never the stuff of which mediocrity was created.

That large proportion of the population of the kingdom of Naples, called the *people*, presents itself more readily to the stranger's observation, than the same class in any other civilized nation in the world. Their poverty scarcely leaves them a home to shelter in; and their climate renders a domicile rather a luxury, than a necessity. The roof that skreens them from the inclemency of the night, is the only roof they seek or know. The refuse of the people, with their common name of Lazzaroni, require not even this:—a bench, or a boat, pillows their slumbers, and the sky is their canopy, except in those transient and violent gusts of bad weather to which Naples is subject; when the portico of a palace, or the colonnade of a church, affords them all the temporary shelter they require†.

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* Veux-tu donc savoir si quelque étincelle de ce feu dévorant t'anime? Cours, vole à Naples, &c. Dictionaire de Musique de Rousseau.—GENIE.

† The weather was occasionally very severe while we were at Naples; and it frequently happened, that on returning late from the opera, or from Soirées, we found the filthy portico of our old palace strewn with Lazzaroni. Some lay upon the earth, others were flung over a cask, or gathered round a brasier of hot embers, just sufficiently bright to glare upon their marked and grotesque features. Nothing could be more courteous or cordial than their manner: they all jumped up to make way for us, welcomed us home, wished us a good night's rest; and one or two of them, who had got up some English phrases, applied them at random, by way of being particularly polite. One of the phrases most current upon the Mola, was, "*Want a boat, Sir?*"

The daylight which, according to the philosophy of Comus, "*alone makes sin,*" is not shunned by the lower Neapolitans under any pretence. In the full glare of its lustre, in the full observance of the public eye, all the duties and all the offices of life are frankly and undisguisedly performed; groups seated at the corner of streets, at the thresholds of the poorer sort of houses, on the shores of the Scoglio or the Mare-chiano, on the Mola or the Largo, talking, laughing, menacing, or singing, are all domestically (though not often *sentimentally*) employed; wants are supplied or satisfied; trades carried on; Tasso read aloud; and heads cleaned, or beards shaven—all equally *pro bono publico.** A pulchinello and a "padre predicatore," in close contact, call on the sympathies of the dissipated and the devout at the same moment; and share between them the ever-laughing, moving, praying multitude; who seek sensations in proportion as they are denied ideas; and who, consigned unmolested to the influence of their vehement passions by the absence or feeble administration of the laws, are as destitute of moral principles as they are removed from the causes out of which moral principles arise—property and education. The falsity and dishonesty attributed to the Neapolitans, and always exaggerated, are the inevitable results of their social position: to the abstract beauty of truth they are necessarily strangers, through the influence of a system religious and political, which forbids all inquiry and withholds all knowledge; and in the conveniency of falsehood they are daily practised, by the security it gives them, in their petty frauds on the credulity of the stranger or the cullibility of the native. Their dishonesty, which rarely rises to acts of violence, except during political commotion, and which is generally ac-

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* In every street in Naples stands one or more public toilettes, for the use of the lower orders. The whole arrangement is classic and antique: a tripod, that might be modelled from one found in the Temple of Isis, is surmounted with a little brasier of hot cinders; and is attended by an officiating minister, whose sole dress is a canvass tunic, tied with a girdle round the waist. The filth of this grotesque personage is curiously opposed to the rites of purification he performs for others. Votarists after votarists, of all ages and sexes, present themselves at his altar! and approach their heads to the fires of sacrifice. The celebration of an act done with less solemnity, but more celerity, by horn combs in England, is succeeded by a partial ablution; water warmed on the brasier is applied to the hands; and tresses are braided or beards are shaven, according to the sex of the parties. Such sights, like many others exposed in the streets of Naples, are *moral indecencies;* but the police never interferes, and nothing is done by the governments to redeem this vast and (with all its vices) fine population from habits the most disgusting and demoralizingly brutal.

companied by ingenuity and urged by poverty, is the natural vice of a people left without one conscientious principle, by that government whose laws have always been the slaves of power and privilege, and whose religion has a ready absolution, with its stated price, for every sin. Honesty and probity come with property: those who know the value of possession respect it in others on a selfish principle. To take what we want, is an instinct; to resist the temptation of satisfying that want upon principle, is the result of knowledge and reflection, guarded by opinion and by the conscious existence of just laws, equally protecting and benefiting every member of the social compact.

The great mass of the population of the kingdom of Naples (including the Abruzzi* and Calabria†) are Arabs in their habits and principles; Greeks in their subtilty and talents; they are devoted to a religion which insures them their *feste popolari*, they are attached to a government which has licensed their violence and indolence, and not only sanctioned, but allied itself

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* Twenty years back, gentlemen who had their farms and villas in the Abruzzi lived in a state of siege, their houses fortified, and their servants armed: yet here Virgil received his birth and early education; his native *Sulmona* still exists.

† When Massena had occasion to send a courier into Calabria, he was obliged to give him an escort of a hundred and fifty men. There are scarcely any public roads or inns—a strong proof of incivilization. The better orders are hospitable and munificent, and live like Arab chiefs. The predatory bands of this district, which Ruffo found so available, are frequently five hundred strong. Of their ferocity and notions of honour the following anecdote was related to us:—A party of these banditti, about a year before we heard the anecdote, kidnapped a young Neapolitan, the heir of a wealthy family; and sent word to his father that they required ten thousand ducats for his ransom. The father sent them four, with an expostulatory letter: they returned the money, and made no answer. The terrified father sent the whole sum, after some delay; but it was returned to him untouched, with the horrible intimation that his son was no more.—A Neapolitan gentleman of eminent talent, who, for a considerable time, had a military command in Calabria under the French, assured us that the Calabrians were not only the finest race of people in Italy, but the most susceptible of civilization and intellectual improvement: the upper classes are purely Greek in their tastes and talents, and are distinguished for their domestic affections and boundless hospitality. A Calabrian never betrays a confidence placed in him. Roads opened, manufactories and schools established, would rapidly redeem this people from their wild and lawless existence; but the government, when it levies and extorts taxes for them, does nothing more; and some of its banditti are said to be in its pay, and even to be looked upon as efficient allies in cases of emergency, to let loose against subjects who sigh for constitutions:—their services under Ruffo are not forgotten.

with their predatory bands.* These were the causes which rendered the Revolution distasteful to the lower orders, and which, when they were forced to take a part in the contests between independence and despotism, inclined them towards the latter. All governments are in the abstract alike to the outlaw; but the government which most favours disorder, moral and political, will best suit the professional bandit of the Abruzzi, or the brutal Lazzarone of Naples. Such was the machinery with which intellect and patriotism had to work, and which in a moment of recent occurrence, it appears, was found inadequate to the noble purposes to which it was applied: but on this subject it is impossible to offer a conjecture until recent events shall be better known. It is, however, notorious, that the men who deserted the standard of liberty under a Pepe and a Filangieri, have risen tumultuously to oppose an exorbitant imposition, or resist a tax; have defended their domestic hearths, their village homes, with the fierceness of tigers, and resisted the French invasion with a spirit and pertinacity, of which, in all Italy, Piedmont and Naples only left any example.

To the long enslaved, long debased, lower classes of the Neapolitan dominions, the motives presented were not adequate to the sacrifice demanded. In their apprehension, political independence is but a metaphysical term! a pure abstraction!—they know nothing of its theory or its practice, of its benefits or its results. Accustomed for ages to misrule, they feel its force only in its more immediate causes; and they seized not the chain of inductions which united the constitutional movement with their personal interests. Had they been given a Madonna to defend, or any sensible image to rally under, they might have been found more firm in the hour of danger; but they were not prepared to fight for independence—a word, of which the despotism of Spanish, Austrian, and Bourbon kings had left them in perfect ignorance. An uneducated and destitute population may be fanaticized, but it cannot be reasoned into activity: for property, while it is the great subject of civil institutions, and affords an accurate criterion for determining their character, is at the same time the motive which impels the species beyond their sensitive impressions, and urges them to postpone the present to the future.

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* The bands of outlaws, or banditti of Puglia, led on by the Vardarelli (two brother chiefs of predatory celebrity), made terms with the Government, and were for a time received into its pay.

Knowledge, liberty, and diffused comforts, form a circle of causes and effects, in which no one is perfect, while the others are materially defective.

The ill-success of the late effort, so far from affording an argument favourable to the views and crimes of invading despotism, is an additional proof of the inhuman selfishness of the invader. What is to be said of a government which reduces the great majority of the people to a slavish insensibility to national degradation,—to a perfect indifference to national honour—a government which renders the subject too ignorant to comprehend the causes of his sufferings, and too listless to seek their removal? Yet to restore such a government was the avowed object of the late crusade!! Taking the Neapolitan population as a whole, it possessed sufficient energy and virtue to have produced and maintained a constitutional system, but for the unprincipled interference of foreigners; and be the Carbonari few or many, conspirators or organs of the national will, their intentions were favourable to the interests of the species: their purposes, too, were already effected, without violence or bloodshed, the danger was past, and the contingent benefits nearly secured, when the spoiler came upon them, and the common enemy of liberty (whether in Naples or in Spain, in France or in England) hurled them back centuries into barbarity and ignorance.

The language, the religion, the costume, the amusements, of these imaginative and semi-civilized people, (and the lower classes are still understood by the term) are all in harmony. Their dialect is a sort of poetical text, commented by pantomimic gesture: the former is all figure, the latter all grace. Their salutations look like coquetry, and the facility with which they converse with each other at a considerable distance, by a sort of telegraphic movement of hands and arms, savours of magical intelligence.

The mobility of their sharp shrewd countenances, always striking, is still more observable when their persons are at rest, and their attention engaged in listening to one of their improvisatori, or their reciters. During our *séjour* at Naples, our residence was so near the Mola, that the proximity perpetually tempted us to walk on it, and more particularly on Sundays;—when it divides with the marshes of the Ponte della Maddelena nearly the whole of the lower population of the city and its vicinage, not stuffed into a calesh and bound for Resina or Pozzuoli*. The Mola on these occasions generally presented

* The Neapolitan calesh is a little cabriolet, all painted and flaunting with *shabby finery;* the

several circles, each two or three deep; they were composed of the lowest orders and the Lazzaroni; sometimes seated on wooden benches, sometimes on the ground, according to the price paid to some peripatetic philosopher, or READER, who occupied the centre, and who read aloud—Tasso† or Mastrillo, stories from "La Bibbia," or legends of much less edifying character. The image of one of these *academicians* will not readily escape my memory, as it never failed, during the Sundays of successive weeks, to fix my eye: he was a short square grotesque figure, with a face moulded on the model of the French polichinel—all nose, chin, and bushy eyebrows; he wore an immense wig, a large but torn cocked hat, the jacket, or the fragments of a jacket, of an Italian courier, and a pair of bright yellow buckskin small-clothes, from the cast-off wardrobe of some English groom. He was without shoes or stockings; his spectacles were immense; and he held a filthy tattered Tasso in one hand, and a stick or wand in the other, which he moved with great dignity and variety of gesture. For every line he recited he gave a commentary of his own, that might fill a page: sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, and always with an air so proudly oracular, as to excite the strongest disposition to laughter. Such however was not the effect produced on his auditors: never were countenances more concentrated, or more intensely expressive of the deepest interest—eyebrows were knit, lips distended, cheeks glowed, and heads shook, at the feats and fates of the "Goffredo" and the "Rinaldo," against whom, in vain,

"*S'armo d' Asia e di Libia il popol misto.*"

Some half-rose in their emotion—others uttered a deep ejaculation; and the murmured "*Bravo!*" circulated with all the restrained emotion of those who feared to interrupt, by their applause, strains that commanded the most

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driver is frequently seated on the shaft; while, both within and without, the little vehicle is crowded with men, women, and children, all dressed in the gaudy gala habit of scarlet caps and jackets, covered with gold or tinsel lace, and a profusion of coral.

† The common people call Tasso "*il Rinaldo*," from the hero of his poem. They interest themselves so deeply for different personages in the "*Gerusalemme*," that their preference for particular *Cavalieri* or *Donne* gives rise to such combats as were formerly fought, to prove the worth or beauty of particular Dulcineas. These beings, whose habits are the most uncivilized, and who can seldom read, are said to appreciate the poetical merits of their native poet with a tact that would do honour to the critical acumen of the most professed reviewer.

enthusiastic admiration! When the *Séance* broke up, which it did every hour, for the benefit of fresh profits and a new audience*, the dismissed auditors flew to an orange-stand, where the fruiterer was busily occupied in cutting up oranges, which swam in juice on the counter before him, and were purchased with thirsty avidity for about the value of half a farthing. Others took ice, to the amount of a halfpenny, from the *Acquaiuolo;* and a penny or two-pence more, laid out in bread and maccaroni, probably included the whole expense of the day.

THE *Feste Popolari,* or religious festivals, are so numerous, that scarcely a day passes without some ceremony, which serves as an excuse to idleness and pleasure, and which is frequently sanctioned by the Government taking some part in it. At Christmas time, besides the rites already described in the Church festivals of Rome, the Neapolitans have their exhibitions of the Presepio † in almost every house, convent, and church. Not to "*visitare i Presipi,*" is to savour of that atheism, or jacobinism, of which the higher orders are accused by the people and the Government. *La Festa di Sant' Antonio,* enlists all the live-stock of Naples, brute or human; and the écuries of the King supply the principal part of the gala.‡ This festival is referred to those times, when the Gentiles performed similar ceremonies round the famous Bronze Horse, whose superb colossal head (still preserved in the Museo Borbonico) is among the wonders of the antiquities of Naples, and the constant study and admiration of its artists.

Easter Sunday is distinguished by a most gallant and gaudy procession of the whole of the *Popolaccio* to Antignano, and from thence to the Poggio Reale, where every species of excess, in joy and feasting, is committed. Ceremonies appropriated to all the successive holidays follow, to the utter neglect of business and industry; until, on the *Ascension-day,* the King and his Court celebrate the festival of the season, by joining the people at

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* The outside circle generally hear these readings for nothing; and none give more than the value of half a farthing.

† The *Presepio*—the scenery of Christ's Nativity, a stable, cows, &c. &c. &c. The cradle, and all the figures, are as large as life.

‡ Whoever will watch the course of things in England, will perceive a strong effort, on the part of the Government, to bring back the people to the revival forms, which make a part of the Continental systems.

Carditello; and the splendour of his Majesty, his suite, and equipages, is the principal feature in rites instituted to recall so solemn an event, as the Deity throwing off his mortal coil and ascending to take his eternal seat on "*the right hand of his Father.*" The Pentecost brings its own *Feste*; and the most curious part of all this is, that these rites are celebrated with forms so purely those of the ancient idolatries of the Greeks, and the groups are so strictly the same, in costume and countenance, as those still preserved in ancient sculpture, that even the ivy wreaths of Bacchus are not forgotten. The sylvan pipe and dance, with movements all grace, and gestures all pantomime, recall at once the groups of Greek Bacchanti, celebrating rites that have no affinity whatever to the sacred epochs of that religion of "long suffering and sacrifice," whose events they are intended to commemorate. Certain however it is, that if other sects have taken surer roads to Heaven, none ever chose pleasanter than those who profess the faith of the Neapolitan Church.

The religion of the lower orders, in Naples, is scarcely Catholicism. It is not a creed; it is a tradition—descended rather from their Greek ancestors, than imbibed from the Roman Church, to which they have always opposed themselves. Of all Christian sects, the Church of Naples is perhaps the most idolatrous, and at the same time the least intolerant. It seeks not to scrutinize too closely religious professions, or to investigate the faith of those who maintain a decent exterior. Too secure for doubt, and too enjoying for activity, it will not hear of persecution*; and even its bishops teach, that the first Christians were but enlightened reformers, who endeavoured, in the worst times, to purify the corruption of society.† The gross minds and ardent imaginations of the neglected and vivacious people know nothing of the abstract dogmas of religion: they require and possess a tangible creed—a something to see and touch, to complain of, and to

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* The late and present King of Naples are said to have vainly attempted the introduction of the Inquisition.

† "E probabile che i primi Cristiani nella loro origine, non fossero che persone le quali volevano in tempi corrottissimi redurre la più superstiziosa idolatria alla simplicità della pura ed eterna ragione; ed il orribile despotismo che mai abbia oppresso il genere umano, (tal era quella di Roma,) alle norme della giustizia."—Such is the opinion of a Neapolitan archbishop.

adore. The wild Calabrian treats his tutelar Saint according to his merits: he is prodigal of praises to his honour and glory, or he flings him down the mountain, or knocks him off his shrine, as he finds him propitious or otherwise. We were assured that Saint Gologaro (the patron of Calabria) had seldom his due complement of limbs and features; but when good harvests and fine weather brought him into favour, his pardon was asked, his nose glued on, his face fresh painted, and his sanctity replaced in all its honours.* The religion of England was not much more spiritual three centuries back: the moment religion takes palpable forms, there is no knowing where folly and fanaticism will stop.

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* In the old part of Naples, where every thing remains as the Arragons and Anjous left it centuries back, the narrow gloomy lanes abound in idol-shops. Here are to be purchased offerings for altars, such as the votarists of Flora and Pomona presented at their shrines, when Naples was a Greek colony—large bouquets of flowers, made of tin, feathers, or paper—fruits in wax—strings of noses, ears, eyes, and fingers—"Salvatori" of all sizes and ages, from the cradle to the sepulchre—"*Madri dolorose*," or "*del conforto*"—and Magdalens in all their stages of penitence or beatitude. In one of these shops we found a dirty boy carving a Madonna out of a block; and an old man, his master, sticking glass eyes in the head of St. Januarius; meantime an old woman stood haggling with the Padrona, who was selling saints as the mistresses of toy-shops sell dolls. The pious purchaser was long undecided, between a crucifix and a St. Sebastian stuck through with arrows; at last, she fixed on the former, wrapped it up in her pocket handkerchief, and hobbled off to nail it up at her bedside, as an idol to receive all those invocations which fill up the time and satisfy the cupidity of a devotee: for devotees, like courtiers, have always something to ask.

Lest, however, the Reader should be tempted to attribute all this to the bad natural qualities of the Neapolitans, and not to those institutions which modern policy again upholds, I insert the following memorandum, extracted by Horace Walpole from a book preserved in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol.

"Memorandum,—That Master Cummings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Betts, Vicar of Ratcliffe, Moses Courteryn, &c. &c. &c., a new sepulchre well gilt and cover thereunto, an image of God Almighty rysing out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto: that is to say,—A lath made of timber, and iron-work thereto.

"Item, thereto longeth *Heven* made of timber and stained cloth.

"Item, Hell made of timber and iron-work, with devils, the number thirteen.

"Item, four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two spears, two axes, two paves (shields).

"Item, four pair of angels' wings for four angels, made of timber, and well painted.

"Item, the fadre, the crown and visage, the bell with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold.

"Item, the Holy Ghost coming out of Heven into the sepulchre.

"Item, longeth to the Angels four chevelers (i. e. wigs.)"

Naples, said to be the thickest inhabited of any European city, contained, previous to the Revolution, five hundred thousand souls; ten thousand of which were monks and nuns*, and forty thousand were Lazzaroni, or persons† whose sole rank in the state was their houseless, hopeless, irretrievable poverty. This fact illustrates the whole history of Naples for the last three centuries (for the Lazzaroni do not seem to have had an existence as a body previous to the subjection of Italy by Charles the Fifth). Commoners of nature, living in the bosom of society, yet denied by their miseries all its advantages, they soon coalesced through the common interests of their forlorn state, and became alike formidable by their numbers, and their desperation. By limiting their wants to their means of supplying them, they became cynics without knowing it, and their daily habits of ease, indolence, and frugality, illustrated the philosophy of Diogenes, without the ostentatious display of his tub. They who had nothing to give, could not be taxed; they who were beyond opinion, suffered nothing from its penalty. The two "*grani*" that purchased their daily ration of maccaroni, the two more that went for ice-water, and a puppet-show, were surely and easily earned; and a little surplus of ingenuity and industry procured the few yards of canvass, which made up their whole wardrobe (a shirt and trowsers), allowing even something for the superfluity of their red-worsted sash and cap. These wants supplied, nothing remained but the delicious *far niente*‡—the lounge in the sun or the shade—the laugh raised indiscriminately at friend and foe—a prayer offered at a shrine—or curses given to the *scrivano*, who mulcts some crime which poverty cannot redeem by a bribe. The miserable offspring of the Lazzaroni are the victims of this idleness and these vices; for their wretched mothers, in their sheds or dens, soured by privation and distress, avenge on their children their own hard fate, in all the peevishness of perpetual irritation.

The paternal government of the Bourbons made no effort to redeem this

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* See St. No, Voyage Pitt.

† Montesquieu says 60,000; Lalande 40,000; the number now allowed to exist even by the Royal Guide-books.

‡ We were assured by many Neapolitans, that the odium of idleness flung on the Lazzaroni and the lower orders of the people is wholly unfounded: they are always disposed to work, and are patient, enduring, and laborious; but under the present system, the population is wholly disproportioned to the quantity of labour to be performed. Their willingness to work, however, does not indispose them towards the pleasures of indolence, which their climate naturally tends to render an enjoyment.

large and fearful class, which festered like a canker in the bosom of the state. It originated no sources of industry; it checked manufacture by exclusion; while it smiled upon the Lazzaroni, and spoke their dialect.

During the occupation of the French, under Murat, public works at home and wars abroad called largely on the population of Naples. Roads made or improved in every direction! Pompeii almost wholly excavated! the Solfatara worked with vast activity! churches, convents, and old buildings, thrown down, and replaced by new edifices! the silk and porcelaine manufactories encouraged by the government! and above all, the *Conscription*, that brief mode of cleansing such an *Augean* accumulation of moral and physical corruption as offended both reason and sense in Naples, all contributed to thin or occupy the population, and to fall with an unknown and unexpected weight upon the Lazzaroni, as well as upon the other classes. Chased from their sties, roused from their inertness, sent into climes less genial, their discontent was shared by as many of the lower orders as resembled them in their habits and debasement. During the fatal re-action of 1799 this class had shewn itself an efficient ally of the royal party: accustomed during the vicissitudes of the Revolution to rise and rob on the least commotion, to commit acts of the most barbarous atrocity on their fellow citizens, the Lazzaroni testified their joy on the expected return of their legitimate King, with such unequivocal demonstrations of their hopes and intentions, as filled the more civilized inhabitants of the most unfortunate of cities with terror and dismay. The services which they had rendered the State under that *Arch-Lazzaroni* Cardinal Ruffo, had raised their consequence in their own estimation. They now considered themselves a corporate body of the realm, and so mingled with its interests, that without waiting, as they had before done, for the arrival of the King, to hail him with shrill loud Vivats on the shore, they sent out a deputation, with their chief in the ancient costume, to wait on his Majesty on board the English man of war, which brought back the royal fugitive to his twice abandoned capital, (for the English are the royal *portantini* of Europe!) Upon this occasion the Lazzaroni affected a solemnity that evinced their conscious importance; and in their loyal address of congratulation none of those *Lazzi* were suffered to escape, which were wont on former occasions to amuse their King. His Majesty received this address, as all royal addresses are received by Majesties, with "*gracious smiles!*" But when the Lazzaroni discovered, that these meant as little as royal "gracious smiles" usually do

mean; that the scenes of ninety-nine were *not* to be re-acted; that Jacobins were not to be burned, nor Muratists plundered; and that the minister took wise and efficient precaution to prevent a sanguinary insurrection;—then Ferdinand the Fourth became as unpopular as Joachim the First; and the Lazzaroni declared the King was worth nothing, and fit for nothing, but "*mangiare maccaroni,*" (to eat maccaroni,)—a passion he is said to possess in common with themselves.

These *Ultras of Naples,* however, like the Ultras of France, whom in many respects they resemble (the *first* being the *dregs,* as the last are the *scum* of the people) have, it appears, recently found reason to be again satisfied with their paternal King; since, according to public report, their loyal indignation was roused at the vain attempts made by their enlightened compatriots in the cause of constitutional liberty;—and a tendency to re-action was unequivocally expressed. On such reports, however, it is impossible to depend, and useless to argue. The author of these pages is well aware, that not only all correspondence with foreign countries is now subject to the Italian police, but that the *soi-disant* Gazettes of the Continent are the mere engines of a despotism, whose jealousy permits no ray of truth to pass. A dark dense cloud now hangs over devoted Italy, which time must lift: how soon, or late, is the only question at issue.

Between the people of the kingdom of Naples and the higher classes, (including the nobility, the land proprietors, the professional orders of all descriptions, and even a large mass of the ecclesiastics,) the distance is fearfully immeasurable! the gulf seems almost impassable: and in this vast disparity lies the inherent evil, which has lately operated with so fatal an influence.

The kingdom of Naples and the island of Sicily were, from the remotest times, distinguished by a race of the true, pure Ionian mould and temper. Subtile, acute, rapid in their perceptions; and philosophical, or sophistical, according to the character of the age in which they flourished. Pythagoras, a bold, but in some respects a wise reformer, adopted these people as the fittest agents of his great scheme of universal regeneration; and he found even the women enthusiastic admirers of his doctrines, and able and active disciples in disseminating and teaching principles, which aimed at overturning the sanguinary superstitions, the moral corruptions, and political despotism of his age.*

* The great dogma in the religion of Pythagoras was, that God did not desire the shedding of blood, and that the pomp of sacrifice was against the moral government of the Deity, to whom

It is an undeniable fact, that the character of the Southern Italians, the Neapolitans, and Sicilians, is much what Pythagoras found it—the same tone of intellect, the same intuitive acuteness, the same tendency to metaphysical disputation, the same love of ardent inquiry, and the same resistance to imposition, and hatred of unfounded pretension.* That class to whom the benefits of education have been given, the younger and rising generation of the nobles, the professional men, and many of the higher ecclesiastics, are among the most enlightened men of Italy. Philosophical and unprejudiced, they are versed in the theories of political science, and devoted to liberty with enthusiasm. Their ardour, indeed, has out-shot their means; and their ignorance of the habits of a free government, has contributed, with the corruption and timidity of the populace, (without whose agency they could effect nothing,) to prevent their success in the various attempts they have made to arrive at a constitutional government.

The press, rigidly shackled under the Bonaparte dynasty, both in France and Italy, as to all political subjects connected with the personal interests and ambition of the Emperor, was freely open to every other; and philosophy and science never had a wider range than during the last twenty years. The educated classes found themselves once more in their own element. The

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virtue and truth were the best offerings. One of his maxims was, that those are equally culpable, who deny the existence of God, or who seek to bribe him by offerings. This was "*a palpable hit*" at the imposition of the Church in that day. On his arrival in Italy, he preached temperance and justice: and all that has been added to this was exaggeration. The silence he recommended was in allusion to the noted *bavardage* of the Tarentine people. Pythagoras was, in fact, a reformer of ancient abuses; and when he visited Italy, luxury and corruption had reached their acmé under the despotism of the Sybarite tyrants, and of Aristodemus of Cumæ.

* Pretension and charlatanism find no refuge in Naples, even among the common people. A famous sleight-of-hand man arrived at Naples from Paris: two days after his first exhibition all his tricks were played by the Lazzaroni in the Largo di Castello. After the incombustible man had displayed his anti-inflammable properties, half Naples was composed of incombustibles, and every street had its salamander. The invisible girl is said to have shewn *her invisibility* on one night only; for on the second, the Marchese*** invited all the fashionables to *see* his invisible girl; who, as she performed for nothing, took the *pas* of her prototype, and forced her to retire. The good Bishop of Tarentum had a sort of entertainment performed at his palace, which was peculiar to Neapolitan talent. It was called the "*Oracle.*" Questions were proposed to a magician, who gave the wittiest and most prompt replies. This intellectual improvisatore, who substituted sense for sound, is said to have been Signor B——.

days of their Pythagoras seemed to return, and their fine and subtile intellects were again thrown into activity.

The Carbonari* were at first a private association, formed for the cultivation of political science on the principles of constitutional liberty; and their resistance to a particular counter-revolutionary party, was encouraged by their foreign chief Murat (as the old Queen of Naples affected to sanction the freemasons, and became herself the grand mistress of a lodge). The *Carbonari* soon grew to be a generic name for all that was enlightened and liberal in the kingdom; but it long represented rather an opinion than an organized society. In its original formation there were no mysteries to conceal, no forms to celebrate, no dogma, no secret.† The league was that of intellect, of spirits ardent in the cause of liberty and of truth; and like the league of Lombardy, it soon embraced all that desired or deserved to be free.

The apparent tendency towards old forms and institutes under the restored government of Ferdinand the Fourth (now too old to learn), gave a new spring to the original principles of the Carbonari: they had begun by resisting; they were now called on to defend; and they ended by reforming, or by an effort to reform. The unfortunate result of their patriotic and constitutional efforts is now before the world; but praise, at least, is due to those

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* After the terrible re-action which marked the return of the King of Naples in 1790, a secret combination was set on foot by Cardinal Ruffo, called the Society of the SANTA-FEDE, or the Holy Faith. The object of this was to maintain the ascendancy of a sect, to watch over the old systems of power, and to guard against all reformation. It was composed of the old ultra courtiers and the rabble, ancient placemen, and ex-employés. It flourished at the commencement of *Murat's* reign, to the perpetual division and anarchy of the people. The liberal, who were neither *Muratists* nor *Bourbonists*, but who naturally inclined to the former, as by much the least of the two evils, associated by the name of Carbonari, to oppose the *Santa-Fede*, in particular, and all favourers of despotism, in general. Murat gave them his countenance, and is said to have been *au fond* a *good Carbonaro*. On the restoration of the King, the Marchese Canosa revived the *Santa-Fede*, with the new name of the *Calderoni* (or Tinkers) in opposition to the Carbonari or Coalmen. As soon as this association was discovered, it was discountenanced. The arrogation of *exclusive loyalty*, by a party, was not admitted, nor the principles of religious intolerance sanctioned. The Calderoni were put down; and the agitator who thus endeavoured to divide the people, and disseminate the elements of religious discord, was banished.

† The Carbonari, we were assured, subsisted for a long time without lodges; one member enlisting another, independently of any point of union. It was, however, very difficult to arrive at the facts concerning this political association; whose members, being much calumniated and watched, were very cautious.

disinterested and brave individuals, who undertook the defence of their independence, and lost not their confidence of success, when the kings of Europe stood in battle array, to oppose to their thousands of raw, inexperienced and inefficient forces, the disciplined, organized millions of royal and imperial standing armies. The poltroonery of the brute mass of Neapolitan soldiery (even unequally opposed, as it seems to have been) can never be excused or palliated; but the intrepidity, the spirit, the devotion with which the noblest, the wealthiest, and most enlightened men in Naples, came forward in the cause of their country and their rights, deserve immortal glory; and from history and future generations they will obtain it, even though contemporary prejudice, and indolence, confound their heroic and virtuous struggles with the feebleness of the instruments they were forced to employ.

When we visited Naples in the latter end of the winter 1800, no evidence of an immediate crash was visible on the surface of society. The murmurs of discontent, occasionally deep and low, like the ground sea of polar regions, seemed to act as a safety-valve against general and precipitous explosion; giving vent to irritated feelings in those bitter ironies, or generalized philippics against despotism, which the toleration of society, and the government of Naples, freely permitted, and which are so consonant to the satirical intellects of all the Italians, but most of the Neapolitans. The book-shops, and private libraries, were filled with liberal publications, French, English, and Italian. To have written an *anti-ultra* work on France (however light and trivial), was found a sufficient introduction to Neapolitan society, of almost all ranks; and the author of these pages was indebted to a composition which has drawn upon her the persecution of the ultra press of France and England, for admission into circles whose illumination and urbanity will long be preserved among the most gracious impressions of her journey to Italy. It is in vain that reviewers calumniate! and journals denounce! that *Quarterlys* and *Quotidiennes* fulminate bulls, and utter anathemas. *Their* briefs of condemnation *(like other briefs)* are now but waste paper; while days and nights passed in the societies of Geneva, Milan, Florence, Bologna, and Naples, are entered in the records of the heart, and are at once the reward and stimulus of exertions, which, however inadequate, have never been made, but in the full conviction that they tended to forward the cause of truth and of virtue.

The approach of spring, as we arrived in Naples, was marked by the first

flittings of "LES HIRONDELLES." The *multitudinous* English, who had very literally *occupied* Naples during the winter, were now "*ready furnished for their flight.*" Many were gone, others were going; some to niche themselves in Rome, while yet a pigeon-hole was left them to roost in, others to embark for Greece, Turkey, or the Ionian Islands—

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:"

a few were bound for England, in an English frigate; and many were returning to the banks of the Tweed or the Shannon, by the slow sure process of the Neapolitan vetturino. The few, however, who remained and were stationary, continued the hospitalities of the winter, by dinners and evening parties*; following the example set them by their ambassador†. The house of the Russian ambassador, one of the most splendid and elegant in the diplomatic circles of Italy, was also still open; and notwithstanding its brilliant entertainments, the greatest attraction to the guests were the amenity and graces of the accomplished hosts, the Count and Countess Stakleberg.

In Naples, as throughout Italy, the Carnival is the season of gaiety, and of whatever hospitality the Italians may be disposed to offer. We found the city in all the retirement of Lent: the court was closed; the King, to shew his piety, had abandoned drawing-rooms and levees for the sports of the field, and passed his days in hunting *boars*, instead of receiving them.‡

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* Among the principal *agrémens* of society in Naples were the private theatricals of the Margravine of Anspach: the best private acting I ever saw.

† The weekly assemblies of Sir William and Lady A'Court were brilliant and crowded, and we have to acknowledge with gratitude their polite and hospitable attentions. The English merchants established at Naples do not mingle with the society of the upper classes: some of them complained to us bitterly of their position, and of the annoyances to which they were subjected, from the government of Naples, and the neglect of their own. Ships from England were obliged to perform quarantine: one only was exempt from this penalty—from its having on board a *parrot*, sent by an English minister to the Duke of * * *.

‡ The King never goes forth for the chase without arming himself with a *heron's foot;* which he places in his button-hole, as the most effective charm against the *Monacello* (the Neapolitan hobgoblin), or against the ill-luck of meeting an old woman or a priest, as he crosses the threshold—both ill omens for the day! When Lord * * * came to an audience to take leave of his Majesty on his return to England, the King told him he had a little *bouquet d'adieu* for him; and when his lordship probably dreamed of a gold snuff-box with the royal face set round with brilliants on the lid, he was presented with the *heron's foot*, as a spell against all accidents in an English fox-chase, and a remembrance of royal friendship and Neapolitan field sports.

The Accademia Nobile was however open, and the first pleasant impression we received of Neapolitan society was in its elegant and crowded circles. The Accademia Nobile of Naples is the *Casino* of other Italian cities: it is the court of the aristocracy, where that numerous class do the honours of the capital to strangers; and no where in Italy are they more graciously done. The establishment is, indeed, altogether infinitely superior to any other of the same description on the Continent. The *locale* is a spacious and handsome palace, brilliantly lighted, and well attended; the various suites of rooms are elegantly furnished; the *grand salon*, where the orchestra stands, is a noble apartment; and the order and good taste which prevail over all, and the extreme attention of the stewards to their guests, unite the freedom of a place of public amusement, with the accommodations and cordial hospitality of a private assembly. The Accademia exhibits no *semi-illumination* and *demi-toilette*, dictated by Italian œconomy and Italian indolence; every thing is brilliant and complete, as in an English rout; and all sorts of amusements take their turn, according to the season—cards, billiards, balls, and concerts.* When we attended its soirées, they were confined, in consequence of Lent, to music; and some of the principal performers of the best Opera in Europe, vocal and instrumental, contributed their talents to its fine concerts. The music is followed by a promenade, enlivened by the symphonies of a military band. This most liberal establishment is supported by the subscriptions of the nobility; many of whom, though they never attend, are extremely desirous that it should be well maintained, and every attention lavished on the guests: and foreigners find it a very delightful resource against the tedium of

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* There was a literary *Accademia* held here while we were in Naples, given in honour of Tasso, to which we were invited. The bust of Tasso was crowned with laurel, and the usual number of sonnets, canzoni, and odes produced upon such inspiring occasions, were addressed to the author of the "Gerusalemme." It was curious to remark upon this occasion that the greater part of the poems were philippics against the debasing patronage of Princes, and the conduct of the D'Este to one of the greatest poets Italy ever produced. Immediately opposite to the spot where we were placed sat the hereditary Prince of Denmark and his suite; and when there was any thing particularly severe against despotism, the reciter frequently turned round and addressed himself to his *Royal Highness* with great emphasis; while one of the *canzonetteers* addressed him personally: observing, that he had opportunities of studying mankind, laws, and governments, in the course of his travels, rarely enjoyed by Princes; and that, on his return to his own kingdom, it was to be hoped he would benefit by the results of his experience.

long unoccupied evenings, of which they so often complain in Italy. The entertainments are weekly, and every person presented at the ambassador's is invited. Of the *private* houses open in Naples during that season, those which most interested us, and which we most frequented, were the palaces of Monsignore Capecelatro, ex-archbishop of Tarentum; of the Marchese Berio; the Princess Belmonte, and a few others.

The venerable, the excellent Ex-Archbishop of Tarentum is one of the most distinguished characters which modern Italy has produced, or the eventful circumstances of the last fifty years called into public observation. While still in early youth, he obtained great celebrity by the boldness and talent displayed in a very ingenious work, written to prove the illegality of the *tribute* (the famed *Haquenée)* which the Neapolitan crown paid to the see of Rome, through the vileness of its foreign conqueror. A work still more extraordinary for an author who had rapidly obtained the first dignities of the Church, was one written with great learning and eloquence, to prove that *the celibacy* of the clergy was a crime against nature and good morals, unwarranted by the Scriptures; and that much of the odium which had fallen on the Catholic Church, and had urged on the reformation, was due to an institute which had in Italy proved so favourable to every species of profligacy. The upper orders of the hierarchy rose in arms against a doctrine which tended to substitute matrimony for concubinage; but the inferior orders of the Church (always the best) read it with avidity, and agreed to it with sincerity.

Although for a time the personal friend of the Queen of Naples, (and frequently her unheeded Mentor) the Archbishop had the courage, on the eve of the Revolution, to declare, that if that event succeeded in Naples, it would be owing to the mal-administration of public affairs, the crimes of the ministers, and the misery of the people. He was, during its operation, forced forward by his popularity into public life, and elected to an office of high importance, without his consent or knowledge. On the return of the royal family, Ruffo marked him out from less distinguished victims. He was thrown into a dungeon, without any form or process of law, or even colour of accusation; and was to expiate his crime, of not having (like his King) abandoned his country in the moment of her greatest need, on the scaffold. On the suggestion, however, that the people of all parties would unite and rise to the rescue of the most popular and revered of their prelates, his reprieve or deliverance was announced to him as *a grace on the part of his sovereign.* He

was on the threshold of his dungeon when this clause in his pardon was repeated to him—he turned back, and refused to stir until his innocence was fully acknowledged, and that which was offered in mercy was granted *in justice*. To satisfy the people, or his own conscience, the King pronounced the acquittal of the Archbishop, and generously made his excuses for what he was pleased to call his *unjust arrestation*.

The talents, experience, activity, and universal popularity of the Archbishop of Tarentum, soon attracted the notice of the French government, and he was made Minister of the Interior; a situation for which his genius, experience, and knowledge, eminently fitted him. Most of the numerous and munificent public works, undertaken by Murat, were commenced at the suggestion, or during the ministry of the Archbishop. But the best and most wanted of his works, was an establishment for the education of female youth, forwarded by the zeal, and even personal superintendence of *Madame Murat*, whose last words to all the Neapolitans, whom she saw previous to her embarkation on board the English frigate, were—"*Watch over the Miracoli!—preserve my school.*"*

The palace of this noble ecclesiastic has been already alluded to, in reference to its gallery and collections; but among the chefs-d'œuvre of its pictures, among its gems and medals, impressed with the portraits of Grecian heroes and Roman emperors, there is no head in the whole collection so well worth seeing as his own. It is one of the finest illustrations of benignity that Nature, in her happiest mood, ever struck off to reconcile man to his

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* The Pensionat of the Miracoli, in its importance, extent, and magnificence, so closely resembles that of Milan and Lodi, that it were but repetition to enter on its details:—the same attention to the health of the children, in the purity and arrangement of the apartments; the same useful and elegant acquirements lavished on the pupils, from the making a gown to playing the harp and reading English.

The convent of the Miracoli must have been one of the most important in Italy, to judge by the *locale*. It looks larger than the royal palace, and its tremendous walls resemble those of a fortified city. As we stood at the windows of the Lady Directress's apartments, upon the fifth story, a scene of magnificence presented itself, in the Bay, Vesuvius, &c. &c. wholly excluded from the lower part of the building, which once shut out for ever the unhappy victims who "*withered out their bloom*" in the good old times. Since the Restoration, the children never pass these walls till they leave the school, except twice a year, when they parade the town in job-coaches. The King, we were assured, refused to see this admirable establishment, because it was the work of the *Murats*, and is purely revolutionary. Great changes have taken place in it since his return. Children can now only see their friends at the *grate*, as before the Revolution; but parents are admitted beyond this frightful barrier—*as yet*.

species! These are the heads which Greece and Italy only produced, and which made, at far distant epochs, the inspiration of a Phidias and a Raphael!

Since the Restoration another has been appointed to the see of Tarentum; but the title remains, and will remain for ever, with one who has rendered it so celebrated in the annals of church history. Since that epoch, the Archbishop has bid a final adieu to all public interests, and is closing his arduous active life in the mild sun-set of domestic retirement. Still attached, with all the enthusiasm of youth, to letters and science, his mornings are given up to his books, his medals, and his engraved gems; his early and hospitable dinner-table is seldom without some polished or literary guest; and his afternoons and evenings are devoted to successive circles of friends, (whom habits of long and reverential attachment congregate round him) and to some few well-recommended foreigners, who, in the desire of knowing one of the most celebrated characters in Italy, solicit permission to attend his *prima sera*. To this very pleasant Italian season of reception, which begins and ends early in the Palazzo Capecelatro, succeeds the *crocchio ristretto* of his intimate friends of both sexes, including the first persons of rank and talent in Naples; when one or two card-tables, where the stake is next to nothing, vary the resources of the evening.

It was occasionally our privilege, during our residence in Naples, to be admitted at different hours by the Archbishop of Tarentum, to have enjoyed mornings in his cabinet of medals, to have had our cover at his elegant table, to have seen him the centre of his afternoon circle, and to have found him, at night, making one in his little card-party; but at all hours and seasons, we have observed his beautiful and benign countenance irradiated by that spirit of benevolence which extends itself to all that live, and breathe, and suffer, and his manners, governed by a mild and unvarying cheeriness, the never-failing result of

"That sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever."—MILTON.

The SALONS of the MARCHESE BERIO present another aspect of society equally favourable to the impressions previously received of Neapolitan intellect and education. In Rome a *conversazione* is an assembly where nobody converses, as in Paris a *boudoir* is a place "*où l'on ne boude pas!*" The conversazione of the Palazzo Berio, on the contrary, is a congregation of elegant and refined spirits, where every body converses, and converses well; and best, (if not most,) the master of the house.

The Marchese Berio is a nobleman of wealth, high rank, and of very considerable literary talent and acquirement, which extends itself to the utmost verge of the philosophy and belles lettres of England, France, Germany, and his native country. He has read every thing, and continues to read every thing; and I have seen his sitting-room loaded with a new importation of English novels and poetry, while he was himself employed in writing, *a l'improviso,* a beautiful ode to Lord Byron, in all the first transports of enthusiasm, on reading (for the first time) *that* canto of *Childe Harold,* so read and so admired by all in Italy.* Time, and a long and patiently endured malady, have had no influence over the buoyant spirit, the ardent feelings, the elegant pursuits, of this liberal and accomplished nobleman; his mind and manners are beyond the reach of infirmity; and the *ci-devant jeunes hommes* of other countries might purchase his secret at any price, were such a secret (which Nature only communicates) purchaseable.

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* The fourth Canto.—This elegant Ode is at once poetic and patriotic; and the last stanzas, inviting the noble poet of England to celebrate Naples, as he had done Rome, are so descriptive of the classic topography of Naples, that I trust I may be forgiven by the author, if I cite here what I believe has never gone beyond his own circle.

Ma poiche sparso tu t' avrai su quella
Urna, deh! lascia la città di Marte,
Qui vieni in questa dell' Italia bella
Più bella parte.
Ove sepolta per tant' anni, e tanti,
Pompei risorge nuovamente al giorno,
Odi . . . ancor suona d' ululati, e pianti
L' Eco d'intorno.
Ove di Stabia sol col nome resta
Sconvolto avanzo che la valle ingombra,
E ancor ne cerca la cagion funesta
Di Plinio l' ombra.
Vieni ove s' erge la magione Augusta
De' Rè, cui sempre primavera arride,
Sotto cui giace la città combusta
Sacra ad Alcide.
Vieni ove Maro spesso a Mergellina
Che in mar si specchia dall' opposto lido,
D' Ilio cantava l' ultima rovina,
Gli amor di Dido.
U' di Sincero la silvestre avena
Concorde a quella del cantor d' Enea
D' Arcadi accenti risuonar l' amena
Spiaggia facea.
Qui ancor di Baja l' incantato seno,
Caro alle Muse, caro a Roma intera,
Del piacer t' offre, sotto un ciel sereno,
L' immagin vera.

Of the *Conversazioni of the Berio Palace*, it is enough to say, that its circle comprised, when we were at Naples—Canova*, Rosetti† (the celebrated poet and improvisatore), the Duke de Ventignano (the tragic poet of Naples‡), Delfico (the philosopher, patriot, and historian), Lampredi § and Salvaggi (two very elegant writers, and accomplished gentlemen), Signor Blanc (one of the most brilliant colloquial wits of any country, which the author of this work "ever coped withal"), and the Cavaliere Micheroux, a distinguished member of all the first and best circles of Naples. While *Duchessas* and *Princi-*

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* Canova was then at Naples, for the purpose of finishing his famous equestrian statue in the portico of the Strada Medina. The horse is superb—the *rider* is now destined to be Don Carlos the Third. We heard, that that noble piece of sculpture has been successively bespoke by three kings; originally by King Joseph, for the colossal figure of his brother Napoleon; then by Murat, for the same person; and now by King Ferdinand, for his father.

† Rosetti is one of the best, and certainly one of the most amusing *improvisatori* in Italy. He assured us, that having once uttered his inspirations, he could not write them down, nor even remember a word; he is also a very good poet. Next to Rosetti, one of the gayest, and most entertaining improvisatori that we heard in Italy, was Signore Giacomo Ferretti of Rome. One night, at a party at the Baroness de B.'s, an Hanoverian lady of distinguished acquirements, some of the company having quizzed my passion for punchinello and puppet-shows, which I constantly attended, Ferretti took it as a subject for an *improviso*, and not only treated it with infinite comic humour, but gave a very rapid and learned *précis* of the "*Sette Maschere Italiane*," "The seven Masques of Italy." He did not pause for a moment, and sang to an accompaniment on the piano-forte.

‡ Cesare della Valle, Duke di Ventignano, author of "Ippolito" and "Ifiginia," both dedicated to his friend the Archbishop of Tarentum. These tragedies have been printed and published at Naples (since the return of the King) by Trani; but the correspondence, at the end of the volume, between the publisher, and the Chancellor and Secretary-general of the Cancelleria and the Regio Revisore, &c. &c. &c., previous to permission being obtained, are curious documents, and are recommended to the perusal of the Church and State publishers of London. Were the principles they advocate in their journals and reviews established, it would a little lessen their *profits* as booksellers; and, instead of making fortunes by the works of Byron, Moore, and Scott, they would be selling the twopenny ballads of "Robin Hood," (the Mastrelli of England,) and begging leave, *in humble supplications* to Royal Revisors, to be permitted to reprint the "*Sacrifice of Iphigenia*," and the disastrous "Loves of Phædra and Hippolytus,"—like poor Angelo Trani.

§ Signor Lampredi, by birth a Tuscan, has already been mentioned in the course of this work. Of his journal "*Il Poligrafo*," which he edited in the year 1811, M. de Stendhal says, "C'est l'auteur du seul bon journal littéraire depuis *Baretti*."—Signor Salvaggi has written very learnedly on music, and composed some excellent canzonetti, &c. &c.: his collection of ancient music is supposed to be one of the finest and most valuable in Italy.

pessas, with titles as romantic as that which induced Horace Walpole to write his delightful romance of "Otranto," filled up the ranks of literature and talent,—Rossini presided at the piano-forte, accompanying alternately, himself, Rosetti in his improvisi, or the *Colbrun*, the prima donna of San Carlos, in some of her favourite airs from his own Mosé. Rossini, at the piano-forte, is almost as fine an actor as he is a composer. All this was very delightful, and very rare!—but there was something in these refined circles, still more delightful—the most perfect picture of domestic virtue and domestic happiness!—a grandsire and grandame, but just turned the autumn of life; two young unmarried daughters, lovely and well educated, as young ladies of the same high rank in England; and a married daughter, the excellent and amiable Duchess d'Ascoli, always accompanied by her little girls, whose tender age would almost exclude them from society, even in *child-loving* England.*

Such are the scenes of domestic virtue to be found in Naples, the result (it cannot too often be repeated) of those institutions which put down monastic orders, and closed the cells where youth submitted to incarceration in obedience to that political and religious system, which obliged parents to rend the holiest ties of nature, and sacrificed children to the interests of a sordid ambition. Long and often may such circles as that presented in the house of Berio congregate in the palace of the Neapolitan noble!—and may

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* The patriotic part taken by the Duke d'Ascoli, in the recent public events of Naples, has been frequently alluded to in the public prints. In speaking of patriotism and talent, as connected with high rank in Naples, it would be unpardonable to pass over unnoticed the family of the Prince Pignatelli Strongoli. There are circumstances in the recent history of this excellent and illustrious family, which would furnish the deepest subjects to the genius of tragedy. At the breaking out of the first Revolution in Naples, there were four brothers Princes de' Pignatelli—all young, ardent, and patriotic. They all took an interest in the temporary changes to which the Government of Naples submitted. On the return of the King, the Queen ordered some of her ministerial Sbirri to catch any two of the *Pignatelli*, and hang them up;—she was *obeyed to the letter*. One of the two, the youngest, when the moment of execution arrived, was found playing and singing a beautiful canzone, his own composition, and descriptive of his fate and feelings. This composition is well known in Italy; and I never heard it sung there without its drawing tears from the auditors. We had the honour of knowing the present Prince Pignatelli, the surviving brother. He unites the fine qualities of his brothers to very distinguished political and literary talents;—his domestic virtues and habits of life are in unison with his patriotism and public principles.

the late infliction, which has fallen so heavily and so terribly on that devoted country, spare such groups, though it forbid their example to others! May the horrors of the royal and imperial re-action stop at the gates that inclose virtues and feelings so mild and so beautiful;—and may no Acton or Vanni of the present day, no Ruffo or Canosa, drag to the tribunal or the scaffold the members of those illustrious families, who have again stood foremost in the ranks of patriotism, seeking to redeem their country, and preserve its newly acquired virtues, in despite of that league of invading dictators, to whom virtue is but a name!

The Soirées of the Princess Belmonte struck us to be very French. The Princess, once a celebrated wit and beauty, and long the ornament of the Neapolitan court, is now advanced in life, and is naturally surrounded by friends, whose conversation and reminiscences recall those splendid days, when the Favorita was all revel and festivity. The Princess has lived much in France, and more resembles, in her manner and conversation, the ladies of supreme ton of the Parisian circles, in the days of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, than the Italian lady of any day! Besides the kindness with which she received us at home, we stood indebted to her for many useful attentions; and above all, for procuring us an introduction to a family of the second class in Naples, a class, as elsewhere in Italy, more difficult of access to strangers than the first. The term *second class*, however, is here only applied to those distinctions respected in red books; for the family of the Avocato * * * * was of the very *first* class in taste and education. At an entertainment given by this eminent lawyer, at which we were present, we found all the rank and talent of Naples: a very fine concert, to which the exquisite vocal powers of his fair daughters eminently contributed, was succeeded by a ball, which, for the execution of French quadrilles, would have done honour to a Paris ball-room. Among the amusements of the evening, that which afforded his foreign guests most pleasure was the inspection of a fine collection of Etruscan vases and antiquities, upon which il Signore Avocato has laid out immense sums, painfully earned over briefs, in causes which the Neapolitan barrister finds it so difficult to finish.

In capitals where such circles abound as these, (and they are merely chosen for delineation as fair but not rare specimens,) much illumination, and much private worth and home virtue, must exist; and the consciousness that they

do exist in a very eminent degree, calls forth the sympathy of all who think and feel in behalf of a people, who, having laboured at the difficult steep of protracted civilization, and nearly gained its summit, are again thrown back to groan and grovel in hopeless, endless degradation.

"Cours, *vole à Naples!*" (says Rousseau in raptures at the idea of Neapolitan music) "Cours, vole à Naples! Ecoute les chefs-d'œuvres de *Leo*, de *Durante*, de *Jomelli*, et de *Pergolese!*" and one, whose pleasant rhapsodies sometimes resemble Rousseau's, has observed apropos to the musical genius of Naples, that the opera "*est décidément une affaire de parti pour les Napolitains, l'orgueil blessé s'est réfugie là.*" The "*orgueil blessé*," however, of the Neapolitans has long found another and less secure vent: when we visited that ancient city of the Syrens, music was no longer the prevalent "*affaire de parti*," and the scores of *Leo* and *Pergolese* were much less studied by the most ardent amateurs, than the "*Minervé*" of Paris, or the "*Morning Chronicle*" of London *. Still the country which has given birth to Sacchini, Piccini, Guglielmi, Jomelli, to Cimerosa, and Paisiello, and to the finest vocalists, as well as the finest performers of Europe, must produce a race whose organization is peculiarly adapted to the most delicious and influential of all the arts: and in fact, even now, when the public mind is directed to subjects of infinitely more importance than music, Naples is still the great mart of the musical genius of Italy; and its grand national opera of *San Carlos* (taken in all its combination of architectural and ornamental beauty, its adaptation to sound, its principal singers, fine chorusses and scenic illusions) is certainly superior to all other theatres in the world. As a *Salle de Spectacle*, less imposing, perhaps, than the Scala at Milan, it is infinitely more brilliant; and on the nights of illumination, its fairy splendour has no parallel in the whole range of theatrical effect. To this pure, bright, fresh, temple of harmony and taste, the grand opera of Paris is a filthy den.

During the Lent in Naples, though Kings may spend their days in hunting wild boars, and stringing little birds, as children string daisies, yet no dramas

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* Two papers imported by as many of the reading class of the first rank in Naples as had the means of procuring them. We were constantly lent the *Examiner*, while we were at Naples—a curious fact; and what is still more curious is, that there were few among the Neapolitans who visited us, that did not read it with avidity; being, from their knowledge of the English language (now almost as much studied as French in Naples), perfectly capable of doing so.

are permitted but such as are "*appointed by the Church*," and taken from the Holy Scriptures; and while patriarchs and prophets compose the whole corps dramatique, while Pharaoh is forfeited for non-attendance at rehearsal, and Elijah is translated at so much per night, the people acquire through their theatres the greater part of the little they know of the history of their religion; and are duly edified through the cantabiles of Davide, or the graces of the handsome Dardinella.

But whether the opera of Naples be sacred or profane, serious or comic, the only composer still received with endless applause is *Rossini*. His Mose' was performed at San Carlos during the whole of our residence; and though we heard it almost as often as it was played, we attended to its splendid *scenas* with unabated delight and gratification.

The opera of "*Moses*" is strictly conformable to the most noted events of that warrior prophet's mission, as related by himself; but is told with such amplifications as may tend to heighten the dramatic effect of the several characters. When the curtain rises, the divine mandate has just gone forth, by which the heart of Pharaoh was hardened; but in a royal theatre every possible delicacy and indulgence were shewn to the King of Egypt, as if he were rather the *victim*, than the enemy of that power, which withdrew from the sovereign his divine right of volition. While the heart of *Pharaoh hardens* through a fine solo, the heart of his *son softens* in an exquisite duo with a pretty Israelitish girl (an episode introduced *à plaisir*, and one rendered exceedingly affecting by the struggles of the young Egyptian prince and his Jewish love, who is a protegée of Moses). The *gran scenas* are all between the prophet and the king. Moses is always stern, despotic, and audacious, and threatens, in his deep double bass, the obstinate Pharaoh with those plagues, which are exhibited from time to time in the scene. The Israelites, however, are at last permitted to depart; and as they range themselves at the gates of the city to commence their miraculous march, they really exhibited a most affecting sight. Haggard, woe-worn, ragged, and wretched, they recalled to my Irish mind the emigrating *spalpeens* of my own poor country; and perhaps the sympathy they excited would have been too deep for opera sensibility, were it not for the little knapsack, which each had strapped upon his shoulders, and which reminded the audience of the plunder of the unsuspecting Egyptians. The scenery and chorusses at this moment were

magnificent and melodious beyond description; such as the harps of Sion never surpassed, and the waters of Babylon never flowed to. At the moment that *Aaron* is about to give the word, and Moses has secured his fair young ward (whom he forces to accompany her unhappy compatriots), the young, enamoured Prince of Egypt rushes forward—seizes his mistress—and, by his father's orders, arrests the flight of the Jews! Moses, who "never knew what love was," as the Prince tells him, enraged beyond further endurance at this new act of tyranny, falls on his knees, invokes the wrath of the Most High, and calls down fire from heaven, which consumes the devoted Prince under the eyes of his mistress, who goes instantly mad, and sings a frantic requiem over the body of her lover. Moses listens to her with the composed air of an amateur; then gives the word to march, and moves his wand—the sea opens, and he leads his followers over the dry sands, amidst the plaudits of an audience, who retire from this fine opera, vociferating through the streets, "*Mi manca la voce* *," the popular quartetto of the piece, and a chef-d'œuvre of Rossini.

That the royal theatre of *the Church and State*, visited by the sovereign and presided by a duke, should be bound to a rigid observance of the Lent, did not surprise us; but that the interdictions of the Church should have reached even to the theatre of *Pulchinello*, who, after the King and the Madonna, is decidedly the most powerful personage in Naples, *did* both disappoint and surprise us; and the more so, as we were seated in our box, prepared for the due exercise of "*broad grins*," before we were aware that *Pulchinello* † had submitted to that power which sovereigns had not resisted, and that his place on the stage of the *San Carlino* was taken by the prophet Elijah!! The play was the "*Commedia Sagra*" of "*Acabe*," which opens with a dialogue between the prophet and the widow, whose child he restores, and with whom the son of Jezabel is in love. The scene of Elijah in the king's court is extremely cu-

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* "*My voice fails me.*"

† It is, I believe, scarcely necessary to observe that the Pulchinello of Italy is not like the Polichinel of Paris, or the Punch of England, a puppet; but a particular character in low comedy, peculiar to Naples, as Pantalone is of Venice, Il Dottore of Bologna, &c. &c. &c. Their name of *Maschere* comes from their wearing masks on the upper parts of their faces. They are the remains of the masques of the Greek and Latin theatres, and are now devoted to the depicting of national, or rather provincial vices and absurdities.

rious. Acabe accuses him of heresy and sedition—in a word, of being a Radical reformer, disturbing the ancient laws and religion of the state, which, confirmed by ages, had covered the land with unceasing prosperity. To all this Elijah replies, that his mission is from heaven; that he is sent to overturn the reigning religion; and that he will work miracles to prove the truth of his assertions, which shall leave no doubts on the mind of the king. Upon this the high priest of the idolatrous Acabe is called in to back his master, at whose sight Elijah cannot contain his ire, and a dialogue ensues which called forth the rapturous plaudits of the audience: Elijah, in a threatening attitude, calls his antagonist "*un scelerato impio;*" the high priest terms him "*un scelerato ingannatore;*"* and nothing remains for them but to proceed to blows, when the king, to save the Church a scandal, with difficulty parts them, and it is agreed that both are to meet in a certain cavern, and decide their superiority by miracles. This scene discovers the impositions of the *false prophet*, who is "*tutto confuso,*" when his materials for *miracle-making* are found in the cave, consisting of sticks, matches, pitch, &c. &c. &c.; while a long prayer of the true prophet's not only brings down fire from heaven, which consumes the king, queen, and heir-apparent, but at the same time brings down a fine full-grown angel, vibrating in the air between four pulleys, while the prophet settles himself in an arm-chair for the purposes of translation: first, however, as he was about to ascend, he stepped forward and gave out the play for the following evening; then re-seating himself, he threw down an old cloak on his successor's head, who was in look and garb the very image of a Jew clothesman in the streets of London.

We observed upon this occasion, that the theatre was filled with women and their children; and that many of the boxes included the whole family of the lower cittadini class, even to the livery-boy and the baby; for it seems to be a sort of duty to attend these sacred dramas in Lent; and all that appears so singular and even profane in these exhibitions to the foreign spectator, is by them attended to with reverence and interest. When the false prophet was

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* "An impious rascal"—"A rascally impostor"—phrases which, I am sure, more than half the audience took to be scriptural. Each of these personages accused the other of priestcraft, and between them let fall such secrets of the trade, as were not very well calculated to edify the applauding public.

praying to his false gods, and Elijah kept crying in a taunting tone, "*più forte!—non t'ascoltano!*"—("Cry louder!—they don't hear you!") the audience clapped their hands and exclaimed, "Bravo, Elijah! bravo!" and our Tuscan servant, who stood in the back of our box, and who had taken it for granted, that he had come to see the Neapolitan Pulchinello, did not discover his mistake till Elijah's long prayer, in the last scene, undeceived him; when he observed to me as he announced the carriage, "Credo, Signora, che c'è una commedia più tosto sagra." ("I fancy, Madam, that this is *rather* a sacred comedy.")

CHAP. XXV.

ROUTE FROM FOLIGNO TO VENICE.

Colfiorito.—Serravalle—(Pilgrims).—Tolentino.—Macerata.—Loretto—*(The Church and House of the Virgin.—Offerings since the Revolution).*—Ancona.—Senigaglia.—Fano.—Pesaro.—Rimini.—San Marino.—Cesena—*(The Rubicon).*—Forli.—Faenza.—Imola.—Ferrara.—Padua.—*Banks of the Brenta.*—Venice.

The route from *Naples* to *Venice* (two of the extreme points of the Peninsula of Italy) lies as far as Foligno, through the road already passed in the journey from Florence; but when the lovely valley and antique town of Foligno are passed, a new line of country is entered by those who take the mountain-road, and proceed by Bologna. A branch of the Apennines is then ascended, in aspect and elevation wilder and steeper than any link of that stupendous chain we had yet crossed. This Alpine way, rude, rutted, neglected, and carried through the most terrible and savage elevations for forty miles between Foligno and Tolentino, though called an "*high road*," was, when we passed it, just not impassable; and the scenes it commanded of sublimity and boldness, of picturesque desolation and moral misery, surpassed all we had yet seen, even in the Pope's dominions. To the fertility of one of the richest vales in Italy, instantly succeed the most sterile deserts, and in the gradual ascent, bare cliffs and a rocky soil, with floods carrying destruction in their course, exhibit few traces of humanity, except the miserable village of *Case Nuove*, whose inhabitants profess to have no other mode of existence than the charity of travellers. Here the tremendous ascent of the Colfiorito presents itself, so difficult, and so out of repair, that we were obliged to perform much of it on foot, though our light carriage

was drawn by four mules and three oxen; but the inordinate fatigue was almost repaid by the terrible sublimity of the prospect: rocks piled on rocks, precipices to shudder at even in remembrance, torrents springing from the cliff, and dashing down into the misty valley beneath, were the great features of these frontiers of Nature's own erection; and when the summit was past, undulations equally wild, but less precipitous, succeeded; then habitations again presented themselves still more saddening to the mind, and influential on the feelings. Clusters of grey and formless hovels teemed with a naked and starving population! The carriage of the traveller with difficulty passes these artificial defiles; the wheels on either side grate against the habitations of the wretches who run the risk of being crushed to death, or of slipping over a fathomless precipice, as they run along with upraised eyes and hands, begging for charity in the name of the Madonna, to whose bosom they promise to consign the "buono Cristiano" who may do for them what the Madonna never did—prevent them from famishing. The road leads to the perilous defile, and frontier village of the Serravalle.*

The village of Serravalle (the narrow valley) seems scooped out of the two overhanging mountains, which are but at an hundred and fifty toises distant. It is the landmark which separates Umbria from Ancona. That it was once of military importance, is still intimated by the ruins of walls and castles said to have been raised by the Goths.† Mountain mists, and occasional torrents of rain, added to the horrors of this cavernous site: as we entered it, a huge dog, like the Irish wolf-dog, stood on the top of a cliff, with a lamb in his mouth, dripping with blood, and formed no inappropriate image. The late Kingdom of Italy stopped short at Serravalle;

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* Fortunately we had overtaken a very agreeable party of English gentlemen and ladies, and in their cheerful society dissipated much of the gloom of this savage journey. A day or two before our arrival at Serravalle, two young German noblemen, whom we had been in the habit of seeing in all the gay circles of Rome, having imprudently trusted themselves to the post-horses kept on this road, with a boy for a driver, were overturned on the edge of a precipice, at the entrance of the village. We found one of them lying in a most dreadful state at the Spezeria, (a poor little apothecary's shop,) which happened luckily to afford something approaching to accommodation, where he remained for many weeks.

† This ancient castle was inhabited by the Pope's legate for the legation of Romagna, so recently as the year 1739. It was thence Cardinal Alberoni marched at the head of his Sbirri, to take possession of the republic of San Marino.

and ambition seems to have drawn her boundary on the precincts of possible civilization.

The wild way continues, over rock and precipice, to *Valcimara;* and when the foaming torrent which boils along the shelving road is passed at the *Ponte della Trave,* the scenery softens without losing any thing of its romantic aspect; and nothing in picturesque effect was ever more striking than the castellated ruins topping the perpendicular cliffs of *Belforte.* Here we met a group that suited this scene of feudal recollections—a band of pilgrims of both sexes, returning from Loretto to their native mountains, the Abruzzi. The well-known acute Neapolitan countenance, the richly coloured dresses, jackets of scarlet, and petticoats of many-tinted borders, the staff, and scallop-shell hat, the shewy rosary and glittering cross, gave a most fantastic appearance to these devotees, who were trudging on merrily and noisily, absolved from all their sins, and (by the fierce looks of the men, and the looks *not fierce* of the women,) disposed to open a new account with the Virgin, at whose shrine they had been so lately purified. Our driver, a humourist and a Florentine, looking after them, observed drily, "*Not a man among them but has wiped off three murders at the lowest calculation.*" During the French occupation, a pilgrimage to Loretto was almost as rare as a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury. One of the first pilgrimages made there since the Restoration was by the late King and Queen of Spain, and the Prince of Peace!!!—*As yet* the pilgrimages to Canterbury have not recommenced.

Tolentino is a small but rather handsome town, standing on the river Chiento. The church of the Augustinians is famous for the sepulchre of Saint Nicholas, a celebrated saint and miracle-worker. Tolentino is now notable for being the site of an event brought about by another miracle-worker, who was no saint—for here the treaty was signed between Pope Pius the Sixth and Bonaparte, by which his holiness not only ceded to the French the Apollo Belvedere, and other idolatrous images of the Gentiles, but even the riches of the shrine of Loretto and the toilette of the Virgin, to which every sovereign in Europe had at various epochs contributed. The treaty of Tolentino has already its place in story, among the most notable events of the most notable times history ever was destined to record.

The scenery which succeeds, gradually improves in cultivation, from the well-wooded Valcimara; and assumes every possible aspect of richness and

fertility as Macerata is reached. Already the approach to the *Legations*, to the ancient and modern Kingdom of Italy—in a word, to Lombardy and civilization—is visible; and the spirits and enjoyments of the homeward-bound traveller rise and multiply with the conviction. The Pontine Marshes, the Campagna, Itri, Fondi, Otricoli, and Serravalle, and all the terrible monuments of the misrule and ignorance, despotism and superstition of the Neapolitan and Papal territories, recede from the mind; and "*every step seems lengthened,*" as the prospect once more presents itself of visiting Bologna and Milan.

There are, however, still some stages to pass of incivilization, and Church and State penury and error; which are for a moment forgotten at MACERATA*, one of the prettiest and most prosperous towns in the Pope's dominions. Its well-built and handsome houses, commodious streets, and cleanly English-looking inn, are worthy its enchanting site; for it covers the brow of a hill, overhanging a rich and picturesque valley, spotted with the cottages of little "possedenti," and commanding a noble view of the Adriatic. Macerata was once the capital of the Marc of Ancona, and was included in the Kingdom of Italy. It still bears the impression of its once flourishing state.

The road from Macerata to the town of RECANATI, as we saw it in all the bloom of a spring more rich and ripe than a northern summer, exhibited the most enchanting views of natural fertility improved by cultivation. Recanati was approached by one of the most perpendicular ascents we had yet climbed, even to the *Etruscan* cities; but though rather a well-looking town, there was nothing to induce us to stop, or to attract our notice, except the monument in bronze, raised in honour of the *Madonna di Loretto* before the Palazzo Pubblico, an ordinary edifice; and we hurried to Loretto with pilgrim's impatience, to reach the most noted shrine of the Christian world, after St. Peter's and Jerusalem.

The rich lovely hill and valley scenery through which we had been pur-

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* Macerata, Ancona, and the whole of the Departimento del Metauro, were ceded by the *treaty of Tolentino*; but the Pope declared that whoever bought the church lands as *national property* should be excommunicated. The lands, however, were sold and bought too, and the advantages arising out of this sort of agrarian law are among the most efficient causes of the prosperity of the town. We saw there no superabundance of monks and beggars—but several well-dressed cittadini walking on a fine planted road, (made by the French,) and crowds of peasantry, in their gala dress; for it was Sunday, and one of the most *cheerful* looking Sundays I ever saw, even in Italy.

suing our route, since we had left Macerata, terminated as Loretto was approached; and as we ascended the steep hill on which it stands, the same forms of penury and wretchedness, the same cries of beggary and distress, as had blasted our sight and wrung our hearts among the hovels of the Apennines, again presented themselves: mendicity, in this region of heaven's own special providence, assumed a dramatic character, unknown even to the *histrionic* beggary of Naples. A young mendicant, sometimes in childhood, starts from a hovel at the first sounds of the carriage-wheels; she throws up her eyes and head, spreads out her arms, half covered by a ragged drapery, which floats on the wind as she appears to fly along the road; dropping prostrate at intervals on the earth, which she kisses with devotion, and again raising her squalid face, covered with dust or mud, she continues to supplicate with a pious vociferation, which consigns the charitable traveller to every region of Paradise, and Saint in the calendar, for the value of a few pence! It is thus the dark narrow streets of Loretto are entered, and such are the subjects of the Madonna, though dwelling on the verge of the most fertile valleys in Italy!

Loretto, the holiest and poorest of cities, consists almost entirely of little shops and vast ecclesiastical edifices: the former, the bijouteries of the church, are exclusively devoted to the sale of religious trinkets, rosaries of every quality, texture, and value, from the string of wooden or glass beads, to rows of amber, and other precious materials; crucifixes in tin, copper, or gold, and reliquaries and relics of flowers, feathers, of eyes or noses; in a word, whatever can please or pacify Heaven, in a material form, or supply the craving of the devout pilgrim and curious traveller.

The Church edifices, the Chiesa della Santa Casa, and its circumjacent buildings, occupied by the bishop, prelates, canons, priests, monks, penitentiaries, and the governor, are all vast and handsome: they are of the Doric and Corinthian orders, and are raised after the successive designs of Bramante and Sansovino. The piazza, which they decorate, is ornamented with a fine fountain.

We had scarcely arrived at the inn, at a late hour in the evening, when several boxes of *rosaries* were sent for our inspection by the inn-keeper, who keeps a magazine himself of such holy ware, for the accommodation of his guests, and the increase of his own profits. They were all sparkling and pretty; and I told our host that I regretted my heresy rendered me unworthy of

becoming a purchaser. He said quickly, "Non importa, Signora mia, si non per devozione, compratene per la *toiletta!*"* I took the hint, and purchased a dozen very smart necklaces, if not very efficacious talismans; and suiting them with silver amulets or golden crosses, made out a very pretty selection, which I was consigning to my dressing-box, when a Cicerone *per la Casa Santa* (who had forced his services on us as we alighted at the inn-door) entered the room, and insisted that I should not pack-up my wares until they were blessed in the "*holy porringer;*" without which ceremony, he assured us, they were worth nothing at all. For this purpose we were to visit the Church at five in the morning, when all the pilgrims assemble at their devotion. I agreed to his proposal, without hesitation; and loaded with my pious finery we proceeded a little after sun-rise on the following day to the far-famed Church of Loretto, the shrine of many a royal pilgrimage and sumptuous offering.

The Church of Loretto, a vast and stupendous building, resembles so many other great churches already noticed, in all its details of art and splendour,† that its description might well be spared, even if it had not been reiterated in almost every book of travels, ancient and modern, that has been written on the worn-out subject of Italy. Still the cottage that rises beneath the sumptuous dome of this most gorgeous temple gives it a feature peculiar to itself; though bad taste and an ill-understood piety have deprived it of much of its original simplicity. The history of the "*adorabile Albergo*" is inscribed on the walls of the Church in almost every known language; and is now re-published in a small volume, and sold at Loretto, by Rossi, "*Printer to the Holy House,*" *con permissione,* that is, with license of the government, and with irrefragable proofs, *(irrefragabili provi,)* that the house is the same in which "the Virgin-Mother of God was born;" which occupied a lane in Nazareth, where Christ resided; and which after a long flight of years was transported by angels to Loretto, to form "the most beautiful boast of Italy,"

"Il più bel vanto della nostra Italia."

Relazione Istorico, &c. Third edition, *corrected and amplified.*

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* "That makes no difference. If you don't buy through devotion, you may for the toilette."

† The peculiar feature of this Church is its Asiatic character and approximation to the architectural forms of Venice.

The *Santissima Casa di Nazarette,* standing in the middle of the church, is not above 19 palms* high and 42 palms long: it must originally (as it stood in Nazareth) have resembled an Irish cabin; but as it now appears—

"None but itself can be its parallel."

The exterior is encrusted with marble, wrought into bas-reliefs, and adorned with Corinthian columns, and with statues of Prophets and Sibyls; most heterogeneous groups, and not less ill-assorted than an alliance between the Muses and Martyrs. The doors are of bronze, and the whole exterior and interior blazes with silver lamps—all offered to the Virgin since the Restoration. In the centre of the interior stands the high altar, so dazzling in gold and precious stones, that the officiating minister looked, as he celebrated his rites, rather like the presiding priest of Plutus, than of one, long the inmate of so humble a hovel. Around the Holy House, and at its sacred threshold, kneeled the Pilgrims; their staffs and scallop hats lay beside them. Considering how short a time has passed since the Restoration of the Madonna, the gathering, in point of numbers, was far from contemptible: they were mostly poor-looking creatures, and as they are lodged, and (if required) I believe fed, while they remain, their vocation is not difficult to explain. Behind the great altar there is a space that seemed to my dazzled eyes (not quite open at so early an hour) to be sheeted with gold†—or the golden lamps and their vivid flames deceived me. Here, in a niche where the Virgin herself placed it, stands her miraculous statue. It is evident that sculpture had not made great progress in Nazareth, when this statue in cedar-wood was carved, though St. Luke himself is said to have been the sculptor.

The crown of diamonds, formerly worn by the Madonna and the Child‡, were a present from Louis the Thirteenth; they were the accomplishment of a successful vow made by that pious Bourbon to the Virgin, in case she should favour him with a son; and Louis the Fourteenth was thus

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* The palm is 8 French inches and 3 lines long.—*See Lalande.*

† In the History of the *Santa Casa,* by Don *Vincenzo Murri,* (1820) it is asserted that this "*Vaga Nicchia*" is lined with *plates of gold—ricoperta di lama d'oro.* It was thus it appeared to us: on either side of the Virgin were two colossal Angels, apparently of the same precious metal, holding superb candelabras with lights:—the effect was most splendid.

‡ The *Bambino* holds up his hand, as if to sport a superb diamond ring on his finger, presented to him by Cardinal Antonelli: it is of a single diamond, and weighs thirty grains.

purchased of Heaven by his father at the price of three thousand three hundred diamonds (the number of jewels in the crown)—a dear bargain! in which the Madonna had clearly the advantage;—as France had reason to know. The crowns, however, with all the trinkets and jewels, presented by other vow-making kings, which had not previously been taken, disappeared on *the treaty* of *Tolentino;* and such was the blindness of the French, that having taken, as an object of curiosity, the miraculous statue itself, whose "price was above rubies," they returned it in 1811, at the instance of the present Pope, who kept it for ten months, and then returned it to Loretto, where it remains to guard the sanctuary, which few have violated for the last quarter of a century*. On the Restoration, however, the Madonna of Loretto was re-instated in all her ancient sumptuosity, and was crowned by the hands of Pope Pius the Seventh. Many a gallant Englishmen was left on the field of Waterloo, that she might once more blaze in diamonds in the centre of her pilgrim votarists, who, but for that day, had probably never congregated round the shrines of Loretto. When we saw her, she was dressed in a spick and span new black velvet gown, powdered with jewels†—her necklace, ear-rings, and diadem, with the jewels heaped on the Bambino, (a shade less black and a degree less

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* The Reverend Don *Vincentio* observes in his Relazione Istorico, p. 25, that the whole object of the French conquests was to get this Virgin, and that its miraculous recovery was a particular intervention of Providence, "che altro mai dimostra tutto cio, sé non una cura particolare e distinta che di essa ne ha presa sempre la Providenza, e chi l'occhio di Dio sta sempre firmo sopra di lei"!!! "What can all this denote but a special and particular care, which Providence has always taken of the statue, and the constant fixture of the eye of God upon it?"

† Two crowns are of pure gold, richly studded with brilliants, pearl, and coloured gems; the necklace is of every description of gem, with nine immense pearls, and a large ruby heart. Besides these gallantries on the part of the Pope, the Santa Madre wears a superb sapphire cross and buttons set with diamonds, given her by Cardinal Calcagnini—a diamond ring, the gift of the Bishop of Loretto after the battle of Waterloo, 1815 (for all the presents are dated and registered in Don Murri's book)—two topaz rings and one brilliant with several rosettes of diamonds, presented 1818, by Signora Bastianello of Leghorn, Signora Theresa Crivelli of Milan, and Signora Fannetti of Loretto, ultra ladies of rank and intimate friends of the Madonna—a superb spray of diamonds for her head, a cadeau from His Highness Prince Hompesch—a string of emeralds and garnets, with an immense golden heart, the gift of an Austrian Noble in 1819. An hundred other ornaments of precious gems, recent gifts of Church and State devotion, encumber her mummy-like figure; and double the number of gold and silver lamps, &c. &c. all the gifts of rich Prelates and Nobles, are hung over the walls of her sanctuary, which looks like a jeweller's shop.

frightful than his mother,) would have fed for years or provided for ever for those miserable wretches, whose cries of want usher the stranger in and out of the holy city. Let not the followers of Luther and of Calvin turn scoffingly from this ancient image of popular superstition, and exclaim against the errors and folly of the Catholic faith!—let them remember that they have been the foremost to forward and to revive an order of things most favourable to the perpetuating of these errors;—let them remember that the *Protestant government* of England, more than any other in Europe, has assisted to replace the Madonna of Loretto on her shrine; and, by the blood and the wealth of the people, has confirmed that league of sovereigns, whose members have, to a man, made offerings to her image, in order that their example might serve the cause of ignorance, and plunge back humanity, now turning towards the light of truth, into that fearful darkness, without which their system is but "*the baseless fabric*" of a despot's "*vision.*"

Beside the Virgin, niched in the wall, is her cupboard *—just such a cupboard as might have stood in the humble and holy dwelling of Joseph of Nazareth. The priest who presided over this sanctuary, opened it, and displayed a little earthen porringer†, set in a shrine. "It made (he said affectingly) the whole of the simple *layette* of the Mother of God, who fed the infant Christ out of this homely utensil." He asked me if I had no rosaries to be blessed: I presented him the purchases of the preceding evening: he took them, and having placed them in the porringer, prayed over them for a second, and then returned them, shut the cupboard, and conducted us to the treasury or wardrobe of the Madonna; furnished within the last five years, and contained in armoires round a spacious and rich apartment. This apartment is called la grande Sala del Tesoro. The walls of the adjoining little galleries contain some precious pictures; but the contents of the *armarj sacri*, the holy wardrobes, lead the spectator from the works of Parmigiano and Zucchiro, to the dona-

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* A prayer is prescribed to those who enter this sanctuary. It begins so—"Vergine Santissima! Bella Madre di Dio! Madre bella di misericordia, e dolce mia speranza! Voi che con una sola di vostre amorose occhiate," &c. &c.

"Most holy Virgin! beautiful Mother of God, and beautiful Mother of Pity, my sweet hope! you, who with a single one of your amorous glances," &c. &c.

† This porringer was of the modern delph of Faenza, which adds much to the miracle.

tions of the present kings and princes of Europe to the Virgin, or, in the technical phrases of Loretto, "li doni dei Fedeli alla Santa Madre." Among these we remarked:

A golden chalice, offered by Pope Pius the Seventh, on his visit to Loretto, 1814.

A rose-coloured gown, from the Nuns of Inspruck.*

A silver-gilt chalice, set with rubies, and one of acqua marina, a silver censer, and other articles, offered, in 1819, by the Prince Eugene Beauharnois and his consort, the daughter of the King of Bavaria. A silver chalice set with brilliants, from the same royal daughter of Bavaria, 1815.

Diamond rings, and ruby ear-rings, from the noble ladies Massarotti and Sassoferrato.

A bouquet of diamonds, offered, in 1815, by Maria Louisa, Ex-Duchess of Parma and Queen of Etruria, sister to the King of Spain, and now Duchess of Lucca.

A great cross of gold and diamonds, and seven smaller ones, offered by the late King Charles the Fourth of Spain and his consort, on the occasion of their late pilgrimage to Loretto, and received by the Madonna in February 1816. Also a coronet of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds, from his Majesty of Spain, received on the same day.

A superb pearl necklace, chain, and heart of gold, and crosses of the same, offered in person at the shrine of the Madonna, July 1817, by her Serene Highness Maria, Princess of Wittenberg.

Two vases of jasper and gold, a basin and urn of crystal and gold, with other precious objects, sent from the court of France in 1815 (*supposed* to be part of the spoil carried off by the French).

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* As a *pendant* for the rose-coloured gown of the Nuns of Inspruck, is the offering of Signora Lavinia Liberali, of Gaeta. I give the account of it in a literal translation.

"On the 27th of May, 1819, was presented to this blessed Virgin, the generous spoils of Lavinia Liberali, of Gaeta, for an instantaneous cure, consisting of a silk gown, with three rows of gold; three turquoise rings, set in gold; the same in rubies, pearl, and garnets; a chain of gold, a coronet, with silver medals, and a pair of silver buckles."—This *was* a fee for a speedy cure!! But no such cures had been effected under the recent jacobin government of Italy: of course no such offerings were made; and the Signora Lavinia's of Italy are now brought back to those good old times when the English Countess of Warwick offered her cast-off garments to our Lady of Worcester—*faute de mieux*.

A large jewel, containing the picture of the Holy Mother and Child, sketched by Nature ("della Natura medesima così formata"), set with gems, suspended from three golden chains, restored by the King of France through Pope Pius the Seventh.

A pair of candelabras of amber, offered by his Eminence Cardinal Qua ran totti, July 10th, 1819.—But it would be in vain to enumerate the offerings of precious stones, the gifts (to judge by their value) of anonymous Kings and Princes, under the title of *dono di una pia persona*," &c. &c. &c. *; and this little extract from the brilliant catalogue may be concluded as the list of offerings is summed up by the reverend historian of Loretto—" We should notify here other gifts, of silver clocks, rings, offerings in silver, in priests' robes, surplices, table-cloths, &c. offered by the piety of the faithful to the great Mother of God; which not being qualified to do, we shall omit the description." †

Doctor Moore, and other travellers in the latter end of the last century, described Loretto as shorn of its beams; the contents of its treasury not more valuable than Estifania's casket of jewels, and all that once great shrine of pilgrimage, hastening to decay‡. In the natural course of things and progress of illumination, this was inevitable! Under the present temporary re-action of ignorance, superstition, and despotism, however, our Lady of Loretto is reinstated; her treasures are replenished; and the history of her miraculous house republished by a reverend doctor and dignitary of the church §.

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* For instance, in 1819, a noble Austrian (a l' incognito) presented the Virgin with an immense heart of the purest gold, with a precious stone in its centre, hung from a chain of emeralds and amethysts, set in gold, together with a chain of gold and two fine amethysts, &c. &c. &c.

It is supposed, that the *heart with a stone in its centre*, and the other pious and princely offerings here enumerated, were made by the Emperor of Austria to the Virgin on the occasion of his *third* marriage. What tributes may not the Virgin now expect, since his Imperial Majesty's victory over the Neapolitans!!!

† P. 49. Relazione Istorico, &c.

‡ It is difficult to ascertain how far spoliation had been carried before the Revolution; but there is no doubt that a considerable quantity of the jewels had been taken on different occasions, and replaced with false stones; and public report very currently accuses Pius the Sixth as an extensive dilapidator of these treasures of the Church. Whatever remained, however, at the Revolution, became spoil: and it is said, that some of the jewels, after figuring awhile in the circles of Paris, were pledged to a banker, and have again found their way back to Italy.

§ It is curious to follow Eustace through the whole of this journey, and to detect his veiled pla-

THE DESCENT from the mountain-site of Loretto to the ancient city of Ancona verges gradually towards the Adriatic, which bursts most nobly on the view from one of the pending acclivities; a flat sandy sea-coast succeeds. The traveller who wishes to visit Ancona, the capital of La Marca, must turn a few paces back upon his steps. The Mole and the triumphal arch of Trajan are the objects best worth seeing; for though the town has a most imposing aspect when seen at a little distance, either from land or sea, it is (within its walls) one of the gloomiest and poorest, that bears the name of city, in Italy. Even the main street can scarcely admit a second carriage abreast, and the decayed and ruinous state of the whole is increased in the traveller's eyes by the difficulty of admission within its gates. To be permitted to walk through it, (for we left our carriage at the inn without the walls,) was a ceremony of great delay. Passports were to be viewed, and other forms gone through, which turned this *porto franco* of ancient and modern times into the *least free port* in Europe. Of all that is said of Ancona by travellers and guide-books, we found nothing so true as that it was "città *fortificatissima ed inespugnabile*, tanto per terra, quanto per mare."* Its port was without shipping, and its population had the usual *papal* proportions of monks, beggars, and custom-house officers.

The route from Ancona to Senigaglia lies along the strand on the Adriatic. On one side the calm sea reflected the deep blue sky, on the other gentle acclivities were covered with spring verdure; here and there an old dismantled building, inhabited by fishermen, exhibited its hardy tenants spreading their nets, or launching or anchoring their barks; but the coast was, generally speaking, bare and depopulated, until the suburbs of Senigaglia were reached.

SENIGAGLIA, though rather a second-rate town, has an air of gaiety and order rarely found in the larger cities of Italy; and is well described in its own *Itinerario* as being "*una piccola ma florida e ridente città.*" It has a handsome though small port, at the mouth of the river Misa; and a little commerce in corn, hemp, and silk, supports and encourages the industry of the inha-

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giarisms from Addison and Lalande. His most jesuitical theft from Addison will be found in page 302, chap. viii. vol. I. if compared with Addison's Travels, pages 63 and 64, "on Loretto."—(Mavor's edition.)

* "A strongly fortified city, impregnable by land or sea."

bitants; but its chief source of opulence lies in a fair, which is held in the town for the sale of every species of merchandize, which supplies the whole interior of this part of Italy, and brings traders and agents from nearly every mercantile town in Europe. Like Ancona, this town formed part of the late kingdom of Italy; and the inhabitants complain heavily of the falling off of commerce since the Restoration.

The streets of Senigaglia are rather spacious, and they exhibited in the balconies of their well-built houses many cheerful and some pretty faces—better worth seeing than the churches; which, with the exception of the cathedral, are poor and mean for a Papal town. While we were at supper at the inn, two or three parties of serenaders passed the windows with their guittars: they struck us as being superior to the general run of street musicians in Italy; and we asked the waiter who attended us if his town was very musical? He said, "So, so; but that the chorusses which we heard were sung by the young tradesmen of the town, who always serenaded their mistresses on moon-light nights." We asked if Senigaglia had produced any celebrated public singers: he paused to recollect, and then coolly replied, as he changed a plate, "Si, Signora, una certa Catalani, ed altri," ("Yes, Ma'am, a *certain* Catalani, and others.") The house of Catalani's father, who was a humble tradesman, stands at a short distance from the inn. She had been early in life adopted by some ladies of Senigaglia, who placed her in a musical seminary, from whence she went forth to associate with Emperors and Kings; while at home, like other prophets, she is still "*una certa* Catalani!"

The *road* continues along the sea: the country is sometimes wild and rude, but, generally speaking, extremely enjoyable from the beauty of the coast, sheltered by the acclivities of the Apennines, and the amenity of the land scenery. Fano, though partly ruinous and neglected, yet seen in a bright sun-shine on the edge of the blue waters, near its classic river the *Metauro*, (the site of Asdrubal's defeat by the Consuls Livius Salinator and Claudius Nero,) and taken with its ruined fountains, its tutelar statue, and broken arch of triumph, realizes altogether the image of an old Italian town, and repays the traveller who does what so few travellers do—viz. descends from his carriage, walks through its streets, and visits its library. Fano was once celebrated for its superb theatre, supposed in earlier times to have been the finest in Italy.

At one post distance from Fano, between the sea and the rich hills which skirt the coast, rises Pesaro, one of the most ancient cities of the *Urbinato*. Al-

though its streets are tolerably spacious, and one of them is exclusively devoted to the large gloomy palaces of its nobility, still it has a provincial air; and its market-place, filled with peasantry (for it was a market-day) in their holiday garb, gave it an appearance of rustic bustle and gaiety, which evidently was not its ordinary character: its streets were elsewhere silent and deserted, and many of its houses appeared to us uninhabited, or at least, from their neglected state, uninhabitable. Pesaro was, in the fifth year of the French Republic, the head-quarters of the Italian army, and, for a time, the residence of General Bonaparte and his Etat Major. This town has its show churches, its palaces, and its opera, its pictures and antiquities, its aristocracy and its *popolaccio*. Of its society, however, we had no opportunity of judging. The family of Perticari, who would have been most likely to have detained us there, was at Rome, and we staid but a day. Pesaro has contributed its due proportion of talent to the sum of Italian reputation, at all times: in modern days, it has produced a Passeri *, a Perticari, and *il Maestro* Rossini!

From Pesaro the route proceeds to Bologna, through scenes of increasing beauty and civilization: the ancient stamp of the always comparatively free *Legations*, and the modern impress of French improvement, are obviously visible on every side. The immediate outlets of Pesaro are enchanting. The rural prosperous scenery of England, under the bright lustre of Italian skies, presents itself at every step; and to us the illusion was completed, by the appearance of a pretty *ferme orné*, which caught our eye to the right of the road, between Pesaro and *Cattolica*, on the high road called La Pantalone. This elegant farm crowns a very gentle acclivity on the road-side; on its bright green-sward, shelved by plantations, spread the white walls, green verandas, and tent draperies, of a cottage building, with flower-knots and ornamental gardening, rarely seen in Italy. An English carriage and outriders passed us rapidly, as we drew up on the road-side to look at this elegant rural retreat. The carriage entered the gates, and a lady alighted at the cottage-door—it was the Queen of England; and this, her dwelling at Pesaro, so often quoted on a late occasion.

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* Signor Passeri, a celebrated philologist and naturalist; one of his best-known productions is a work on fossils.

The little town of *Cattolica* takes its name from having served as a place of refuge to the orthodox prelates, who, in the time of the Council of Rimini, separated themselves from the Arian, or heterodox bishops: it is a mere village. At its entrance from Pesaro ends the *Ducato* of Urbino; Romagna begins, and the shores of the Adriatic are again joined on the road to Rimini.

Rimini, rich in historical and poetical recollections, from Dante to Pellico, the seat of the feudal sway of those brave bold Condottieri, the Malatestas, bears every symptom of its great antiquity and former military importance, both in the Roman and middle ages. The two consular roads (*Æmilian* and *Flaminian*) terminate at its further gate. The triumphal Arch of Augustus, which adorns its Porta Romana, and its marble Bridge, finished by Tiberius, are both monuments of great classic interest; and are followed up by the evidences of the power and wealth of the feudal chiefs, who, in Italy, succeeded to dictators and emperors.

The *Malatestas*, Signors of Rimini, were bustling "suzerains." When not employed in war and plunder abroad, they were occupied in building and improving at home; and the numerous churches and fabrics of Itrian marble, ruinous or still in preservation, which crowd the long straight-lined streets of Rimini, are principally of their construction.

The old sepulchral Church of San Francesco, where repose the tombs of the Malatestas, is of the fifteenth century, and is one of the most ancient and interesting edifices of Rimini, next to the castle and citadel, which were raised in the year 1446, under Sigismund Malatesta. To this chief is attributed (by a celebrated historian and architect of Rimini, *Vallurio,*) the *useful* invention of bombs and cannons; and the frowning aspect of his vast and formidable Gothic fortress certainly testifies his skill in military architecture. This "*Gran Capitano*" had, however, other claims to notoriety: he was a sort of philosopher—such as nature sometimes strikes out; and his heresy, respecting prevailing tenets, obtained the honours of excommunication from Pope Pius the Second. Malatesta, having first turned his arguments against the Church, soon turned his arms; and, *en revanche* for the fulmination of the Papal thunders, directed the *thunder* of his bombs and cannons against the Pontifical armament. His enterprise was, however, without success; though, in the service of Venice, he had previously laid Sparta, and other places of the Morea, at the feet of the proud merchants

of the Adriatic. This brave and hardy race of the "wrong heads" degenerated in times less bold and more corrupt; and one of the last of the name, of any note, was a monk of the order of Minimes, in Palermo, who published a Sicilian Vocabulary in the year 1665.

The fine old Castle of Rimini, romantic as it looks, (even though now a Papal barrack) was not that dwelling, where the "*Francesca*" of Dante passed the "*tempo de' dolci sospiri.*" It was not the site of that refined frailty, which leaves even the eloquent pages of *Goethe* and *Rousseau*, with all their sentimental sorcery, far behind. The voluptuous delicacy which Dante, in his short episode, has thrown over the loves of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo dei Malatesti, has often been imitated, but never equalled, and still less surpassed.* It is among the great master-touches of original genius,

"Few and far between,"

which, belonging exclusively to no precise age, are but rarely found in any. The whole of this passage, in the fifth canto of the Inferno, is contained in six short verses; and yet they serve to check the traveller's impatient step, as he reaches Rimini, and give to that ancient city an interest far beyond what the Arch of Augustus, or the Bridge of Tiberius, have conferred on it.†

The mistress of the unfortunate and gallant Paolo, however, seems less known, or at least her memory is less popular in Rimini, than that of the learned mistress of Sigismund Pandolf Malatesta—the *Donna Isotta*, whose picture stares on the walls of the Library of Bologna, and whose bust, with that of her fierce lover, fills a *medallion* among the architectural ornaments of the Castle. She is, however, quite as ugly at Rimini as at Bologna; but is cited even still, and among the lower orders, as having done much good, and raised some splendid edifices. Of the *Palazzo Signorile dei Malatesti*, in which Pellico has laid the scene of his tragedy, no vestige remains—the *Collegio delle Celibate* now covers its site!

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* To this observation Signore Pellico, the author of the Tragedy of Francesco da Rimini, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, who has rendered the episode of Dante familiar to the mere English reader, in his well known poem of "Rimini," will doubtless be the first to subscribe.

† Pellico, though he has managed his plot with exquisite delicacy, has varied from the fact: he preserves the innocence of his lovers without weakening the ardour of their passion. The scene between the two brothers is finely conceived.—(Scene iv. act iv. page 42.)

At Pesaro and Rimini we observed that the police had become more strict and troublesome. We were not only detained by the unnecessary delays of Papal doganieri in both places, but in the latter town were obliged to pay for being at the trouble of writing down our names, &c. &c. &c.—a form gone through in every Italian city, but no where accompanied by a tax, except in approaching these confines of the Papal dominions.*

At ten miles distance from "*La cortese Città di Rimini,*" and to the right of the high road, rises a bold, bleak, perpendicular rock. It was anciently designated by the classic appellation of the Titan's Mount; a name once common to all very high places, in reference to the wars of the Titans, who sought a Babel in every height, from which they attempted to defy the power of Jove! This *Monte Titano* is now the site of the only remaining Republic in Italy—the Republic of San Marino!

The foundation of the freest and most virtuous of known political combinations, is ascribed to a simple, honest stone-mason of Dalmatia, of the name of Marino; who, in the fourth century, having undergone some persecution at home, came an adventuring artisan to Rimini. In the course of his recreative wanderings in its neighbourhood, Marino was struck by the solitary altitude of *Il Titano,* where he found retirement from future persecution, and abundant materials for pursuing his ancient occupation. Marino hewed for himself, out of these savage rocks, a house and garden; and his skill and hermit virtues attracted the notice of the Bishop Gaudentius, of Rimini, who employed him in pious missions, and through whom he became proprietor of the rude and unfertile mountain which finally took his name. The rock of Marino soon became frequented by the devout and the peaceable; who followed the active example of the Dalmatian mason, built houses, made gardens, and said their prayers.

Such were the primary elements of that free and tranquil society, which, founded on arduous industry and moral probity, has maintained itself unchanged through a series of thirteen centuries, while mightier empires and more magnificent republics have fallen around it: and such the commencement of that Republic, which, however diminutive its territory, and limited its means and population, has proved, in the virtue, simplicity, and happiness of its people, the powerful influence of institutions founded in the true interests and unalienable rights of humanity.

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* The flight of the Governor of Rome, discovered in some peculations, became known at this time, and increased, for the moment, the vigilance of the police.

The city of San Marino (for the memory of the mason's virtues procured his apotheosis) crowns its isolated rock, in the heart of the papal territory, calling itself a free state, and enjoying all the benefits of a free government, with Liberty inscribed above the gates of its little capital, and the portals of its cathedral. It is at once a miracle, and an anomaly in the order of things. The wars of Italy raged from century to century at its base; but the Guelph and the Ghibelline left it undisturbed as they passed under its summit; the Condottieri and Masnadieri rarely scaled its cliffs; or if the necessities of warfare sometimes brought the armed slaves and powerful tyrants of feudality to the heights of San Marino, still it is remarkable that its rights were held sacred—not excepting that right which powerful sovereigns so often violate in their contests with each other—the right of nations to choose their own government.

The smallness and insignificance of a territory (which resembled Rome "when it covered but one of its seven hills," and was only worth what the industry of its virtuous inhabitants bestowed on it,) must have been its great protection. Still this did not always suffice for its preservation; for what is there so small that ambition will not covet, or power grasp at! There was a moment when the rock of St. Marino became an object of cupidity, even to Rome; and it nearly owed its ruin to the delegated sway of a petty tyrant, Cardinal Alberoni, the Pope's legate in the Legation of Romagna, in which the Republic of San Marino is situated.* This haughty "Porporato" conceived, in his fortified castle of Serravalle, an unconquerable hatred to the little Republic, which alone, within the pale of his holy jurisdiction, refused to acknowledge his influence, or do homage to the churchman's pride of one of the proudest princes of the Conclave. His first act of injustice was to offer and afford protection to a band of malefactors condemned by the government of San Marino for the commission of crimes it was rarely called on to punish. He demanded their pardon, and the people of San Marino refused it.

It was then, that imposing on the feebleness and credulity of Pope Cle-

* See the very interesting History of the Republic of *San Marino*, by the most distinguished of its citizens, the Cavaliere Melchiore Delfico, from whose hands the author of this sketch had the gratification of receiving it, 1820. It was published in Milan, 1804, with the title of Memorie Storiche della Republica di San Marino, &c. &c.

ment the Twelfth, he suggested the policy of uniting San Marino (which he represented as another Geneva, the natural enemy of God and the Pope,) to the Holy See; and he found little difficulty in obtaining permission to place the Republic under the protection of the Church, and to add its rock to the vast territory of the pontifical dominions. With this brief of conquest, Cardinal Alberoni marched from his castle of the Serravalle, October 1739, at the head of his troops, composed of the outlaws and bandits of the neighbouring mountains, with some Roman sbirri and papal soldiers; and having bribed a peasant to conduct him by an unguarded pass up the rock of San Marino, he suddenly appeared at night with his troop in the heart of the little city, to the utter consternation of its unsuspecting and unprepared inhabitants; took possession of the few strong-holds it possessed, and on the following morning summoned the council and heads of the people to the great church; or, as they expressively term it, the "Church of the Holy Protector of Liberty," San Marino.

It was in this temple, dedicated to God and liberty, which was then surrounded by an armed troop, that the Cardinal, in the midst of an unarmed congregation, called on the inhabitants to acknowledge the Pope as their sovereign, to renounce the forms of their ancient government, and to take the oath of fealty he dictated to their new sovereign. The Capitano Giangi, one of the principal persons of the state, stepped forward from the mass, and having listened to the form of this new vow of allegiance, cried aloud, "I swear fidelity to the legitimate prince of the Republic—to San Marino!" His oath was repeated by the friends who surrounded him, and "Evviva San Marino!" "Evviva la Libertà!" (echoed through the aisles of the venerable cathedral) found a deathless repetition from the people without the walls. The national cry of a free people, heard for the first time, stunned the minister of despotism—consternation was succeeded by impotent rage—and Alberoni realized the old distich of the "*King of France and his twenty thousand men;*" for, having

March'd up the hill, he then march'd down again."

The ill success of Alberoni left him without one advocate! The Pope, the Cardinal-Secretary, the Curia Romana, were ashamed of an infamous enterprise which had—*failed!!* Apologies were sent to the citizens of San Marino for the conduct of the Legate, on whom the whole odium of the transaction was thrown; and Alberoni, removed from the Legation of Ro-

magna to that of Bologna (his native place), published whole volumes in defence of his conduct, or in vituperation of the *San-Marinese*, which few read and nobody believed.*

From that moment the little Republic was left undisturbed to the exercise of its virtues and the enjoyment of its liberties; till, at the close of the last century, the arms of France overran all Italy, and glittered even under the rocky heights of San Marino. The oldest republicans of the known world looked down from their rock on the hosts of the new Republic of France; and undisturbed by the revolutionary invaders, San Marino (so long an isolated shrine of freedom in the heart of the most powerful despotism in the universe) now beheld itself—a Republic within a Republic!

When the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy marched a conqueror into Romagna, it is said, that, catching a view in the distance of a high bare rock, lighted by the sunshine—a land-mark in the immensity of space! he demanded its name. He was answered, "*It was San Marino!*" Bonaparte halted, and gazing on the rude site, where, for thirteen hundred years, liberty had found refuge amidst barren rocks—he who had warred upon all the despotisms of Europe, and was soon to lay them prostrate before his own, resolved to respect a Republic, whose example, bright but uninfluential, through successive ages, appeared little more than a beautiful abstraction! It was a fact still more singular, that Napoleon, who passed not in Italy the confines of Romagna, and refused to visit Rome, resolved to visit San Marino, and to visit it in the name of that great nation (for it *was then great*), which apparently was hastening on to universal empire! In the mean time, while the exigencies of his peculiar situation detained the general-in-chief at Pesaro, the head-quarters of the army in Italy, in his impatience to testify his respect for the Republic, and even (it is said) to obtain the suffrages of its worthy citizens, he wrote to its government, both by Berthier and with his own hand; and as a flattering compliment to the intellect of the people,† he sent them, in the name of the French Republic, a deputation,

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* The Roman scribblers, paid by Alberoni to defend this shameful aggression, justified his conduct by asserting that Constantine and Charlemagne had made a present of San Marino to the Holy See, and thrown it in, as a make-weight, with greater dominions.

† "I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning: the present physician" (the fourth man in the state) "is a very understanding man, and well-read in our countrymen —Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. &c."—*Addison's Italy*, p. 61.

headed by the celebrated Monge, of the National Institute, and of the Commission of the Arts and Sciences in Italy*. The discourse pronounced by Monge was answered by the representative of the Republic in terms of enthusiastic admiration of the French nation and the chief of its armies

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* The notes which passed between Bonaparte and the Republic of San Marino are too curious and too characteristic of the style and manner of the first and best days of the French Revolution to need an apology for inserting them, even at the close of a work so cumbrous as the present.

ARMEE D'ITALIE. ETAT MAJOR GENERAL.

Au Quartier-général de Pesaro, le 19 Pluviose, en l'an V. de la République Française, une et indivisible.

LE GENERAL DE DIVISION, CHEF DE L'ETAT-MAJOR.

Le Général-en-Chef Bonaparte depute le Citoyen Monge, Commissaire du Gouvernement Français pour les Sciences et Arts, auprès de la République de San Marino, pour l'assurer de la fraternité et de l'amitié de la République Française.

ALEX. BERTHIER.

DISCOURS PRONONCE' DE LA PART DU GENERAL-EN-CHEF, ETC. ETC. A' LA REPUBLIQUE DE SAN MARINO.

La Liberté qui dans les beaux jours d'Athènes et de Thèbes transforma les Grecs en un peuple d'héros, et qui dans les temps de la République fit faire des prodiges aux Romans; qui depuis, et pendant le court intervalle qu'elle a luit sur quelques villes d'Italie, renouvella les sciences et les arts, et illustra Florence; la Liberté étoit bannie de l'Europe presqu'entière: Elle n'existait qu'à St. Marino,

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ARMY OF ITALY. GENERAL STAFF.

Head Quarters, Pesaro, 19th Pluviose, year V. of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

THE GENERAL OF DIVISION, CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

General Bonaparte, Commander-in-Chief, deputes Citizen Monge, Commissary of the French Government for the Arts and Sciences, to the Republic of St. Marino, to give assurances of the fraternity and friendship of the French Republic.

ALEX. BERTHIER.

ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE PART OF THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, &c. &c. TO THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

Liberty, which, in the glorious days of Athens and Thebes, transformed the Greeks into a nation of heroes, which in the ages of the Republic made the Romans perform prodigies; which, during the brief interval of her reign in a few towns of Italy, revived the Arts and Sciences, and shed a lustre over Florence; was almost entirely banished from Europe:—Liberty existed only at St. Ma-

(an admiration then shared by the liberal of all countries!)—but they refused the *extension* of territory offered them by the conqueror of Italy; resolved to keep within those narrow boundaries, whose limitation had been in part the cause of their protracted freedom.

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où par la sagesse de votre gouvernement, Citoyens, et surtout par vos virtus, vous avez conservé ce dépôt précieux à travers tant de révolutions, et defendu son azile pendant une si longue suite d'années.

Le Peuple Français, après un siècle de lumières, rougissant de son long esclavage, a fait un effort, et il est libre. Toute l'Europe, aveuglée sur ces propres intérêts et surtout sur les intérêts du genre humain, se coalise et s'arme contre lui. Ses voisins conviennent entr'eux du partage de son territoire; et déjà de toute part ses frontières sont envahies, ses fortresses et ses ports sont au pouvoir de l'ennemi; et ce qui l'afflige de plus, une partie précieuse de lui-même allume la guerre civile, et se force à porter des coups dont il doit resentir toutes les atteintes.

Seul, au milieu d'un si grand orage, sans expérience, sans armes, sans chefs, il vole aux frontières: par-tout il fait face, et bientôt par-tout il triomphe.

Parmi ses ennemis, les plus sages se retirent de la coalition; les succès de ses armes enforce successivement d'autres à implorer une paix qu'ils obtiennent. Enfin, il ne lui en reste plus que trois: mais ils sont passionés, et ils n'écoutent de conseils, que ceux de l'orgueil, de la jalousie, et de la haîne. Une des armées Françaises entre en Italie, anéantit l'une après l'autre quatre armées Aûtrichiennes, ramène la liberté dans ces belles contrées, et se couvre presque sous vos yeux d'une gloire immortelle.

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rino, where, Citizens, by the wisdom of your government, and particularly by your virtues, you have preserved that inestimable treasure, through numerous revolutions, and have defended the sacred deposit during a long succession of years. The French people, enlightened by an age of knowledge, blushing for their long slavery, have made an effort, and are free. All Europe blind to its own interests, still more blind to the interests of human nature, has leagued and taken up arms against France. Her neighbours are concerting together respecting the division of her territory, and on every side her frontiers are already invaded, and her fortresses and ports in the power of the enemy; but what is most lamentable, a valuable portion of her own people are kindling civil war, and are striking blows, the whole weight of which must fall upon their common country.

Alone amidst this great storm, without experience, without arms, without chiefs, the French people fly to the frontiers, every where present an undaunted resistance, and are speedily triumphant.

The most prudent of the enemies of France withdrew from the coalition; her victories successively obliged others to implore that peace which they obtained. Finally, her enemies are reduced to three in number:—but these are led away by their passions, and will listen only to the dictates of pride, jealousy, and hatred. A French Army has entered Italy, annihilated, one after the other, four Austrian Armies, is restoring liberty to that fine country, and before your eyes, is crowning itself with immortal glory.

The Army of Italy, which had already "*passed the Rubicon,*" marched on! —it soon hoisted the tri-coloured flag on the ramparts of St. Angelo, and the dome of St. Peter's!—it drove back the royal Bourbon of Naples, at the head of his Lazzaroni, to the shores of the Mediterranean! and to the asylum

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La République Française, qui ne verse tant de sang qu'à regret, contente d'avoir donné un grand exemple à l'univers, propose une paix qu'elle pouvait dicter.

Le croyerez-vous, Citoyens? par-tout les propositions ont été ou rejettées avec hauteur, ou éludées avec astuce.

L'Armée d'Italie, pour conquérir la paix, est donc obligée de poursuivre ses ennemis, et de passer près de votre territoire.

Je viens de la part du Général Bonaparte, au nom de la République Française, assurer l'ancienne République de St. Marino de la paix et d'une amitié inviolable.

Citoyens, la constitution politique des peuples qui vous environnent peut éprouver quelques changemens. Si quelques parties de vos frontières étoient en litige, ou même si quelque partie des états voisins non contestée vous était absolument nécessaire, je suis chargé par le Général-en-Chef de vous prier de lui en faire part. Ce sera avec le plus grand empressement qu'il mettra la République Française à la portée de vous donner des épreuves de sa sincère amitié. Quant à moi, Citoyens, je me félicite d'être l'organe d'une mission qui doit être agréable aux deux Républiques, et qui me procure l'occasion de vous témoigner la vénération que vous inspirez à tous les amis de la Liberté.

MONGE,
Membre de l'Institut, etc.

A St. Marino, le 19 Pluviose, de l'an V. de la République Française, une et indivisible.

The French Republic, beholding with regret this effusion of blood, and content with having set a great example to the universe, proposed a peace, when it might have dictated its own terms.

Would you believe it, Citizens? these propositions have every where been rejected with pride, or evaded by artifice.

The Army of Italy, therefore, in order to obtain tranquillity, is compelled, in pursuing its enemies, to pass near your territory.

I come from General Bonaparte, in the name of the French Republic, to give assurance to the ancient Republic of St. Marino, of peace and an inviolable friendship.

Citizens, the political constitution of the nations which surround you, may undergo some changes. If any part of your frontiers should be the subject of dispute, or even if any uncontested portion of the neighbouring states should be absolutely necessary to you, I am charged by the General-in-Chief, to beg that you will inform him thereof. He will feel infinite pleasure in enabling the French Republic to give you proofs of its sincere friendship. For my own part, Citizens, I rejoice in being employed on a mission, which must be agreeable to both Republics, and which affords me an opportunity of expressing the veneration with which you inspire all friends of Liberty.

MONGE,
Member of the Institute, &c.

St. Marino, 19th Pluviose, year V. of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

of a British fleet!—but it left the Republic of San Marino undisturbed! The coalesced sovereigns of Europe have not as yet blown up this rock, nor quoted its gift by Constantine and Pepin to the Holy See: they can indeed deprive it of little but its liberties; and out of shame or negligence they have left them inviolate. The government of this tiny state once realized the proposition of universal suffrages, and every *house* sent a representative to the great council of the Aringo—it has, however, undergone some modification; the "multitude of statesmen" was found too numerous for order and deliberation—the council was reduced to sixty—and the Aringo, or assembly

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BONAPARTE, GENERAL-EN-CHEF, ETC. ETC.
AUX REPRESENTANS DE LA REPUBLIQUE DE ST. MARINO.

Le Citoyen Monge m'a rendu compte, Citoyens, du tableau intéressant que lui a offert votre petite République. Je donne ordre que les Citoyens de St. Marino soient exempts de contributions, et respectés dans quelqu'endroit des états de la République Française qu'ils se trouvent. Je donne ordre au Général Sahuguet, qui a son quartier-général de Rimini, de vous remettre quatre pièces de canons de campagne, dont je fais présent au nom de la République. Il mettra également à votre disposition mille quinteaux de blé, qui serviront à l'approvisionnement de votre République jusqu'à la récolte.

Je vous prie de croire, Citoyens, que dans tous les circonstances je m'empresserai de donner au peuple de St. Marino des preuves de l'estime et de la considération distinguée, avec laquelle je suis,

BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, &c. &c.
TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

Citizen Monge has described to me, Citizens, the interesting picture which your little Republic presents, and I give orders that the Citizens of San Marino may be exempt from contributions, and respected in whatever part of the states of the French Republic they may happen to be. I give orders to General Sahuguet, who has his head-quarters at Rimini, to transmit to you four pieces of field cannon, which I present to you in the name of the Republic. He will likewise place at your disposal, a thousand quintals of corn, which will serve for the supply of your Republic until the harvest.

I beg you to believe, Citizens, that under every circumstance I shall be anxious to give to the people of St. Marino proofs of the esteem and distinguished consideration with which I am,

BONAPARTE.

I will not add more to this long note, than simply to state, that the little Republic had the wisdom to refuse both the territorial aggrandizement and the cannon. "Contenta de la picciolezza, non ardisce di accettare l' offerta generosa che le vien fatta, nè entrare in viste di ambizioso grandimento che potrebbero col tempo compromettere la sua libertà."—*Risposta del Repubblica a Monge.*

of the people, was reserved for great exigencies. Whatever form, however, the government has borne, its leading principles have been always found favourable to virtue and independence—"Honest and rigorous in the execution of justice," (says Addison,) "the people of San Marino seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do, in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind have for liberty, and of their hatred to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campagna of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants*."

CESENA, rather a handsome town, beautifully situated at the foot of a hill, near the river Sairo, stands at the distance of two Italian posts from Rimini. It is in approaching this city, that one of the streams to which the name of the much-disputed Rubicon has been given, is passed, and an ancient inscription, quite as disputed as the stream, stands at its shore, forbidding "all centurions or military commanders to pass that stream in arms, &c. &c. &c."

Above this classic or *non-classic* stream, on the summit of a delicious hill, covered with vines and poplars, is situated the convent and church of *La Madonna del Fuoco*. Here the present Pope passed his noviciate as a novice of St. Benedict; and even then may have seen a visionary tiara glitter before his eyes. For it was among the great secrets of this powerful religion, to place in possibility the most splendid of all human thrones, within the grasp of even the lowliest of its sons; and the principle of democracy which lurked in this despotic Church was among the most influential causes of its greatness. Our "*Lady of the Fire*" having been sold, during the Revolution, as well as our "*Lady of the Snow*," the Pope, on his return, purchased back her beautiful demesnes on the Rubicon; and future Popes may again be cradled in her cloistral groves, among the aspiring novices of the re-instated Benedictines.

Cesena, long governed by petty military chiefs, fell by the chances of predatory warfare, to the enterprising *Malatesti*. The last of its seigneurs of that name, *Malatesta Novello*, bequeathed the city by will to the Roman See; to which it had the honour of giving a pontiff in the person of the late Pope Pius the Sixth, whose statue decorates the Palazzo Pubblico. CESENA therefore, on the restoration of the Pope, became the centre of many ultra attempts to bring back the old order of things; the priests preached openly against

* Addison's Travels through Italy, p. 61.

all who should retain the church lands sold at the Revolution; and they not only withheld absolution from the sacrilegious who resisted, but promised those who should conscientiously restore the vineyards and corn-fields wrested from the saints, an accession of territory—on the other side of the Styx. As, however, the Cesenese were not ambitious, they continued satisfied with their worldly possessions, and the discontents became so fierce, between the clergy and rebel flock, that the Pope was obliged to interfere to restore order; and the *Cesenese* have as yet so little benefited by their Legation being once more placed under the protection of the Holy See, that an old priest, whom we chatted to in a bookseller's shop, assured us the youth of the town frequented the caffés and billiard-tables more than the Church, and read the Gazette oftener than the rubric. He added, "Fortunately the government has prevented the entrance of all papers into our city, except the Diario di Roma, and the Milan Journal:" this *good fortune*, however, did not prevent the news of the Revolution in Spain from arriving there before it was officially announced; and though we had been witnesses to the joy which this news had excited in Naples and Rome among all classes, we were surprised to find it a subject of such triumph in a remote provincial town like *Cesena*. But, in passing through the cities of the Legations, we had reason to know that the political feelings of the Bolognese are universally prevalent through every part of these beautiful provinces.

The LIBRARY of Cesena, the only thing worth seeing in the town, occupies a long range of fine old monastic-looking apartments in an ancient edifice. It was founded by Malatesta Novello, in 1450 - a strange foundation for an unlettered condottiere. The Librarian, a *frate*, I think, of the Benedictines, seemed a very erudite person; but with manners of such hermit-like meekness, and a countenance so expressive of benevolence, that even independent of the great trouble he took in shewing all that was best worth seeing among the ancient illuminated MSS. in which the library abounds, he interested us very much. Some observation having escaped us to that effect in English, a slight flush passed across his face, he smiled and bowed, attempting a few faltering words in English: but he observed, "I have almost forgot my English, and my Irish too!" The *frate* of the Benedictines of Cesena was an Irishman, a native of Kilkenny. When I claimed our common country, his first question was, "What hopes have the Catholics of emancipation?" He said, "he had left his country forty years back for religion's sake;" and it

was evident his vocation had not deserted him; for when we offered to stay to receive his commands for Ireland—he hesitated; then said, in some emotion, "My poor old father, he was a respectable farmer near Kilkenny, of the name of Cooke; he may still be alive!" but, after a pause, he thanked us, and declined troubling us with letters—with a look that seemed to say he had done with the world and all its ties. He wrote down our names, and gave us his. His last words were, "I pray daily for the emancipation of my Catholic countrymen."

From Cesena to Forli—to Faenza—the scenery is enchanting. But, fertile and lovely as it is, its physical aspect does not render it so delicious to the passing traveller, as the progressive improvement in the moral position of the people, and the same order, industry, and civilization, that strike and charm in the Bolognese; while cottages, well-stocked farmyards, roads wide and well-planted, evince the susceptibility to improvement, which existed in the once free Legations, and which, under the late government, received every advantage and encouragement. Every thing in this district (as a farmer told us at Forli) was done by the public, "*La Communità.*" The noble spacious bowling-green road laid down by the French is repaired, and kept in order by "*La Communità;*" and to our inquiries relative to the foot-paths shaded by poplars, public gardens, and little temples for recreation, outside the town of Forli, and other testimonies of prosperity and comfort, the answer was always, "*Roba della Communità.*" In a word, the remote Roman government had nothing to do here, but raise taxes, and send Legates. The district was charged, as under the late regime, with all the arrangements of its own internal œconomy; and the flourishing state of "La Roba della Communità" proved the absence of jobs, and the blessed effects of public spirit, however narrow its sphere of operation. Well might Pope Pius the Seventh purchase from Austria, the arbitrator of Italy, his beautiful Legations at any price *; though it is hard that amidst general restorations Rome should pay Austria for reigning over her own possessions.

* The secret article of the treaty of Vienna, which annually makes over a considerable portion of the Pope's hard-wrung revenue to Austria, is no longer *secret*. It is spoken of by the Romans with unqualified reprobation, and renders the Pope as unpopular, as the Emperor is detested. By this subsidy the Pope purchased the possession of his three Legations; but the hard bargain has not exempted him from seeing Ferrara, his frontier town, garrisoned by the Emperor's soldiers, and his whole territories thus opened to invasion.

Forli, the ancient *Forum Livii*, is an extremely pretty, cheerful town, neither antique nor Italian, except for one or two of its palaces and churches; for the streets were clean, the people bustling, and the rural inn, outside its gates, looked so English, that we were half tempted to stop and pass a day there!

Corn, hemp, and flax fields, with abundance of vineyards, skirt the fine broad road to Faenza, sprinkled on either side with cottages and farms. Faenza is a considerable city built on the *Amone*. The Piazza, the centre of four handsome streets, contains all the objects which guide-books, and the ragged cicerone who waits at the inn-door to seize on the last arrival, point out as worthy notice; namely, the Palazzo Pubblico, the Theatre (Teatro Nuovo), the *Torre dell' Orologio*, the Fountain, and the Duomo, which all resemble the similar edifices of other great towns of Italy.

But the celebrity of Faenza is founded on a much more brittle ware than towers, palaces, and duomos—its long-famed and ancient manufacture of *Delph*, and which, say the statistical historians of Faenza, in the pride of their hearts, "*merita una speciale attenzione pel credito che ha questa manifattura anche presso gli* Oltramontani, *che la conoscono sotto il nome Francese Faïance:*"* "merits special attention for the credit which this manufacture has obtained among the Ultramontanes, who know it under the French name of Faïance." Notwithstanding, however, its *celebrity* and *antiquity*, the delph of Faenza is coarse and tasteless; though some of the *Vasellame* of Gasparo Ferniani are worth seeing.

Faenza, I know not why, is called the Florence of Romagna!

Imola stands between the Legation of Romagna and that of the Bolognese, one post distant from Faenza. It is a very ancient-looking town, occupying the site of the *Forum Cornelii*, and distinguished by those gloomy but picturesque porticos or arcades, which so peculiarly characterize the Bolognese towns. The Benedictine brother, Cardinal Chiaramonti, Bishop of Imola, Pius the Seventh, preached here, while lord spiritual of the diocese, his famous Republican Sermon, already alluded to.

Imola being on the confines of Romagna, we were delayed for a considerable time by the revision of our passports—a delay we felt in proportion to our impatience to reach Bologna, where we arrived through scenes of such prosperity and rural beauty, as well disposed our minds for the hospitable

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* Faïance, by the usual French tendency to corruption, comes from (very far from) Faenzese.

welcome we received from those whom, but some months back, we had met as strangers, and whom we now gladly sought and met as friends!

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The direct and high road to Ferrara from Bologna is a new and noble causeway, struck out under the late Government, near the old road. It is well preserved, and lies through a plain which, though flat and uninteresting, is fertile, and susceptible of the highest cultivation. At a little distance from the post-house of Malalbergo, the necessity of crossing the Reno on a *float* is the first of the many *desagrémens* which multiply between Ferrara and Venice, through the flatness of the country, and the enormous quantities of water which the Alps pour through its plains into the Adriatic sea.

Ferrara, the "*Città ben aventurosa*" of Ariosto's adulating muse, spreads far and wide in the midst of its uninteresting plain, whose bleak aspect renders it an appropriate site for this ancient seat of princely feudality, and for its still formidable and frowning fortifications, which are now manned with Austrian troops. It is thus the prophecy of Ariosto is fulfilled,

"*Ch' anco la gloria tua salira tanto,*" &c. &c. &c.

The first view of Ferrara, as its great square (the *Piazza Nuova*) is approached, is extremely imposing. The long and spacious streets, silent, solitary, and grass-grown, give it the solemn air of a deserted city; and that superb and vast Gothic structure, the Castello of the Dukes of Ferrara, with its towers, and dungeons, and stagnant moat in the centre of the Piazza, in the very heart of the city which it dominates, well belongs to the ancient capital of the D'Este. This vast palace, or castle, was the scene of much crime, and much festivity. It contained the dungeons where the followers of Calvin * perished; and the theatre, where the dramas of Ariosto, and Tasso, and Guarini, were performed. Here Lucrece Borgia†, with a name and life consecrated to infamy, held her learned coteries; and the convert Renée, of

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* Calvin having been forced, by persecution, to quit France, sought shelter in *Italy* (a curious fact). Through the agency of *Marot*, the Duchess of Ferrara's secretary, he obtained considerable influence over her mind, and completely converted her, and many of the Ferrarese, whom the Duke Hercules persecuted with relentless fury.

† Lucrece Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, the worthy daughter of Pope Alexander the Sixth. The only good that can be said of this learned, but generally supposed infamous woman, is, that she has found a defender in the elegant biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

France, maintained her disputatious councils, in spite of her orthodox husband.* Here, at every step, as we paced through endless corridors and damp stone-passages, the images of Ariosto, of Tasso†, of Eleonora, might almost be said to flit before us. There was not a spot we trod but had been trodden by them; there was not a room we visited, but Cellini ‡ might have loitered in, or Calvin prowled through; for the castle of Ferrara is a monument of recollections, at once terrible and delightful, and scarcely to be passed through without strong, though very mixed emotions. It was from the sumptuous domes, from the voluptuous but semi-barbarous splendours of this fortress-palace, that Ariosto, worn out by persecution, blasted by neglect§, and steeped in poverty, after a life dragged out under princely patronage, withdrew to that humble roof, beneath which he inscribed a distich, so expressive of his innate love of independence, and of the bitter consciousness of having rarely enjoyed its supreme blessings!‖ When the Emperor Joseph the Second passed through Ferrara, in the year 1799, he only stopped to visit the tomb

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* Renée, daughter of Louis the Twelfth, by the famous Anne de Bretagne, Duchess of Ferrara. She was equally profound in mathematics and theology; and set the Court of Ferrara in a tumult of religious disquisitions, which hitherto had only busied itself with pastoral dramas and poetical eulogiums on its own splendour. Brantome ascribes her protection of *Calvin* to her personal hatred to the Holy See: "Se resentant peut-etre des mauvais tours que les Papes Jules et Leon avaient faits au Roi son père, en tant de sortes elle renia leur puissance, et se separa de leur obéissance, ne pouvant faire pis, *étant femme*."

† Tasso, on his return to the Palace of Ferrara from Turin, in the year 1579, found every one occupied in preparing for the arrival of the Duke's young bride, Margaret di Gonsago. All was bustle and splendour: none of the courtiers seemed to recollect him—he wandered about this vast palace from room to room, unable to find a spot in which to lay his weary head. When the nuptial festivities were over, the Duke had leisure to send him to a madhouse.

‡ Benvenuto Cellini, brought from Rome to Ferrara by Cardinal Hipolito, (the Duke Alphonso's brother), was long a loiterer in the antirooms of the Palace of the D'Este, whom he never could get to pay for his works.

§ When he retired from this Court, where he had long worn out his favouritism, his whole fortune was a hundred scudi, or crowns, per annum. Such was the liberal recompense of the D'Este for years of service, and ages of immortality.

‖ Ariosto's Latin has been prettily translated by the late M. Ginguiné:—

"Petite mais commode, elle est faite pour moi,
Rien de honteuse ne l'a souillée,
Personne ne m'y fait la loi,
Et de mes propres fonds enfin je l'ai payée."

of Ariosto, in the church of the Benedictines *; and there are few travellers, who, knowing the history of the detestable D'Este,

> " Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
> Of petty power impell'd, " †

will not eagerly rush from their " splendid trough," and all the painful remembrances it awakens, to that mouldering little edifice, which is still inscribed with the immortal name of Ariosto.

From the Palace of the Alphonso's and Hipolito's, who persecuted poets and plundered artists ‡ — from the humble and precious home of Ariosto—the steps naturally turn to the Hospital of St. Anne and its consecrated cell. The hospital, though partly rebuilt, presented much the same aspect in 1820, as it might have done when *Tasso* was condemned to its dungeons in 1579. It is a gloomy and vast building; its principal ward, still devoted to mental and physical infirmity, lay open to our view, as we passed on to a stone passage and flight of steps which lead to the little yard, high walled and dark, which incloses the cell of Tasso! The guide threw open its double doors; once ponderous, now worm-eaten and shattered. The cell, dank and slimy, was lighted by one small grated window. It was occupied but for a moment by us; for the suffocating emotion it produced was too powerful to endure.§ Here ended the patronage of the D'Este; and here

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* In the year 1801, the remains of Ariosto were removed from the mouldering cloister of the Benedictines to the Library of Ferrara. " The transfer of these sacred relics," says Lord Byron, " was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and reformed into the Ariostæan Academy." Besides replacing his own inscription over the door of his house, the French added another, done, I believe, by that great inscription-founder and literary enthusiast, the gallant General Miolis.

† Byron.

‡ Cellini having finished a fine medal for the Duke of Ferrara, the patron of Tasso, the " magnifico Alfonso" sent him a diamond ring as payment, with an elegant compliment; but, notwithstanding the Duke's *maravigliose parole*, as Cellini calls them, by the morning light he discovered the diamond ring to be a false stone, a " *diamantaccio sottile*."—The Duke threw the mistake on his treasurer, whom he affected to punish; and sent Cellini another ring, worth one quarter of the sum he owed him, but ordered him not to leave Ferrara. Cellini ran away, " sempre trottando," delighted to find himself, as he observes,—" *fuora del Ferrarese*."

§ Mr. Hobhouse says of the dimensions of this cell, " it is nine paces long, between five and six wide, and about seven feet high."—It is no great assumption of sensibility to say, that the heart

commenced the madness of him, "their glory and their shame." The inscription above the door was placed by the direction of General Miolis.

The house of Guarini, where his pedantic Pastor Fido was first acted, calls up no deep reflections, nor excites any powerful emotion. It is, however, visited in the course of the topographical *giro* of Ferrara. The library of the University (or the Lycée), in spite of its inscriptions and collections of medals, has nothing so precious to exhibit as the manuscripts of Tasso and Ariosto; though the prudish eyes of the Emperor of Austria, in his late visit, turned revoltingly from their pages.* The chair and ink-stand of Ariosto are also preserved among the most precious relics of the library, with a portrait of his singularly beautiful head.

After a long and splendid despotism, (for mere Provincial Princes,) which had succeeded to the Republic, the ancient house of D'Este were deprived of their Ferrarese dominions by the imperious Clement the Eighth, in the person of Cæsar D'Este, on the plea of his illegitimacy; and this legitimate illegitimate became a feudatory of the Holy See, while his territories were circumscribed to Modena and Reggio, where his descendants now reign. On the 8th of May, 1598, Pope Clement the Eighth, at the head of his victorious army, made a solemn entry into Ferrara, and received there the homage of the Dukes of Mantua and Parma, and other petty sovereigns, who kissed his feet and acknowledged his supremacy. Ferrara, governed by a military prefect under the French, and by a governor during the existence of the late Kingdom of Italy, is now under the sway of a cardinal as the Pope's Legate. The *Porporato* resides in the ancient palace, where he had lately ordered the picture-gallery to be closed against strangers; and seemed, for this and many other better reasons, to be sufficiently unpopular with all classes.

The French here, as every where, did much good, and are infinitely regretted: a magnificent street and public walk, which they laid out as a

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sickens as this cell is entered, and that a melancholy curiosity is gratified, at the expense of a most painful sensation.

* Poor Ariosto! his first patron, the Cardinal Hipolito D'Este, seems to have thought as little of his Orlando Furioso as the Emperor of Austria himself; for, enraged at Ariosto's having neglected some one of the many offices he performed for him in quality of *his gentleman*, he reproached him bitterly with losing his time over his poem.—"Il Cardinale disse che molto gli sarebbe stato più caro che Messere Lodovico avesse atteso a servirlo, mentre che stava a comporre il Libro."

Corso for the Ferrarese, is still called by many Strada Napoleana, or Bonaparte.

The journey from Ferrara to Venice assumes a very singular character, from the frequent embarkations and disembarkations in crossing the different rivers and canals, which perpetually intersect the country, and contribute to its fertility without adding to its beauty. *Rovigo* is rather a pretty town; though the beauty of the women, whom we met in crowds issuing from vespers, formed its most striking feature. Rovigo has given a title to one of Bonaparte's dukes, whose elevation by distinctions so inconsistent with the system which had caused his own fortune, was the fore-runner of his own ruin.*

Of Padua, the most ancient, once the most learned city of Italy, and still (to judge by the few whose acquaintance we had the honour to make) one of the most agreeable cities in Italy, it is almost presumptuous to speak —too little time having been given to its observation. Circumstances over which we held no controul, left us scarcely more to say in these pages than what every book of travels may have marked, and every itinerary detailed. We cannot, however, forget, that it was here, though *en passant*, we made the acquaintance of the Countess Albrizzi,† (who most kindly and cordially waylaid us on our arrival), of the Professor Gallino, who accompanied us in our giro through this venerable city, and of some Mantuan gentlemen, whose ready invitation to their houses recalled the uncalculating hospitality of the Paduans ascribed to them by Shakspeare, and the heart-whole invitation of Hortensio to Petruchio,

> " Alla nostra casa ben venuto,
> Molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio."—*Act* 2. *Scene* 1.

Whoever would judge of the mere *materielle* of a city, should avoid visiting

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* Bonaparte was bestowing his Italian titles on his worthless Marshals, who now line the antichamber of Louis the Eighteenth: an Italian Prince came in a rage to Talleyrand, to complain that one of his most ancient titles had been given to the son of a cook or a tailor: Talleyrand expressed his regret, and after hesitating a plaintive " Voyons, voyons," added suddenly—" *Le Bacciochi* est vacant; le voulez-vous ?"—" *Le Bacciochi*" had just been exchanged for the Duchy of Lucca!

† See Appendix to Marino Faliero, page 204. Madame Albrizzi, a Greek by birth and talent, is the author of a very *piquante* work, as yet only known in the circle of her intimate friends. Whoever has enjoyed a visit to the Salon of the Baron Denon at Paris, has seen a fine portrait of this lady, called " Picture of a Greek Lady."

its public buildings in the society of agreeable people; and I confess that after some hours given to the perambulation of Padua, with the sole exception of its singular and gothic SALONE in the Palazzo della Giustizia, the magnificent Church of its patron Saint, and the venerable cloisters of its ancient University, I have carried away a most imperfect impression of the City of Antenor and Livy, and a most gracious one of the amiable persons who accompanied us.

The *Palazzo della Giustizia* was begun in 1172 by Pietro Cozzo, and finished 1306; it is, therefore, one of the most ancient fabrics in Italy, and has all the air of being so. The *Salone*, or Great Hall, is a monument of the manners of the middle ages. It was a sort of change for the Paduan merchants, a bazaar for the people, who came there to make purchases of such glittering foreign wares as were exposed to sale on either side of this immense covered space. Its roof, three hundred feet long and one hundred wide, is supported only by its own massy walls, which have stood the proof of nearly six centuries, and are still illustrated by the frescos of Giotto, on which so many successive generations have gazed. A monument raised to *Titus Livius* completes the interest of this forum of the middle ages, whose vastness, when we visited it, was only occupied by scene-painters painting some decorations for the opera.*

The Palace of the University is of much more modern date. It is by Palladio, and contains the Public Schools, the Theatre of Anatomy, and the Museum of Natural History, collected by Vallisnieri: attached to the establishment there is an handsome botanical garden.

The dim gloomy cortile of the University, and its successive tiers of arcades or porticos, have but little of the usual cold Greek character of Palladio's architecture, or else the inscriptions and basso-relievos with which these walls are decorated, take from their antique severity; for it is in these porticos that the effigies, names, countries, and ages, of several of the students of Padua, are registered, who came here to—

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* Padua is the native town of the ingenious Belzoni. Some Egyptian monuments, which he had sent to Padua as tributes of his own amor patriæ, occupied a part of the Saloon. The worth and talents of this ardent and enlightened Paduan are duly estimated by his townsmen, who spoke of him with eulogium.

"happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies,"

from all parts of the world. Here many an Italian "*Lucentio*," with "*his man Tranio*," arrived

"For the great desire" he had
"To see fair Padua, nursery of arts;"

and here even many a British youth, abandoning the *alma-maters* of England or Edinburgh, has come thus far

"To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy"

under Italian skies. Among the names which we ran over, inscribed on these old walls, under youthful, but ill-painted heads (long laid low), we read some well-known Scotch and English names—one was "Thomas Erskine, Scotus," another, "A. Henley."

Immediately after the Reformation in England, the fashion of sending young Catholic gentlemen to be educated at foreign universities increased, for very obvious reasons: almost all the Catholic gentry were educated abroad; as the Irish still were when the Revolution broke out.

St. Anthony of Padua is one of the most notorious saints in the calendar, and his church is one of the most splendid in Italy. We visited it in a happy moment, during the celebration of high mass on a Sunday morning. It was the first time I ever saw a great Italian church filled with an Italian congregation, one third of which seemed composed of the higher classes: for the women were elegantly dressed *à la Française*, and yawned, pointed their glasses, and looked about them, with such an air of fashionable *ennui*, that I almost fancied myself in an English Protestant church; while, as we returned, family groups, with prayer-books and parasols, followed by footmen in respectable liveries, completed the delusion.

The old part of Padua, "*la città vecchia*," with its dark narrow streets and high old palaces, however gloomy and incommodious, has an interest of its own, well worth the more spacious avenues and Palladian façades of the modern town. Here, doubtless, stood *Gremio's* house "*within the city*," which was

"Richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave the dainty hands,
And hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:"

In the inventory of his rich furniture he observes—

> " In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
> In cypress chests my arras, counter-points,
> Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
> Fine linen, Turkey cushions, 'boss'd with pearl,
> Valance of Venice, gold in needle-work,
> Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
> To house or house-keeping."

This was the genuine catalogue of an Italian noble's house, in the age of Shakspeare, authenticated by all which time and change have spared in Italy; there is not an article here described, that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, or Genoa—the mercantile Republics of Italy—even to the

" Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl."

It has been the fashion to dispute the *learning* of Shakspeare; but his *knowledge* was overwhelming—like the frenzied eye of his own poet,

> It " glanced"
> " From heaven to earth,"—

and such was its exquisite and appropriate application, that from the Roman Capitol to the house of the Paduan merchant, the details were facts, indisputable as they were minute. This is the *knowledge* of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation which distinguish the highest and finest order of physical and moral organization. It is not, indeed, *learning;* but the pictures it leaves behind it, will be shrines for the adoration of posterity, when all that the *Sorbonne*, in its profoundest erudition, has produced shall have mouldered into oblivion. It is among the most exquisite delights of a journey through Italy, that Shakspeare and Milton are the inseparable companions of the tour, to those who, like the author of these pages, make their works the missals of daily meditation!

There is nothing of beautiful or sublime, in Italian scenery, that may not be found more beautiful and more sublime in the scenic descriptions of the Paradise Lost! There is nothing characteristic in habit or manner, or in the natural and national physiognomy of the Italians, that is not touched off with a master's hand in the delightful Italian comedies of Shakspeare! From the

voluptuous and true Venetian softness of Desdemona, to the academic freshness of the young pedant Lucentio and his man Tranio, and through all the traits of Italian humour and Italian passion, scattered over his "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," "*Merchant of Venice*," and "*Romeo and Juliet;*" all is truth and national idiosyncrasy!—Shakspeare and Milton!, the Reformation and the Revolution!, all "*followed close.*" Humanity was then in great vigour—its shoots were powerful—its bursts magnificent! This was England's *great* day!—what is her present?

It is a delightful thing to roll along the banks of the Brenta, from Padua to Fusina, on a fine, bright, sunny holiday morning! not one cloud to shadow the living scene—not one image to sadden or to sink the buoyant spirits and exhilarated feelings—the canal to the right lying through a laughing, lovely, fertile champaign; where fields and vineyards *will* yield and bloom, and suns *will* shine and ripen, though fifty Emperors of Austria ruled the soil with heads of lead and rods of iron!—the elegant marble villas to the left, with their Palladian façades, their green verandas, and parterres of orange-trees, inducing the belief that they are still lorded by the Foscarini and the Bembi of the great and free days of Republican Venice! The *barca-corriera*—the gondola (first seen)—the ponderous barchiello, heavily freighted, glide, pass, and repass, and all to the tune of the "*Carnival of Venice*," which the traveller has borrowed from the opera at Paris, and hums in symphony during the whole of the delicious little journey! But most delightful of all are the groups that strew the way, with their festive habits and festive faces; the women all pretty, the men all gaillard---the sounds all lisping, and the laugh all melody!

It would have been pleasant to have closed the journey of Italy on the banks of the Brenta! and, giving thought to the breeze that sighed on its waters, to believe that no care could nestle beneath the frescoed domes of its airy pavilions, and that the prosperity of sun-beams and Nature, every where so cheering, were not defeated and rendered worthless by the false combinations of policy, and the overthrow of national independence! But the great Dogana of Fusina, that stands like a temporary prison on the edge of the Adriatic, filled with German faces, and guarded by Austrian arms, dispels the vision of the Brenta! Here, form after form of jealousy and distrust is to be gone through; and the disheartened traveller embarks from the bleak solitary coast in a black gondola, with the look, if not with the feeling, of a prisoner of state. As the bark however glides on, as the shore recedes, and the

city of the waves, the Rome of the ocean, rises on the horizon, the spirits rally; memory, no longer deadened by external impressions, sends forth from her "*secret cells*" a thousand fanciful recollections; and as the spires and the cupolas of Venice come forth in the lustre of the mid-day sun, and its palaces, half-veiled in the aërial tints of distance, gradually assume their superb proportions, then the dream of many a youthful vigil is realized; and scenes long gloated over in poetic or romantic pages, gradually form and incorporate, and take their local habitation among real existences—objects of delight to the dazzled eye, as once to the bewildered imagination.

In the gradual approach an islet is passed, with one solitary tree shading a fortified wall; another is glided by, but scarce a glimpse of vegetation is discernible; a little insular fort is here and there sketched on the waves as the shadows lengthen; a suburb is entered—a street of waters. Dilapidated buildings rise on either side, odd, grotesque, but evidently the abode of humble indigence, not of fallen wealth! As there is no causeway, there are no passengers; not a face appears from the curious casement or hanging balcony; and not a sound disturbs the death-like silence which reigns on every side, but the plashing of the waters to the oars of the gondolieri. The impression is, as of the apparition of a city that had survived the universal deluge!---its inhabitants all gone, and their dwellings but slowly emerging from the "deep of waters."

CHAPTER XXVI.

VENICE.

First Impressions.—RIALTO.—*Streets.*—*Shops.*— *Piazza and Church of* SAINT MARK.—*Coffee-houses.*—*Casinos.*—*Festivals*—*(La Sensa.)*—*Canova's Dædalus.*—*Restoration of the Horses.*—*Piazzetta.*—DUCAL PALACE.—*Armenian Convent.*—PALACES.—*Ca Barbarigo*—*(Tomb of Titian.)*—CHURCHES.—*St. Sebastian*—*(Tomb of Paul Veronese.)*—*San Giovanni e Paolo.*—*Santa Maria della Carità*—*(Collection, Titian's Assumption.)*—ARSENAL.—SOCIETY. *Present State of Public Affairs.*—*Conclusion.*

EVERY pre-conceived idea of Venice, as a city or a society, belongs purely to the imagination. One is apt to consider it as the seat of some giddy authority, whose councils are debated amidst the orgies of "*midnight mirth and jollity,*" where time consumes itself in endless revels, and love is the religion, and pleasure the law of the land! where the nights are all moonlight, the days all sunshine; and where life passes in perpetual carnival, under the fantastic guise of a domino and mask.

There was a time when the exterior aspect of things in Venice *did* present to the stranger's view a vision of society scarcely less brilliant and fanciful! and when the gay regatta of the day, and the dissipated assemblies of the night, hid out that dark system of policy, by which an aristocratic faction, under the name of a Republic, trod down the liberties, and vitiated the morals of the people. But if the foreign traveller once departed from the Lagunes, and the revels of St. Mark's, with the same illusions as he first arrived, that moment is now over; and such images of desolation and ruin are encountered, in every detail of the moral and exterior aspect of the city, as dissipate all visionary anticipations, and sadden down the spirit to that pitch, which best harmonizes with the misery of this once superb mistress of the waves. Yet if the character of interest with which Venice was once visited is changed, its inten-

sity is rather increased than lessened; and in a picturesque point of view, it never perhaps was more beautiful, or more striking, than at the present moment.

In gliding along its great canals, its patrician palaces rise on either side from their watery base, in such majesty of ruin, in such affecting combinations of former splendour and actual decay, that their material beauty is heightened by deep moral touches; and in gazing on fabrics, beyond all others, singular and imposing from their peculiar architecture, we feel that we are reading a history!—a history unparalleled in the annals of humanity! Venice, in all her relations, stands alone: unique in her origin, her prosperity, and her fall. As a city, even when seen, it still appears rather a phantasm than a fact; and the reality of a spectacle is doubted, which, coming "*not within the prospect of belief*," just verges on the precincts of impossibility!—a gorgeous construction of marble, resting on the undulating surface of the ocean, whose waves impress the tessellated pavements of its mightiest fabrics!*

Of all the cities of Italy, Venice has been the most frequently and accurately described, both by the pencil and the pen. The impression which its matchless originality is calculated to make even on the most obtuse mind, the graphic features of its general architecture, its having been for ages the great object of foreign visitants of all nations, and more particularly of the English, who have given volumes to its details†—all have contributed to leave it, both in an historical and a picturesque point of view, an exhausted theme. Upon its material and political existence, even in the present day, two men of talents and extensive resources have been diligently and successfully occupied; and the magnificent national work on Venice and her Edifices, by the Count Cicognara, which was hastening to its conclusion when we were in Italy, and the "*History of Venice*," now in the hands of every liberal reader, by M. Daru,‡

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* This curious fact is particularly observable at St. Mark's church, where the Mosaic floor is rendered uneven by the pressure of the water in high tides.

† By far the most animated and faithful picture of the topography of Venice, given by modern tourists, is to be found in the late Mr. Scott's beautiful Italian Sketches. He has left nothing to say on the general aspect of that city, but what may serve as a relief to his own exquisite descriptions. The death of this gentleman is a loss and an epoch in the literature of the day.

‡ See also a recent work by a native historian, Signore Sebastiano Crotta, "Memorie Storico-Civili sopra le successive forme del Governo di Veneziani."—Venice, 1818. When Amelot Hous-

leave nothing to be said on either subject, that can claim originality, or escape the imputation of presumption. The slight, rude sketches copied literally into these pages, from the journal into which they were entered, *à trait de plume*, are perhaps more than sufficient; nor will it be considered otherwise than as matter of mutual congratulation, both to author and reader, if at the end of such cumbrous volumes as the present, the usual routine of sight-seeing is rapidly passed over; and if from the long list of churches and palaces, described so often and so well by more able tourists, two or three only are selected. Even those are not perhaps always chosen for their superior merits, but from the impression they chanced to convey to the imagination, too often influenced by the accidents under which it operated; varying as the sun shone, or the sky lowered; as the Cicerone of the morning's *giro* was *Giovannini*, the valet-de-place, or one calculated beyond all others to throw an interest upon the architecture and arts of Venice*, to whose illustration and encouragement he has so greatly contributed.

It was our fortune to arrive at Venice by one of the least frequented and least interesting of her four hundred canals; and at a season of the day when a hot sun and the dinner-hour had left all the exterior of this wondrous and half-inhabited city in dreary stillness.

A few of the gondolas of the nobility (and they are now said to be *very* few) were anchored to the poles, which are erected before their palaces to protect the façade, and are decked with armorial bearings. Those at the service of the public, were laid up in their ordinary stations, all draped alike in black, as if in waiting to join some funeral procession, which was to convey the dead to the tomb of the deep. The gondolieri were housed, or slept in the bottom of their barks; and business and pleasure seemed alike suspended, as if to give full effect to a scene, to which silence and solitude were most appropriate. Our leaving the dark and narrow "*Rio*," for the broad serpentine canale grande, was notified by the shrill melancholy cry of the gondolieri, (a usual

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saie, secretary to the French Embassy at Venice, published his "History of the Republic," the Venetians complained to the French Government, and the unfortunate historian was shut up in the Bastile.

* At Venice an opportunity was afforded us of renewing our acquaintance with the Count and Countess Cicognara, and of benefiting by the hints of the former as to what was best worth seeing, where time was rigidly measured, and curiosity was almost worn out.

and necessary warning in turning a sharp angle, to guard against the shock of an abrupt rencontre with other barks); and we entered on the most superb and original scene that any city in the world presents, gliding in silence, which not a breath disturbed, through rows of magnificent, but decaying palaces, which with their light and beautiful arabesque balconies and casements, their marble porticoes and singular chimnies, looked as if they had been transported from some metropolis of the East, the former abode of Moslem chiefs! There was one whose dark façade was spotted irregularly with casements; the anchorage poles before its portico were surmounted with an English coronet and arms: it was now silent and deserted like the rest—"Palazzo di Lord Byron*," said the capo of our gondolieri, as we rowed by it. The next object he announced was the Rialto; and we landed at a little "*campo*," but a few paces from its single and noble arch, before a fine old palace, marked with strong features of its ancient splendour, once the palazzo of one of "*the ten*," now the hotel of *La Grande Bretagna*.

Imagination had so often dwelt upon the aquatic habits of a Venetian life, and books had rendered all the details of canals and gondolas so familiar, that curiosity in its first flush directed itself rather to the streets of Venice than to its lagunes; and ere we resigned ourselves to the exquisite indulgence of a gondola life (and there are few modes of existence more agreeable), we resolved to go over as much ground as the artificial terrein of Venice would admit. We felt on the evening of our arrival no want of a siesta after an early dinner; and we began our pedestrian tour by the Rialto, to which "*many a time and oft*" my eyes had been directed. The form of this bridge, and its architecture, are themes of general admiration; but its picturesque effect by no means corresponds with expectations derived from books and prints. It is incumbered by two rows of wretched bulks for the use of tradesmen; and the mean rears of these dilapidated edifices being turned to the water, give a poor and paltry air to the whole. The width of the bridge is sufficient to allow three spaces for passengers; one between the shops, and two between them and the parapets. At the further extremity, at the left-hand side, resides at present a "Signore Antonio," a "*merchant of Venice*," who, if he possesses not the argosies of his theatrical

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* Lord Byron, at the period of our visit to Venice, was at Ravenna.

ancestor, drew upon the imagination for riches well worth them all. There was likewise no want of figures that might well pass current for Shylocks; and the gentle Jessica is to be traced in almost every sunny female face that passes in the streets, and glances her dark eye from beneath the becoming zendaletta. So far our valet de place, who had already engaged a gondola for our use by the week, made no opposition; but when we bade him lead on, his Venetian indolence and routine habits of Ciceronism evinced the shock they had received, by broken exclamations at our want of taste, in preferring a fatiguing walk between the narrow sun-baked walls, to the fresco of *canals* and *rios*, and the luxurious repose of the gliding gondola.

The streets of Venice, sometimes formed on piles*, sometimes founded on the scattered rocks or islets, and united at every step by little bridges, where they are crossed by canals, resemble in dimension the Parisian *passage*, or the *alley* of London: they are perhaps something narrower, and infinitely cleaner, than either. As man is the only animal that passes them—as no vehicle ever tracks them, their neatness and their silence are extremely characteristic; the latter is only disturbed by a few cries never harsh in the Venetian dialect, or by the murmur of conversation in the shops and caffés, where people talk as if they were lisping nonsense to children, and every name is pronounced in the familiarity or endearment of a diminutive†. The shops look like baby-houses, and are dedicated to good eating, or to the sale of toys, jewelry, and ornaments in glass; the Venetian pearl, called "*conterie*," or "*margherite*," being now almost all that remains of that superb "arte vitraria," which first rendered Europe independent of the sands of Tyre, and established at Venice a manufacture which, in spite of Nature, had supplied the world with one of its most brilliant luxuries. The Venetian shops no longer sparkle with girandoles of seeming diamonds, with flowers more brilliant and frail than the blossoms of a spring shower, which they imitated; and with mirrors, which first replaced the dimness of metal with the reflecting lustre of crystal! Still the pretty trifles in glass which they display, and

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* Chi mai percorrendo oggidì le strade di Venezia potrebbe sospettar di premere un terreno fondato dall' arte, e non come altrove, dalla Natura? E chi non rimane sorpreso della grandezza dell' impresa, osservando queste splendide e immense moli di marmo che s'inalzano sopra masse di suolo avventizio? Origine delle Feste Veneziane, di Guistina Renier Michele.

† As Nene (for Elena), Zorgi (for Georgio), Tonino (for Antonio), and Catte (for Cattinetta.)

which are executed * for the gaudy childish taste of Oriental markets, give a gay effect to the streets; and the whole, when lighted at night, resembles the metropolis of some tiny empire, over which Tom Thumb, or Prince Titty, might have reigned, in the pleasant times of "*Faerie.*"

The sun had not yet set, and its crimson lights were still falling on domes and spires, and breaking, in rich specks of colouring, on façades and pavements, when we suddenly emerged, from the twilight of these closely clustered lanes, into the most striking, the most magnificent Piazza in Italy—the Piazza di San Marco! As we passed the great central portal, the Church of St. Mark lay immediately before us, resembling none other ever seen before. A mosque! a temple! a cathedral!—it might have been dedicated to Mahomet, to Isis, or to Christ!—it looked a sort of abstraction of religious architecture!—venerable, mystic, and gorgeous;—and its mixed orders, Greek, Arabesque, or Gothic, all blended so barbarously, and yet so beautifully, as to set all preconceived notions of harmony and proportion at defiance. The porches, the domes, the minarets, the Moorish tracery and Gothic arches and Greek columns, were all tinted and dazzling with their own splendid incrustations of gold and ultra-marine, their mosaics of gems and marbles of every hue and region! The round arches, which rise in glittering succession over the principal entrance, are all wrought in ornamental sculpture, grotesque and minute as the figures of saints and nondescripts which gleamed on the pinnacles above them. Resting on pedestals, over the first of these arches, stand the four horses of Lysippus, the spoil of every conqueror, glorifying successively the triumphal arches of Rome and Constantinople, the portals of St. Mark's, and the gates of the Tuileries!—hitherto always a trophy! but now, replaced, an *item* in a bargain!

Above the second arch, (which is filled with a large casement of stained glass,) on a ground of blue and gold, fierce and fearful, stands St. Mark, the patron of the city; not, however, in his character of Apostolic mildness, but, as he appears in the mystic vision of Ezekiel—as a lion rampant!—and, with his flowing mane and glittering wings, looking something between a sign over a menagerie, and the dragon of Wantley at St. Bartholomew's fair. The interior

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* The Venetians prided themselves so much on the mystery of their art of working these beads into Mosaic, that the laws watched with vigilance over its preservation, and a heavy penalty awaited the faithless workman who should betray the secret.

of this ancient temple is enriched with the spoil of conquered nations, the plundered treasures of the East!—but its gloomy splendours are but dimly visible, even by day; and its mosaics of onyx and emerald—its pavement of alabaster and turquoise*—are scarcely distinguishable by evening-lights, except where the glimmer of a votive lamp is concentrated on some shrine, or where tapers blaze on altars, before which the Ambrosian rite is now duly celebrated; though on their Egyptian marbles the sacred cats of Isis might once have been fed by attendant priests. All within, as without St. Mark's, is an heterogeneous mixture of the imagery of all faiths, and nothing recalls the purely Christian and Catholic church, except that little porphyry spot in the portico, where the Emperor Barbarossa prostrated himself to kiss the feet of the Pontiff, who thus represented the humility of him, who never trod on porphyry, nor spurned at Emperors.†

On either side of the Piazza of Saint Mark is a range of architectural buildings, rising above porticoes or arcades, which are the marts of business and of pleasure, of thrift and dissipation. The Caffés, which they shade from the sun, are numerous, and well furnished for recreation or repose; and they might answer equally well for the *palais-royal*, or the city of Bagdad; they were said, when we visited Venice, to be like the piazza itself, dull, dim, and abandoned, in comparison to what they once were, even in the memory of thousands still living ‡. Yet when they were all lighted up, when the spread awnings before them were furnished with lamps, and peopled with guests, the scene, to us at least, was novel and brilliant. Like every thing in Venice, these caffés were more Eastern than Italian, and they are always pleasant to the foreign visitant, from the mildness and characteristic courtesy of the natives;

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* We observed a piece of turquoise in one of the compartments of the mosaic pavement of the nave. The cicerone, who accompanied us, remarked, that there were many pieces of that precious material scattered through the church.

† Pope Alexander the Third, in the year 1177. The Pope placed his foot on the neck of the Emperor, who, stifled with shame and indignation, endeavoured to lessen the humiliation, by observing, "*Non tibi, sed Petro!*" "*Et mihi, et Petro,*" replied the haughty Pontiff. This scene is represented in a fine picture in the Ducal Palace.

‡ The lamps of the shops and coffee-houses (which are well lighted) are now the only illumination of the Piazza San Marco, which, during the French occupation, exhibited a brilliant spectacle, being purposely illuminated nightly, at the expense of the government. One who has put out all lights wherever he could drop his imperial extinguisher, has put out these also.

for in Venice the malady of *il duro di schiena* (stiff-neckedness) is less obvious, than in any other part of Italy. The striking features of the Piazza are the Oriental foreigners who still resort to it, and who, even now, when their ranks are so thinned, seem to leave it little more of European character, than the Pera may be supposed to preserve, in spite of its diplomatic guests from western and northern cabinets.

Here we found Turks lounging under tents, that resembled their own garden kiosks—Moors that reminded us of Portia's lover, wearing

"The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun"—

Greeks and Armenians, some of whom were even then perhaps dreaming their dream of possible emancipation, over the Mocha coffee of their barbarous masters; and *Sclavonians*, whose figures and costumes fixed the eye of curiosity, beyond the term of scrutiny licensed by good breeding:—some whispered over a marble table, spread with papers—others lay happily absorbed in opium or in mercantile speculation; some disputed or remonstrated in various dialects, but the greater number sipped their sherbet, or ices, in tranquil silence—then departed, brandishing a long pipe, instead of

———"*The scimitar,*
That slew the Sophy, or the Persian Prince,
Or won three fields of Sultan Solyman,"

which seemed better to belong to forms so noble, and movements so dignified! These sons of the East, whatever be their rank in life, always look like the aristocracy of Nature! But such visitants are now comparatively few in Venice; and if here and there a galiotte or an argosy lie anchored in her port, they but recall the gallant fleets of commercial barks, which, from Egypt and the Levant, once crowded her Lagunes, and bartered the spices of Arabia, or the gems and gold of Asia and Africa, for the stuffs and silks, and arms and mirrors, of Venetian manufacture, where pearls were exchanged for beads, and the rich plunder of the mine was given for the more precious results of man's industry and ingenuity.

The numerous and elegant apartments ranged over the shops and caffés, and porticos, in the buildings called *Procuratia*, were once devoted to the uses of the nobility—where the gravest senator and the gayest cavaliere servante, alike had his Casino, the rendezvous of his intimates, and the

true empire of his "*Dama del Cuore.*" Here pleasure knew no restraint, and the license of slaves, (for such, after all, the Venetians were in their latter ages,) the license to be vicious, was freely granted by a government, whose power was founded in the corruption of the people.

The centre of St. Mark's Place, that noble space surrounded by objects so imposing and so gay, was always the theatre of every public festivity—the grand scene of those primeval, simple, and natural epochs of national enjoyment—the *Feste Veneziane*, which originated in the great eras of Venetian grandeur, and were each founded to celebrate some event characterised by glory, or productive of prosperity. Among all these festivals, there was none more splendid or more ancient than the *Fiera dell' Ascensione*, or "*La Sensa*," instituted in 1180—a period when the liberties and prosperity of Venice were at their height, and when her commerce and manufactures brought all nations to her markets. This fair or festival, which served at once the purposes of thrifty trade, national pride, and pleasurable pursuit, began on the feast of the Ascension, and lasted* eight days. Temporary shops of the most fantastic architecture were erected in the Piazza of St. Mark; and silken, woollen, and velvet stuffs of Venice, chains of gold and mirrors of crystal, toys and trinkets and jewels, fire-arms and musical instruments, were mingled with all which the arts produced from age to age, till the spectacle of *La Sensa* at last exhibited works no less precious than those of a TITIAN or a TINTORETTO, and the Venetian beauties beheld from under the shade of their zendaletta, the reflection of their own charms, in the productions of the artists they had inspired.

But Titian and Tintoretto had long passed away, and works like theirs had ceased to enrich the *festa* of *La Sensa*, when there appeared amidst its objects of art, in a more recent day, a marble group, that recalled the touches of Praxiteles: it represented the story of Dædalus and Icarus. Multitudes crowded to behold the beautiful production, and the name of the sculptor was loudly called for. It was the work of a Venetian youth, who still laboured, "unknown to fame," in the workshop of his master, Storetti†:

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* See "Origine delle Feste Veneziane."

† This venerable sculptor was still living when we were at Venice. We went to see the workshop where he first taught Canova to wield a chisel, destined to revive the noblest of all the arts.

and his name was Antonio Canova! This ancient and national festival was celebrated up to the year 1796, when its honours, with those of the *Bucentaur*, fell under the mutilating pressure of revolutionary change. The ducal crown, the golden book, the mask, the revel, all disappeared! It may be lamented that the feebleness and the tyranny which latterly accompanied these remnants of better times, did not disappear with them—but Austria reigns! and Venice crouches!

The first public fête, of any importance, celebrated after a long period, and probably the last for a long time to come, was got up by the Imperial Government, in honour of the return of the far-famed horses. Nothing was omitted that could give éclat and splendour to an event which marked the benefits, conferred by the restoration of legitimacy, and the downfal of usurpation: a magnificent amphitheatre was erected in the Piazza, where the machinery of *La Sensa*, the superb construction of the architect Macaruzzi, once stood. The amphitheatre was for the Venetian nobility, for the descendants of the *Contarini*, the *Morosini*, the *Rezzonico*, the *Quirini*, the shadows of the Pregadi, the Avogadori! and Council of Ten! A space was left for the people of all the inferior classes—such as usually crowded this noble *Piazza*, in former times, upon popular occasions. Near the clock of St. Mark, a magnificent loggia, or balcony, was constructed; surpassing that from whence the Doge beheld the bull-baits, in the days of Republican festivity. Its Imperial crown and arms marked it for the reception of the Emperor of Austria and his family, who came to be present at the re-instalment of these trophies of the conquest of Constantinople, and to receive the homage of Venetian gratitude for this his paternal interference. The cannons of the ports and the arsenal fired! the Emperor arrived! the horses of Lysippus were placed ready to be drawn up to the station they had occupied for six hundred years! and nothing was wanting to complete the imposing splendour of the scene, but—an audience!!! A few idle persons were indeed scattered over the arena; but the amphitheatre remained empty. The music played, the bells rang, the signal was given; the horses were drawn up: not one *Vivat* followed their ascent, or greeted the Imperial ears! and the Emperor and his family had this spectacle all to themselves, undisturbed by plebeian participation.*

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* When he went to the Opera, the audience, supposing the ex-Empress of France was with her father, began to applaud; but suddenly ceased on seeing she was not arrived. As soon as she ap-

The Piazza of St. Mark returns at right angles towards the sea, forming a second not less beautiful piazza, which, from its comparative smallness, is called *La Piazzetta.* It is lined on one side by the exquisite Gothic or Moorish façade of the DUCAL PALACE, and on another, by a range of noble edifices, the work of Sansovino. The Piazzetta opens to the sea, and is terminated by two superb granite columns, the trophies of the Republic, brought from Greece in 1174. They are surmounted by the Lion St. Mark, and the statue of St. Theodore; and when the terrible executions which have taken place between them are forgotten, they are not viewed without a deep historic interest; while they afford noble points of termination to the richest scene of architectural combination that can well be imagined.

It is in vain that the fastidiousness of virtù and the rigour of criticism have discovered innumerable faults in the DUCAL PALACE of Venice. To the painter and the poet, to the imagination that gloats upon the romantic eras of the middle ages, that wanders from the fields of Palestine and the Roncesvalles to the feats of the Dandoli and the Falieri, this is the edifice, *par excellence;* and the arena of the Coliseum is not a subject of more religious admiration to the classic artist, than the *Corte del Palazzo Ducale* to those whose associations are made up to the bold, vigorous, and romantic times, which inspired the lays of Tasso and Ariosto, and produced the warrior-merchants of Venice.

The immense fabric of the DUCAL PALACE, to which the church of Saint Mark was originally a private chapel, is entered by eight gates, and covers a part of the Piazza, of the Piazzetta, and of the grand canal. The principal gate (erected in the fifteenth century) opens into the *Corte,* and all that there presents itself might be mistaken for a detached scene of the Alhambra! The rich mixture of Arabesque and Gothic architecture, the tier over tier of cloistral porticoes, which would answer equally for the holy retreat of the Mahometan or Christian monk, and yet are marked with the splendour and ornament of a royal residence, are alike magnificent and imposing. When the *Giant's Stairs* are ascended, the terrible lions' mouths present themselves where the fatal "*denunzie secrete*" were once received. From this exterior corridor the state apartments are entered.

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peared, the plaudits were long and loud. At Padua, they went together to visit the University: on coming out, they parted—one to proceed to San Antonio, and the other to the School of Chemistry. The whole crowd, which had hitherto accompanied them, followed Marie-Louise, and left the Emperor with the few who dared not part from the Imperial *abbandonato!*

The walls of the "*Sala di quatro porte*" (one of the first of these apartments) are covered with the works of Tintoretto, Vicentino, and Titian; but they chiefly represent cold allegories, allusive to the glory of the Republic of Venice, and to her success in arms and commerce, under the hieroglyphics of fair fat goddesses and golden-haired nymphs—the true Venetian Venuses and Junos of Titian and Paul Veronese, who studied from no *beau idéal*. Various apartments succeed, spacious in dimensions, rich in pictures, and formerly devoted to the business of the state, and the *séances* of various councils.

The *Hall of the Pregadi* (where formerly assembled the senate, composed of two hundred and thirty members, who decided on peace or war) is a superb room, and decorated principally with the works of Palma. Its ceiling is painted by Titian—a notable distinction! But the room the most striking from its ancient destination, and terrible importance, is THE SALA DEL CONSIGLIO DI DIECI—that divan of death! which, under pretence of watching over public safety, and judging state-crimes, left no security for life or property, and committed the darkest atrocities against both. The "*Council of Ten*" were a band of Neros; like him they were the victims of their own intoxicating power, dark suspicion, and lawless position, (beyond the pale of human sympathy, and inaccessible to its influence.) This room cannot be entered without shuddering! The tribunal remains, and the door where the criminal or the victim (judged here in mysterious secresy) disappeared—to be seen and heard no more! It is pointed out by the ciceroni of the palace, by the appellation of "the fatal door." What hearts have throbbed to bursting in this horrible den of power! Few left it to be restored to life, or consigned to *public* execution; but many for the lingering horrors of the scorching *Piombi* above, or the dark, noxious humid *Pozzi* below!! It is impossible to pause here; but passing hastily on, without interest or curiosity, (even through the magnificent SALA DEL GRAN CONSIGLIO, lined as it is with the pictured fasti of Venetian Doges, and glorious feats of Venetian prowess) the eye and mind escape from these monuments which recall the true causes of Venetian degradation, unlimited power, and insatiate ambition! It is pleasant in issuing from this ponderous fabric, "a palace and a prison on each hand," to launch at once into the Adriatic, to view the lessening of that dark and mighty pile, its "bridge of sighs," and *giant stairs*, and (gradually resigning feelings which gloom and agitate, for the influence of sensations which soothe and cheer,) to sink on the down of the cushioned gondola, glide with drowsy movement over

the placid waters, catching the sparkling of the sun-light through silken draperies, and, in the temporary suspension of thought and care, enjoying existence for existence sake!

It was in such a mood, and such a moment, that passing along the RIVA DEI SCIAVONI, we suffered the gondoliere, at his own suggestion, to row us out to the ISOLA SAN LAZZARO, the site of the church and convent of the Armenian Monks of the order Mechitarestica. In receding from the shore

"Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles,"

one of the most splendid views presented by this singular city, gradually developed itself—tower and turret, dome and spire, rose and glittered along the sweep of waters; and artificial gardens blooming from the Castello, to Le Motte*, and looking like floating isles of accidental verdure, give some touch of inland scenery to the watery suburbs of this ocean capital.

As the bark rowed on, the Arabian palaces of the CANALE GRANDE softened into airy fabrics; island and islet were passed, the church of San Giorgio (Palladio's design) elevated its dome above trees and shrubs, planted by the monks on its little isle, and bathed in sea-brine. The domes of the church of IL REDENTORE, the chef-d'œuvre of Palladio, succeeded, as the point of the Isola della Zueca was turned; and a fort, or a lazzaretto, seemed to start out of the waters at intervals, and to float on the surface, rather than to stand upon the rocks which formed their base.

It was, I think, in coasting an *isoletta* occupied by the latter, that an incident occurred which would have been susceptible of much interest from the pen which sketched the story of Le Fevre. As we neared the island for the benefit of shade (for the heat was intense), we came close under a dreary-looking wing of the building of the lazzaretto—so close, that we distinctly heard a young silvery-toned voice frequently repeating, "*Venite per me? Venite per me, cari amici?*" † Directed by the sound, we perceived a pale face pressed against the iron bars of a sashless window, in an elevated part of the building: one hand, that looked like snow in the sunshine, had forced itself through the grating, and accompanied, by its impatient motion, the anxious

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* Raised and planted by the French.

† "Are you coming for me? are you coming for me, dear friends?"

oft-repeated question of "*Venite per me?*" As we rowed on, the voice lost its cheeriness, its tones seemed suffocated by disappointment, and the wind that bore them died not on the waters with a more melancholy murmur, than the last sobbing sound which we caught of "*Venite per me?*"

"*Poverina!*" said the gondoliere in a tone of compassion—"*Poverina!* If we passed twenty times a day, she would ask if it was for her we were coming?" We inquired who the *Poverina* was? He said, he did not know; she was some young maniac,—mad for love, he had heard: she had been for many months confined in that apartment in the wing of the lazzaretto dedicated to insane patients; but in winter or summer, the plashing of the oar of a gondola was sure to bring her to the iron bars of her cell, and elicited that question, repeated in tones so various and affecting, as hope faded into disappointment—"*Venite per me?*" We reached the Isola San Lazzaro, which looked like a little parterre, or flower-knot, in the sea, and landed in a porch of the convent of the Armenians, with our minds more occupied with the maniac, than with the *Monks* of the ocean we were about to visit.

We stepped from the gondola into the cloisters of the convent, assisted by one of the lay-brothers, who left us in a neat and pretty apartment, while he went to seek for the Monk appointed to do the honours. He re-appeared in a few minutes, and presented us to the librarian, D. Pasquale Aucher, who received us with the ease and address of a man of the world, but with a head and garb that the world rarely furnishes. The one, which no greasy cowl disfigured, was singularly fine; and the other was more graceful and less grotesque than the monastic habit usually appears; a true acute Greek intelligence of countenance was set off by a colouring of transparent olive, and a beard (like his hair) black and glossy, might have become the high priest of Solomon's temple.

Our Armenian conducted us immediately to the library, which is said to be rich in Armenian manuscripts. But as we stood talking at one of the windows, which commanded no view but the ocean, we almost fancied ourselves on board some missionary frigate, freighted by the Bible Society with rules and salvation for dark and distant worlds.

There is an object in this sea-girt library more extraordinary for such a site even than the library itself—*a printing press!* and we remained long enough in the printing-room to see several sheets struck off, which were soon to circulate through the remotest parts of Asia. I could not help remarking to *Frà Pas-*

quale, that if there is one press in the world which might be supposed to be perfectly free, beyond the *dictum* of censors and the law of libel, it must be the *ocean press* of San Lazzaro. He answered smilingly, "that it *was* free." I asked him if he would print a book for me, which required a very *free press* indeed. "Oh! he said, most willingly; he was sure he could with impunity print any book *I* might write." "What," I asked, "if I should even speak ill of the Emperor of Austria?" Frà Aucher's smile vanished—"Certainly *not*. In 1815, his Imperial and Royal Majesty had honoured their convent with his presence; and perceiving the narrow spot the good monks occupied, he had given them a neighbouring little islet, which they were about to plant and cultivate." "Well then (I said), the Pope; might I make a *hit* at his holiness?" This was worse still! "The Popes had received their congregation, though an heretical one, under their special protection, from the first establishment of this island convent, in 1715, by their great founder, Mechitar di Pietro, down to the present day." Unwilling to lose my game, I started the Grand Seignor, the "terrible Turk," who was at that moment committing the most atrocious horrors against the Greeks in Constantinople, on a suspicion of some peculation on the part of a Greek family employed in an office of the state; but my Armenian shook his head, and said, "the Grand Seignor was a powerful neighbour!" In a word, it was evident that the press of the Island of St. Lazzaro was about as free as the Continental presses of Europe; and that there, as elsewhere—"on peut tout imprimer, *librement*, sous l'inspection de deux ou trois censeurs."

The principal object of this press is the preservation of the Armenian language, and the multiplying and circulating works in that ancient dialect, which are forwarded through the East by the caravans of Tocat, Aleppo, Smyrna, and Constantinople. In the course of the year 1818, besides a number of grammars and dictionaries, they printed the Chronicle of *Eusebius of Cesarea*, in three languages, Armenian, Latin, and Greek (the original Greek copy had long disappeared); and they were now employed in printing from some of their Armenian MSS.—While all Asia benefits by the press of St. Lazzaro, the Monks derive from it a considerable part of their revenue.

As we passed through the cloisters and corridors of the convent, vespers were about to be celebrated in the church. Several young Armenians, pupils on the establishment, passed us with their missals in their hands; to them succeeded the monks; and last the abbot, to whom we were presented, and

who stopped politely to address a few words to us; but he forfeited nothing of his habitual dignity and gravity in the exercise of his courtesy, and looked more like a Caliph in retreat, than a Monk of the humble "*Congregazione Mechitaristica.*" He is in fact a noble Armenian of high birth, of Giorgiova, and was created an archbishop in Rome, in 1804.

When we had seen all that was worth seeing in the convent and library, (where there are a few pictures), we walked for a considerable time with our amiable librarian in the little vineyard which surrounds the cloisters, and dips into the sea; and his intelligent and pleasant conversation, his courteous and cordial manners, combining with the general order, comfort, and propriety of all we saw in this monastic retreat, tended to leave one of the most gracious impressions on our minds we had yet received of monastic institutions. Here there was no evidence of disgraceful bigotry, filth and idleness (the usual inmates of convents); and it is manifest that no "*hundred and one tales*" are necessary to banish ennui from this society, congregated from the cities of Armenia and Arabia, in the bosom of the Adriatic, and occupied in the education of the youth of their country, their printing-press, their vineyards, and their truly national library.

The founder of the convent of St. Lazzaro, *Mechitar*, made the education of the young Armenians the leading law of his code. None but Armenians are admitted, and they are taken at the earliest age. Their courses of study extend to grammar, history, geography, mathematics, rhetoric, poetry, philosophy, and theology. Their table is amply served, the Bible is read to them while they dine. They are allowed to work in the little garden; and all sorts of manly exercises that can be taken in so small a space, are permitted. Once a year, during their long vacation, they are allowed to visit Venice and Terra Firma. When all monastic institutions were abolished by the French in 1810, this was, by a particular decree, suffered to remain undisturbed; and the monks of Saint Lazzaro have escaped all the vicissitudes which scattered for a time their less respected and less respectable monastic brotherhood of the Roman Church.

The Fabbriche Pubbliche, or public offices of Venice, are noble buildings; but their Grecian architecture is less striking than those of many of the private dwellings, with their Moorish-looking façades, such as the Palazzo Bressa, Palazzo Bembo, Pisani, Donado, and many others, which have not felt the chilling touch of Palladio's Corinthian taste.

The old palace *di Ca Barbarigo*, as well as many others of the ruinous residences of the Venetian nobles, contains some fine pictures. Titian is said to have long inhabited the Barbarigo, and the gallery is still called *Scuola di Tiziano*. In its desolate salons we saw some of his early works, and those of *Giovanni Bellini*, his master. Some of the portraits of the many Doges which this illustrious family gave to Venice, are by the pencils of both. Here, too, still fades Titian's famous Magdalen with her weeping eyes. It is injured by time and neglect beyond all restoration, though an old green curtain is still drawn before it; and the custode, who does the honours of the palace, shews it with appropriate observations, borrowed from her predecessors. Here, too, is Titian's first work, "St. Jerome," and his last, "St. Sebastian." The latter remains, as he left it, unfinished; for he was still occupied upon it when he was struck with the plague, at the age of ninety.

From this cradle of his genius, where he first realized his dream of female loveliness, in his oft re-copied Venus—it is sad, yet natural, to hasten to his tomb, which lies in the church of the Frari, or Conventual Friars of the order of the Cordeliers. There, passing by the sumptuous monument of the great Doge Foscari, (in whose reign the Republic made many of her most splendid Italian conquests,) we hurried to the foot of the *Altar of the Crucifix*, where on a stone of the pavement, without one monumental trophy to adorn the spot, is inscribed

"*Qui giace il gran Tiziano.*"—*

And yet when this immortal artist was consigned to his humble sepulchre, such was the high consideration † in which he was held, that notwithstanding the raging pestilence, leisure was found to bury him with all the funeral pomp then given only to the noblest of the aristocracy.

Tiziano di Vecellio, the chief, though not the founder of the Venetian

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* "Here lies the great Titian."

† When on some particular occasion a heavy tax was imposed on the Venetians, Titian and his friend Sansovino were exempted from its operation, as a mark of respect for their genius. Charles the Fifth was wont to say, he had received immortality three times from the hands of Titian, for he had thrice painted his picture! To his courtiers, who affected to look down on the painter as a plebeian, he was wont to say, "I can create by a breath a hundred dukes, counts, or barons; but, alas! I cannot make *one* Titian!" "Nothing," says one of the biographers of this eminent and independent genius, "could induce him to leave *his* Venice," "dove viveva splendidamente ed in *sua* piena libertà!"—"where he lived splendidly, and in his own entire independence."

school, the painter laureate of royalty!—the scorner of the domestic patronage of every sovereign in Europe!—the friend of Sansovino, of Michael Angelo, of Bembo, of Tasso, of Ariosto, of Speroni, and of Cellini* —the entertainer of cardinals and the confidant of emperors—united in his character the independence of genius and the industry of mediocrity. As an artist he was a model, both in his *art* and his *life:* in the one, few of his profession have surpassed him; in the other, few have followed him. Having painted the pictures of all the princes in Europe, he refused their invitation as a protegé or a guest! and he died the master of his own house†, in spite of the successive solicitations of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, Henry the Eighth, Philip the Second, Pope Paul the Fourth, and Leo the Tenth.

The Churches of Venice are numerous, and even still splendid. That of Saint Sebastian will always be visited with interest, though it contained no other object to lure the stranger's observation than the tomb and monument of Paul Veronese, who has covered the ceiling and walls of this church with his glowing works. Here he painted in his earliest youth; here his obsequies were celebrated in 1588, a few years after the death of Titian.

The church of San Giovanni e Paolo, belonging to the Dominican friars, is a venerable Gothic structure, the great mausoleum of seventeen doges, whose heavy but magnificent monuments are scattered over its gloomy cloisters and sanctuary. On the place before it stands an equestrian statue, in bronze, of a Condottiere chief, one Bartelemi of Bergamo, a general in the army of the Republic. It is said that this is the only equestrian statue in the city of Venice.

In this church is the famous picture by Titian of *St. Peter Martyr;* from which Domenichino has taken his idea of the same subject in his splendid picture, now in the gallery of Bologna. The originality is Titian's, but the superiority of dramatic effect is Domenichino's, whose monk flying with his head turned back, and leaving St. Peter to his fate in the wooded mountains of Como, is one of the finest things that painting ever produced. We lingered

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* Cellini, quite as madly enthusiastic about men of genius, as he was vindictive against *pretension*, boasts of his cordial and hospitable reception at Venice from "*quel maraviglioso Tiziano.*" Titian, though not a native of Venice, became so early a resident there, as a pupil of Gio. Bellini, that it became the country of his adoption, and the Venetians proudly acknowledge his claims.

† This house stood near the Church of the *Miracoli*, but no one can point out exactly where.

long in this superb old edifice; but we should have lingered longer had we then read "*The Doge of Venice.*"*

The most ancient church at Venice is the CHIESA DI SANTA MARIA DELLA CARITÀ, whose original construction goes so far back as the beginning of the 12th century. It owed its ancient celebrity to the FESTA, and the indulgences granted to it by Pope Alexander, who found refuge with its monks from the power and persecution of Barbarossa. The *Festa di Santa Maria della Carità*, distinguished by the presence of the doge and all his train, continued to be celebrated with splendour, until that year fatal to so many other antiquated and religious festivities, 1796.

The church and convent were suppressed by the French; but the remembrances of the CONFRATERNITA *delle belle Arti* attached to it, saved it from utter neglect and ruin; and the site of one of the most ancient academies of painting in Europe was chosen by the French government for the re-union and re-establishment of a society which had fallen into total decay, and for the reception of works of art both of antiquity and modern times. Under the special jurisdiction of the Count Cicognara, as president, the school of Titian was again opened; and Venice owes to the intelligence, activity, and genius of this accomplished gentleman, and his secretary Antonio Diedo, not only the revival of the arts, but the recovery of some of the most precious treasures which the old Venetian school had produced.

The Assumption of the Virgin, the chef-d'œuvre of Titian, had lain long unnoticed, covered with filth, and devoted to neglect, in the church where it had been originally placed, when the Count Cicognara discovered and removed it to the gallery of the Academy, where, after a very curious and tedious process†, it was restored to its pristine beauty, and to all that unrivalled lustre of colouring for which Titian was so celebrated, and which is said to be conspicuous in this great picture beyond any other of his works.

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* See act the 3d, scene 1st of "Marino Faliero."

† This process was extremely simple in its means, but tedious in practice. It consisted in washing the surface with a slight alkaline solution. For this purpose small flocks of cotton were used, and the friction was the gentlest possible. Although, from fear of destroying the picture, the cleansing was not pushed to the entire removal of the smoke and incense with which it had been covered, several bales of cotton were expended in the operation. The tints of this remarkable work, even thus partially covered, are more vivid than in any picture we saw in Italy; and the colouring is carried perhaps to the highest perfection of which the art is susceptible.

The vast church of La Caritâ is converted into apartments for the schools of engraving, painting, and drawing. The convent is laid out in domiciles for professors, the secretary, and subaltern officers of the establishment, with halls for the library, the exhibition, &c. &c.; and the ancient edifice of the confraternity is now dedicated to the yearly exhibition of the works of the young artists, and the distribution of the annual prizes. With the exception of the revival of its ancient name, the whole of this establishment is due to the munificence of the French government.

It was observed by Galileo, "that a speculative mind would find great occasion to exercise its powers in the multitude of works of all kinds which were continually carried on in the famous Arsenal of Venice;" and even now, amidst the silent, desolate solitude of this arsenal, the massive fragments, which lie scattered over its vast space, tell of its former greatness, when it was deemed the mighty bulwark of Italy, and even of all Europe, against the Turks and Infidels! Isolated and surrounded by high walls, it looks like a town of towers and forts. The lion that guarded the Piræus of Athens guards its gates; and when it is entered, the immensity of its details, and the ingenuity with which man has applied his powers and means to human destruction, appear wonderful, and appalling! But this busy spot, once crowded with sixteen thousand workmen, and the occasional resort of thirty-six thousand seamen—its vast sail-room, formerly filled with hundreds of females, whose industry contributed to the Venetian conquests—the foundery of cannon (those true and legitimate sovereigns of mankind)—the numerous spacious *forges* worthy of Vulcan's cave—and the magazines of bombs and bullets, and powder, and every species of destructive engine—all now are still, lonely, and abandoned; and nothing recalls the great Arsenal of the Republic of Venice, and the naval armament launched from her spacious docks, but a ruinous Bucentaur, never more destined to convey the throned doge to his Adriatic bride, an unfinished galley lying on the stocks, and the ancient armoury! Still there is nothing more characteristic in Venice, nothing more worthy to be seen, than the Arsenal, from whence those "*floating fortresses*" (then unparalleled) issued, which had become the terror of the Arab and the Saracen, and the envy of the equally enterprising, but less powerful Genoese! Hence commerce sent forth her freighted argosy to the shores of Sweden and Spain, and even of Persia; while lesser barks mounted the streams of the Po, the Adige, and the Mincio. Even under the French, five thousand workmen were kept constantly

employed in the arsenal of Venice; while a number considerably under eight hundred are now more than adequate to its works:—scattered over its immensity, they leave it a desert.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY, of morals, and manners in Venice, from the downfall of its greatness, by the failure of its commerce, and the increasing despotism of its government, has been but too frequently and faithfully pourtrayed in the works of successive travellers and historians, from the quaint Amelot to the impartial *Daru;* and the sum of its corruption has been philosophically illustrated by the latter (the last of Venetian historians) with an observation that speaks volumes*. The society in which woman holds no influence is in the last degree degraded, and even disorganised; for the influence of woman is a "*right divine*," derived from her high vocations of wife and mother; and it is only in those false combinations, where the great laws of Nature are set aside, that she *can* forfeit that immunity, blended with

"Her nature's end and being."

And yet, if there ever was a country, where beauty and blandishment, and warm hearts and kindly feelings went together, that country (to judge by appearances) is Venice! The gentle looks and smiling eyes, the female softness and female gaiety, which charm the stranger's observation, whenever Venetian women come within its scope, bespeak a race of beings, formed for all the best affections—to receive, and to inspire the most intense and tender feelings: but convents and casinos, political tyranny and religious bigotry, are dire foes to the virtues which should belong to aspects so bewitching; and the graces, which, if blended with higher qualities, might have fixed the seat of woman's empire among the lagunes of the Adriatic, have long survived, but to render her a slave or a sultana, destined to serve or to sway by the worst of means. The private society of Venice, such as it was in former times, is now wholly broken up; and the only houses open in that once gay and brilliant city, are, I believe, those of the Countesses Benzoni, Michele, and Albrizzi. It would seem that Venice, in the wreck of her social splendour, had just preserved a few specimens, to efface the injurious impressions circulated to her disadvantage; and in the actual representatives of her former

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* Speaking of the women, M. Daru observes—"La corruption des mœurs les avoit privées de tout leur empire; on vient de parcourir toute l'histoire de Venice, et on ne les a pas vues une seule fois exercer la moindre influence."

Hist. de la Répub. de Venice, P. Daru, Vol. 5.

circles, to give an *échantillon* of that talent, grace, and beauty, which were probably the original inheritance of the wives and daughters of the freemen of the Republic.

The midnight conversazioni of Madame Benzoni, for they scarcely begin till after the opera, give no impression of the dissipated orgies of the Venetian casino. We found them composed of very intelligent men, and very pretty women; but the total separation of the sexes (each formed into a distinct circle) preserved an etiquette and formality, to which the freedom of English manners might be deemed licentiousness. Now and then a gentleman strayed from his *hive*, and talked over a lady's chair; but this seemed rather an innovation than a habit; and propriety itself might have complained of the ultra-formality of the society of one of the most celebrated beauties in Italy. The charms of the Countess Marina Benzoni have been sung by all who ever tingled a guittar to the tune of "*La Biondina in Gondoletta;*" but the spell of her Venetian manner, its softness and naïveté, are less susceptible of description. Reviving recollections of the brilliant and pleasurable circles over which she once presided, by many a pleasant anecdote well recited, and often recurring to the present sad and hapless state of her unfortunate country, to the last doing its honours by foreign visitants, and still presenting the lineaments and colouring of the portraits of Titian and Giorgione, she resembles the priestess of some desolated temple, still hovering round the ruined altars whose fires are extinct, and festivals eclipsed for ever.

In one of the prettiest Casinos on the canals of Venice, always attractive to the English passenger as the gondola glides near it, by the abundance of shrubs and flowers which bloom on its balconies, the Countess Giustina Michele, holds a society which resembles the soireés of Paris, much more than the conversazioni of Italy. The translator of Shakspeare, the author of the *Feste Veneziane*, may naturally be supposed to concentrate whatever taste or literature the * scattered talent of Venice has left in the

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* Pindamonte the poet, and translator of Homer, Mustoxethi, the learned and accomplished Greek, (whom we had the good fortune to find at Paris on our return), Casti, the erudite son of the celebrated poet, Pietropoli, the author of several light works, and other literary characters of Venice, —were absent; but there were still there Vittore Benzoni, the Author of "NELLA," a poem replete with as much patriotism and recollections "*delle glorie passate della Republica*," as the present state of the Venetian press will permit, *Alviso Quirini*, his distinguished kinsman, the Count Rangoni, author of "*Orazioni Masoniche ;*" and the *Count Cicognara.*

city of the Bembos, the Zenos, the Goldoni, the Chiari, and the Gozzi. But even in the intelligent circle of Madame Michele, there is nothing to divide the attention with herself. Genius and patriotism, like the soul, are of no sex: and how happily they may blend with woman's softness, the manners and conversation of this lady are irrefragable proofs *.

The passive indifference of the Venetians to the overthrow of their ancient Republic, has armed a large portion of society against the sympathy, which their present fallen and miserable condition is calculated to excite; and public opinion in Europe seems to have taken its tone from that class of persons whose interests have been endangered by the submission of Venice to the French armies, and who are thus impelled to stigmatize as crime, what perhaps calmer judgments might qualify simply as misfortune.

But without pausing to weigh those fatal but inevitable circumstances, which ever accompany an exhausted nation and a worn-out government, and are at once the causes and the consequence of national decrepitude, it is sufficient to remark that pusillanimity, corruption, and the absence of a national spirit, are at least as much an inheritance, as a consequence of personal vices; and that there is no position more wretched and more worthy of compassion, than the having been born under political combinations unfavourable to the developement of independence and public virtue.

However culpable the Venetians may have been, in not burying their wives and children beneath the ruins of their capital, for the service of the enemies of France, and to protract, for a few days, the existence of their Republic; that crime was heavily punished by the cruel and contemptuous cession of the city and its dependencies by Napoleon to Austria. Beneath the active despotism of France, the Venetians had at least a chance of recovering some of those qualities, of which time and accident had bereaved them; but the leaden sway of Austria, even where its intentions are the purest,

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* In her elegant little work on the Feste Veneziane, Madame Michele struggles to hide the degradation of Venice, by a recurrence to its former glory and freedom, and all the primitive virtues that accompanied them. We had to regret the absence of Madame Albrizzi (the "*Saggia Isabella*" of Pindamonte) during our short residence in Venice; for we had heard much of the ease and pleasantness of her conversazioni. Our interview with her at Padua was well calculated to increase and justify that regret.

is little calculated to better the condition of humanity;—and to Venice all its policy is notoriously sinister.

Conscious that its dominion in Italy is precarious beyond the usual uncertainty of conquests, the Austrian Cabinet, from its first possession of the Venetian territory, has directed all its energies to the destruction of a city whose proximity may one day become dangerous to its other possessions; and every effort has been, and continues to be made, to annihilate its trade, and to force commerce into other channels, more certainly within the grasp of the Imperial eagle.

The Austrian government of Venice therefore is not only a pure and unmixed despotism, but a studied and designed aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of the species, to damp industry, and to quench hope. Throughout every department of the state, Germans alone preside. At the period of our visit not a single Venetian was at the head of any one branch of government, save only the President of the Academy of Arts; who, exclusive of his high reputation and undeniable fitness to continue in office, had the additional merit of doing its duties *gratis*. All the judges were, to a man, foreigners; ignorant alike of the usages and the language of the people to whom they administer.

The criminal processes are conducted in the strictest secresy: the accused is allowed no defender; he is left in ignorance of his accuser; he may be detained in prison six months without trial; and when acquitted, is turned loose on society, with a consciousness of the existence of a secret enemy, whose future machinations he can neither foresee nor parry. Twenty-four judges (for by the courtesy of language so they must be called) sit round a table in a closed apartment, and, under the pretext of law and justice, decide on the reputation and life of the citizens, unchecked by public opinion, and uncontrolled by the necessity of motiving their judgments. The refusal of an advocate to the accused was by no means an oversight or neglect in the law. The subject was made a matter of formal discussion; and the aulic council of Vienna (that primum mobile of existing systems in Europe) knowingly and wilfully refused as a favour, what the common sense and common honesty of mankind instinctively acknowledge as a right.

But if the silence and obscurity in which the operations of law are conducted, be not a sufficient safeguard to the judges, and allow not latitude enough for every atrocious oppression, a still wider door to injustice is opened

to them—in a power to decide in all cases of doubt, or silence of the law, according to custom; or, when that also fails, according to the light of conscience.

While commercial restrictions throw every impediment in the way of making money, an heavy and oppressive taxation has gradually drained the Venetian territory of its currency. The proceeds of taxation are, to the last farthing, immediately despatched to Vienna, and even the public functionaries resident in Venice spend so small a part of their income there, that their salaries do not return into circulation. All the minutest details of the soldier's dress and accoutrements are brought from Vienna, and no employment is given to the Venetian artisan for any state purpose, which can be attained by an importation from Germany.

The consequence of this cruel and tyrannical misconduct is, that specie has almost entirely disappeared; a base and valueless coin is nearly all that circulates; and it existed in such small quantities when we visited Venice, that to change a five franc piece demanded a sacrifice of three *sous*. The agio also on gold was considerably higher than in any other town in Italy.*

The Venetians, thus plundered of their last sequin, are rendered incapable of conducting the great public works which are absolutely necessary for the preservation of their city. The lagunes are gradually filling up, and the houses falling into the canals, from the impossibility of renewing the piles on which they stand. The population, which at the extinction of the Republic was one hundred and forty thousand, is reduced to an hundred thousand. Between the years 1813 and 1817 it fell off two thousand; and it is supposed that the next census will shew an additional defalcation of three thousand souls. Within the last twenty years, twenty-four of the large palaces have been sold and demolished; and the forlorn and dismantled condition of those which remain, but too plainly indicates their approaching fate.

The trade of Venice thus crippled, its resources undermined, and its wealth wantonly exhausted, it is natural to suppose that the bitterest feeling

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* The ancient coin of the Republic was so exquisitely pure and beautiful, and in such repute, that travellers have found the old Venetian sequin beyond the Ganges, and on the coast of Malabar. Cooper observes, that from the Mediterranean to China, the Asiatics know no other money. Bruce relates, that the Arabs asked him if the Venetians alone of all the Europeans possessed mines of gold.

pervades the people with respect to their lawless oppressors; and that mutual jealousy and warranted suspicion multiply spies, and contribute, with the increasing poverty of the nobility, to break up society and dissolve the links of intercourse and communication. As the sources and the attractions of public amusement diminish with the means of their support and requital, the temptation of the foreign visitor to remain becomes lessened; and a few days expended upon the still interesting and singular *locale*, and a few evenings enjoyed at the only conversazioni now open to strangers, or passed at an ill-attended opera, conclude a visit to Venice, which, in the days of the Evelyns and the Wortleys, frequently extended to months, and sometimes to years! Should the present political influence continue, its fate as a city would be soon decided: it would vanish from the view of its oppressors. Of this monument of a thousand years of glory not a wreck would remain; the waves of the Adriatic would close over the palaces of the Foscari and the Priuli; and the works of Sansovino and Palladio would sink into the Lagunes, where now they already moulder in premature decay.

The story of Venice has obtained the popularity of a legend. It begins splendidly!—A few free spirits, looking round in vain for some asylum against despotism, find not one spot on earth to shelter them. They congregate on the ocean, and are left the undisturbed masters of mud-banks and sea-weed. They are free and poor;—they suffer much, and enjoy nothing—but liberty! They arrive at wealth and national importance under the influence of an energizing necessity! Then come power and foreign dominion; and the gangrene of national ruin already poisons the constitution of the state, and the institutes of society—circulating its infection under the various guise of ambition, luxury, and ostentation,—corruption in morals, licentiousness in manners! Power, centered in the few, weighed on the many—a national senate became a state inquisition, suspicion was the leading principle, and spies the efficient agents of government; until the tyrants, in their turn, became victims of their own system; and none escaped, but through accident or insignificance. Cruelty and effeminacy closed the scene! the "Piombi" of the Ducal Palace, and the revels of Saint Mark; and ostentation struggled with indigence to the last! A foreign invasion was scarcely felt as an evil: corrupt and feeble chiefs betrayed a corrupt and oppressed people; and the victorious mistress of Constantinople submitted, without a struggle for independence, to the conqueror of the day. Then came her last stage of misery!

She was bartered like a bale of goods; thrown in as a make-weight in a bargain! ruled with a policy that would disgrace the brute ignorance of invading Huns; and finding something more despicable than herself, was forced to submit to that worst of destinies which can curse a nation or an individual—to crouch to the thing she despises!

At the period of the Revolution, the Venetians had indeed long fallen from that proud elevation to which the spirit, the genius, and the industry of their ancestors had, in former ages, raised them; but such is their hatred of the Austrian Government, that it may yet serve as a source of regeneration—a starting-point of resistance: and the same power, from the same region that forced their fathers from their fertile plains to the Lagunes of the Adriatic, may even still tread on the worm till it turns; may even yet draw the Sybarite Venetian from his ruinous palace; may again rouse the Lion of St. Mark, as in the days of Falieri and the Dandolo; and the descendants of the heroes of Candia, of Cyprus, and of Negropont, joining some future League of Lombardy, may yet assist in the defeat of that "bastard" Barbarossa of the day, who, like his Imperial predecessor, would sooner pass the ploughshare over the cities of Italy, than acknowledge their rights to independence. It is, in the present gloomy aspect of the political horizon, gracious and consolatory to know, that the resources of men resolved to be free, like the ways of Providence, are inscrutable and exhaustless!—and that nations, like Nature, will right themselves, in the moment of their direst exigency, by laws equally irresistible as those which govern the material world.

But, in gazing on Venice, as the bark of the traveller recedes from the magic of its view—as a last leave is taken of the greatest monument which Liberty has left of its means and its powers—it were well, in recalling the origin of this unparalleled state, to consider the equally miraculous effects of the despotism and misrule which are sinking its mighty structures into the waves from which they sprang. It were wise to ponder on the possible means of meeting and averting the fast-striding evil, which, passing over the capital of the Adriatic and the cities of the Levant, moves on, with the fearful lowering of a thunder-cloud, towards that last site, where freemen are still found rallying round a Constitutional Government. The people of Europe are now, for the first time, coalesced by opinion and illumination. Standing opposed to the force, crime, and misrule of their antiquated governments, they exhibit the grandest moral spectacle ever given to the contemplation of

humanity: for, if "a good man struggling with adversity" be a noble object, what is a great nation (or nations) struggling for rights and independence!! In hostility to this only league worthy to be called "*holy*," stands the "*Alliance*" of Potentates, armed, powerful, and concentrated; in full possession of the exclusive means of prompt and secret communication; surrounded by mercenary legions, and served alike by priests and brigands, by spies, and sbirri. The contest (and it is a sublime one) may be long,—its result remote; but the objects, for which it is severally maintained, are no longer doubtful. The people of Europe demand constitutional governments, in place of lawless despotisms: their sovereigns enforce the acknowledgment of their pretended *divine right*, which renders them amenable *to God alone*. This is the main dogma of the creed they tender at the point of the bayonet: as the earnest of its practical application, their intentions are fully displayed in the fate of Poland, of Saxony, of Genoa, of Sicily, Parga, Naples, and Piedmont; and in the actual military occupation of the Peninsula of Italy.

APPENDIX, No. I.

(See Page 272.)

DIARIO DI ROMA.

ROMA, *Sabato* 12 *Febbrajo.*

La Santità di Nostro Signore si è degnata di annoverare fra i Ponenti della Sacra Congregazione del Buon Governo, e fra i Protonotarj Apostolici soprannumerarj Monsignor Benedetto Barberini de' Principi di Palestrina.

Le Signore Carolina Paolini, e Maria de Cesaris furono vestite dall' Emo Sig. Card. Galleffi nel mattino della scorsa Domenica delle sagre lane del Patriarca S. Domenico presso il Ven. Monistero della SSma Annunziata a Tor del Grillo, cangiandosi i nomi la prima in quei di Maria-Metilde, e l' altra di Maria-Raffaella; e ad entrambe assistette in qualità di Madrina la Signora Principessa Ruspoli.

Nei passati tre giorni di lunedì, martedì, e mercoledì della Sessagesima, pel giro delle 40 Ore, stette esposto il SSmo Sagramento nel Ven. Oratorio della Comunione Generale, ossia del P. Caravita. Nella stessa occasione vi si è rappresentato in macchina il mistero del Divinissimo Infante Gesù ricevuto nel Tempio fra le braccia del S.Vecchio Simeone Profeta.

La Santità di N. S. PIO PAPA VII non solo si trasferì martedì mattina al detto Oratorio a venerare Gesù Sagramentato; ma ben' anche nel mattino consecutivo alla Basilica di S. Maria sopra Minerva, ove parimente stava esposto per lo stesso turno delle 40 ore. Dopo avere il S. Padre soddisfatto alla sua singolare pietà, traversando a piedi quella piazza, volle degnare colla sua Sovrana presenza la prossima Accademia Ecclesiastica. Fu ivi ricevuto da Sua Emza Rma il Signor Cardinal Litta Protettore, e dal corpo di que' nobili Giovini, che vi dimorano, e che dal Sommo Pontefice furono animati vieppiù a farsi onore nelle scienze. Passo quindi in una Sala a ciò destinata; e salito in trono, ammise benignamente al bacio de' SSmi Piedi Monsig. Presidente, i Signori Vice-Presidente, Accademici, Professori, e Ministri della prelodata Accademia. Finalmente in partendo lasciò a ciascuno i più convincenti segni di sua clemenza, per essere un luogo molto da lui protetto a vantaggio della Chiesa, e dello Stato.

Ricorrendo giovedì il festivo giorno dell' inclita Santa Scolastica, il quale celebrossi con ispecial culto dalle Monache Benedettine di S. Maria in Campo Marzio, vi si recò in

quel mattino la Santità di Nostro Signore. Avendo adempito alla sua particolare devozione verso la detta S. Eroina, Sorella di S. Benedetto, nel di cui sagro Instituto volle già annoverarsi la prelodata Sua Beatitudine, furono poscia quelle Reverende Religiose ammesse dalla innata benignità al bacio de' sagri Piedi.

Sin dai 9 del corrente dall' Emo e Rmo Sig. Card. Lorenzo Litta Vicario Generale di Sua Santità si fece pubblicare colle stampe Camerali l' Editto della prossima Quaresima con Indulto Apostolico, il quale ci facciamo un preciso dovere di qui rapportare a pubblica intelligenza e norma, come appresso, cioè:

" Se tutta la vita Cristiana deve essere una continua non mai interrotta Penitenza, come sulla scorta delle Divine Scritture a ciascuno rammenta il Sagro Concilio di Trento *tota vita Christiana perpetua debet esse Pœnitentia,* (Sess. 14. cap. 9.), molto più tale dev' essere il tempo della Santa Quaresima, sì perchè in esso l' amorosissima nostra Madre la Chiesa con più impegno l'allontanamento inculca dalle iniquità, e il ritorno al Seno affettuoso del Padre Celeste ripetendo col Profeta Isaia *derelinquat impius viam suam....et revertatur ad Dominum* (c. 55. 7.) sì perchè nel tempo Quaresimale con maggior fervore i Ministri del Santuario implorano gementi sopra del Popolo il perdono dei peccati *inter vestibulum, et Altare plorabunt Sacerdotes Ministri Domini, et dicent parce Domine, parce Populo tuo* (Joel. c. 2. 17.) Quindi è, che nell' enunciato tempo di Espiazione gli antichi Fedeli in modo particolare si occupavano nell' esercizio della Penitenza, fino a moltiplicare le loro astinenze, fino a privarsi del vino (S. Aug. contr. Faus. lib. 30. cap. 4.) fino a passare tutta, o buona parte della Quaresima non prendendo nella unica comestione, che pochi, e vilissimi cibi, come riferisce S. Basilio, o nutrendosi soltanto di cose secche *totam Quadragesimam jejunare aridis vescentes,* siccome leggesi nel Canone cinquantesimo del Concilio di Laodicea.

Il nostro comune Padre, e Signore PIO PAPA VII fisso avendo nella sua mente quanto si è esposto, e pieno di zelo nel mantenere, e ravvivare quello spirito di mortificazione, ch' è il carattere de' seguaci di GESU' CRISTO *qui sunt Christi carnem suam crucifixerunt* (ad Galat. c. 5. 24.) ha sempre ardentemente bramato di ripristinare in tutte le sue parti l'osservanza Quaresimale. Sperava di effettuare questo si pio, e giusto desiderio nell' anno corrente; ma le circostanze l' hanno costretto a fare uso dell' Apostolica sua Autorità, ed a concedere benignamente l' Indulto, che ora per di Lui ordine notifichiamo.

Nella imminente Quaresima agli abitanti di Roma, delle vigne, e dei Casali adjacenti è permesso nell' unica comestione l' uso delle vova e de' latticinj, eccettuati il Mercoledì delle Ceneri *in Capite Jejunii,* tutt' i Venerdì, e Sabati, il Mercordì delle Tempora, e il Giovedì Santo, ne' quali ferma rimane la rigorosa osservanza de' Cibi Quaresimali.

Sarà poi lecito l' usare per condimento l' Unto, e lo Strutto nel tempo di questa Quaresima, eccettuati il dì delle Ceneri, e gli ultimi tre giorni della Settimana Santa. Similmente l' Unto, e lo Strutto potrà servire per condimento ne' Venerdj, e Sabati dopo la futura Pasqua fino alla vigilia di Pentecoste esclusivamente.

Sappiano però le persone Religiose dell' uno, e dell' altro sesso astretto per Voto a maggiore astinenza, che non sono comprese nel presente Indulto.

Quanto alle persone infermiccie, che possono osservare il digiuno, ma che si credono in necessità di mangiar carne, Sua Santità ordina, che in tutto il tempo della Quaresima non facciano uso che di carni salubri col permesso di cibarsi ancora di quella qualità di pesce, che dalla facoltà Medica viene riputata salubre; che osservino la legge del Digiuno; e che siano munite dell' attestato del proprio Medico, il quale debba stenderlo in lingua volgare, e non percepirne emolumento alcuno sotto pena di dieci scudi d'oro. Questi attestati dovranno inoltre sottoscriversi dal proprio Parroco, e in ultimo firmarsi da uno degli infrascritti Deputati, e non da altri in nome loro; a carico de' quali sarà l'osservare se li detti attestati siano fatti nella consueta prescritta forma.

Si proibisce sotto le solite pene pecuniarie, e corporali nelli giorni di digiuno il vendere per la città vova cotte, ed anche alli caffettieri, pasticcieri, e simili di dare in detti giorni di digiuno agli avventori pozioni, gelati, paste, e tutt' altro, che sia composto di vova, o di latte; giacchè l'Indulto non giova, che per il solo pranzo, eccettuate le Domeniche. Sotto le medesime pene si rinuova ai Macellaj, Pollaroli, ed altri venditori di carni, polli, e cacciagione l'ordine altrevolte emanato dal nostro Tribunale di tenere dentro le loro botteghe, o coperti i loro rispettivi generi. Sia poi noto a tutti, che contro gl' infrattori si procederà anche per inquisizione.

Finalmente a tenore degli Editti più volte pubblicati dal Nostro Tribunale si vieta sotto le note pene d'andare vagando per la città di giorno di notte con suoni, e canti, e di far serenate in luogo fermo; e sono pure interdette le conversazioni, e adunanze clamorose con suoni, e balli, e l'assistere alle medesime, siccome cose troppo disdicevoli alla penitenza del sacro tempo Quaresimale.

Sua Beatitudine col salutare avviso del Profeta Gioele *sanctificate jejunium* (c. 1. 14.) premurosamente esorta li amati suoi figli, e sudditi a santificare il Quaresimale Digiuno visitando più spesso le Chiese, specialmente quelle, nelle quali si lucrano le antichissime Stazionali Indulgenze, e ove si venera il SSmo Sagramento esposto pel giro delle Quaranta Ore; frequentando le Prediche, le istruzioni, i Catechismi, e facendovi col proprio esempio intervenire i figli, i domestici, i dipendenti; porgendo copiosi sovvenimenti ai poveri; e impiegandosi in altre opere di pietà, e di mortificazione; le quali nel tempo stesso e offrano alla divina Giustizia il compenso dovuto per il concesso Indulto, e formino di ciascuno *hostiam viventem, sanctam, Deo placentem.* (Rom. C. 12. 1.)

Deputati per concedere le Licenze.

Il Rmo P. Pro-Vicario Generale dell' Ordine de' Predicatori in S. Maria sopra Minerva.
Il Rmo P. Vicario Generale de' Minori Osservanti in Ara-Coeli.
Il Rmo P. Generale de' Minori Conventuali in SS. XII. Apostoli.
Il Rmo P. Generale de' Carmelitani in S. Maria in Traspontina.
Il Rmo P. Vicario Generale degli Agostiniani in S. Agostino.
Il Rmo P. Vicario Generale dei Servi di Maria in S. Marcello.
Il Segretario del Tribunale del Vicariato.

Le lettere di Lisbona in data degli 8 di gennajo ci recano la notizia essere colà giunto fin dai 3 dello stesso mese Monsig. Niccola dei Marchesi Clarelli Cameriere segreto di N. S.,

Ablegato Apostolico, recando la Beretta Cardinalizia a quell' Eñio Patriarca Sig. Card. de Cunha. Il detto Prelato era partito da questa Dominante fin dai 10 del p. p. ottobre. Giunto ai confini del Portogallo trovò che il Ministro Segretario di Stato aveva fatto precedere gli ordini i più precisi, onde fosse ricevuto, e si rendessero gli onori dovuti alla sua rappresentanza. Di fatto ad Aldea-Gallega trovò stanziata una Galeotta spedita dal Governo per tragittarlo all' opposta riva del Tago. Non appena sbarcato fu complimentato da un Gentiluomo che l'Eñio Patriarca aveva con tre mute spedito all' oggetto. Montato nella prima, accompagnato dalle mute suddette, si recó al Palazzo di abitazione del Porporato, ove fu ricevuto da tutta la Corte, che lo condusse nell' appartamento destinatogli. Dopo breve riposo, accompagnato da tutta la Corte si recó negli appartamenti del Patriarca, il quale in abito le si fece incontro, e lo introdusse nel suo Gabinetto, ove si intrattennero alcun tempo. Il giorno 4 e 5 ebber luogo tutte le visite reciproche di formalità dei Signori di Governo, Segretaria di Stato, e del Corpo Diplomatico. La sera del 5 Sua Eñza Rña alla presenza di Monsignor Ablegato prestó il solito giuramento nelle mani di Monsignor Cherubini Internunzio della Santa Sede a quella Corte. La mattina del 6, giorno dell' Epifania, dopo celebrata la Messa da un Cappellano nella Cappella del Palazzo, l'Eñio Patriarca salito in Trono, lettosi il Breve, ricevè dalle mani di Monsignor Ablegato la Berretta. Fu decorata la funzione dall' intervento di tutti i Signori di Governo, e Segretarj di Stato, e dai congiunti del Cardinale. La stessa mattina dette un Pranzo di cinquanta coperte a cui oltre i Parenti v'intervennero i Signori di Governo, i Segretarj di Stato, e tutto il Corpo Diplomatico. Sua Eñza Rña ebbe la degnazione di porgere in dono a Monsig. Ablegato una Tabacchiera d'oro, ed un Anello di brillanti.

The above extract, taken at random from the first Diario di Roma which presented itself, may serve as a specimen of a *Roman Newspaper*, and indeed of Italian Newspapers in general.

APPENDIX, No. II.

(See Page 272.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE INDEX LIBRORUM PROHIBITORUM.

Abælardus, Petrus.
Alstedius, Joh. Henricus, Systema Mnemonicum duplex.
L'Avocat du Diable, ou Mémoires, &c. du Pape Gregoire VII.
Baconus, Franciscus, de Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum.
Barclay's Apology, (French Translation).
Bauclair, P. L. Citoyen du Monde, Anti-contrat social contre J. J. Rousseau.
Bayle, Dictionnaire Historique.
Belisaire de Marmontel.
Beza, Theodorus.
Bibliothèque Britannique, ou l'Histoire des Ouvrages des Savans de la Grande Bretagne.
The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment and Empire of Women.
Burnet, Gilbert, History of the Reformation, (French Translation).
Burnetius, Thomas, several Theological Works, and Telluris Theoria Sacra.
Camden, Wm. Anglica, Hibernica, Normanica, Cambrica, à Veteribus scripta, ex Bibliotheca.
Castiglione, Balthassar; nisi fuerit ex correctis juxta Edit. Venet. anno 1584.
Catechesis Rel. Christ. quæ traditur in Scholiis Palatinatûs; et cæteræ omnes Hæreticorum Catecheses.
Chambers, Ciclopædia, (Italian Translation).
Cudworth, Systema Intellectuale.
Dei Delitti e delle Pene (not Beccaria).
Discorso piacevole che le Donne non siano della Specie degli Uomini.
Seasonable Discourse, shewing how that the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy contain nothing which any good Christian ought to boggle at.—W. B.
Dolce, Lodovico, Libri III. nei quali si tratta delle diverse sorti delle Gemme che produce la Natura.
Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes.
Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.
Erasmi Opera varia, Colloquia, Moriæ Encomium, Adagia, &c.
De l'Esprit des Loix.
Evangile du Jour, contenant plusieurs Ouvrages gaies de Voltaire, &c. Omnia impii Scurræ commenta.
Galileo, Dialogo sopra i due massimi Sistemi del Mondo, Tolemaico e Copernicano.
Guicciardini, La Istoria d'Italia.
Hakewill, G. Scutum Regium adversus omnes Regicidas.
Helvetius de l'Homme.
Henricus VIII. Anglus. Permittitur tamen Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Lutherum.
Histoire de l'Inquisition.
Histoire Critique de J. C. ou Analyse raisonnée des Evangiles.
Robertson's Charles V.
Raynal's History of the Indies.
Hobbes's Leviathan.
Hume's Essays.

Thomas à Kempis, (Castalio's Translation).
Lettera al Marescallo Keith sopra il vano Timore della Morte e lo Spavento d'un' altra Vita del Filosofo di Sans Souci.
Lettres d'une Peruvienne.
——— Privés.
——— Persanes.
Liturgia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.
Lives of the Saints.
Locke's Essay, (French Translation).
Macchiavellius, Nicholaus.
Malbranche de inquirenda Veritate, and others.
Mare liberum, sive de Jure quod Batavis competit ad Indicana commercia.
Matthæus Westmonasteriensis.
Mead, Richard, Medica Sacra.
Meursius, Joannes, Elegantiæ Latinæ Sermonis.
Milton, John, Literæ Pseudo-Senatûs Anglicani. Il Paradiso perduto, da Rolli.
Montaigne's Essays.
Mosheim, Institutiones Historiæ Christianæ.
Il Newtonianismo per le Dame.
Nicodemus's Gospel.
Il Nipotismo di Roma.
Obscurorum Virorum Orationum Volumina duo.
Oratio Dominica cum aliis quibusdam Precatiunculis Græcè.
Osborn's Miscellaneous Works.
Owen, Joan. Epigrammata.
Paracelsus, Theophrastus.
Pufendorf de Jure Gentium, de Officio Juris, &c.
Rousseau Emile, Contract social, Lettre à Beaumont, Lettres écrits de la Montagne.
Satire, Libri VII. di, del Ariosto, Bentivoglio, &c.
Scapulæ Lexicon, donec corrigatur.
Joannes Selden de Jure Gentium.
Gibbon's Decline, (Italian Translation).
Swift's Tale of a Tub.
Systême de la Nature.
Il Tamburo, (Translation of Addison's Drummer).
Tillotson's Sermons.
Tragica, seu tristium Historiarum de Pœnis criminalibus et exitu horribili eorum qui impietate, &c. ultionem divinam provocarunt, &c.
Voltaire's different Works.
Physiophili Joannis Opuscula, Monacologia.
Gesu Christo sotto l' anatema e sotto la scomunica.
Pensées de Pascal, éditées par Voltaire.
Animali parlanti, e Novelle di Casti.
Nouvelle Heloïse, &c. &c. &c. &c.

FINIS.

LONDON:
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